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FOUR POEMS

by E. E. Cummings

I

impossibly

motivated by midnight
the flyspecked abdominous female
indubitably tellurian
strolls
emitting minute grins

each an intaglio.
Nothing
has also carved upon her much

too white forehead a pair of
eyes which mutter thickly (as one merely
terriculous American an instant doubts
the authenticity

of these antiquities—relaxing
hurries
elsewhere; to blow

incredible wampum

II

voices to voices, lip to lip
i swear (to noone everyone) constitutes
undying ; or whatever this and that petal con-
[futes...
to exist being a peculiar form of sleep

what's beyond logic happens beneath will ;
nor can these moments be translated : i say
that even after April
by God there is no excuse for May

- - bring forth your flowers and machinery :
[sculpture and prose
flowers guess and miss
machinery is the more accurate, yes
it delivers the goods, Heaven knows

(yet are we mindful, though not as yet awake,
of ourselves which shout and cling, being
for a little while and which easily break
in spite of the best overseeing)

i mean that the blond absence of any program
except last and always and first to live
makes unimportant what i and you believe ;
not for philosophy does this rose give a damn...

bring on your fireworks, which are a mixed
splendor of piston and of pistil ; very well
provided an instant may be fixed
so that it will not rub, like any other pastel.

E. E. CUMMINGS

(While you and i have lips and voices which
are for kissing and to sing with
who cares if some oneeyed son of a bitch
invents an instrument to measure Spring with ?

each dream nascitur, is not made...)
why then to Hell with that : the other ; this,
since the thing perhaps is
to eat flowers and not to be afraid.

III

death is more than
certain a hundred these
sounds crowds odours it
is in a hurry
beyond that any this
taxi smile or angle we do

not sell and buy
things so necessary as
is death and unlike shirts
neckties trousers
we cannot wear it out

no sir which is why
granted who discovered
America ether the movies
may claim general importance

to me to you nothing is
what particularly
matters hence in a

little sunlight and less
moonlight ourselves against the worms

hate laugh shimmy

IV

weazened Irrefutable unastonished
two, countenances seated in arranging ; sunlight
with-ered unspea-king : tWeNtY, f i n g e r s, large
four gnarled lips totter

Therefore, approaching my twentysix selves
bulging in immortal Spring express a cry of
How do you find the sun, ladies ?

(graduallyverygradually « there is not enough
of it » their, hands
minutely

answered.

PELAGEA

By A. E. Coppard

It is late, but the carpenter is knocking ;
The floors, sweet shaven pine, are laid ;
The rafters pinned, the roof's great beam of teak
That will last an age and nourish history
Is hidden, and the straw's tight trusses
Thatched over cedar scantlings :
Mallet and saw and plane, bright nails, sweet wood,
For Pelagea's house, fair nook of sleep
Where he and she no balm will ever find.

The village dreams by the unseen idling river ;
Night in her grove of stars
Turns, and her soft tears fall ;
Thin billows through the thickets glide
Intoning litanies of leaves,
And like a moth the air is wandering.
But still he stays, this carpenter,
Building their fine new house
Though he is old, and full of sweat and spittle,
And coughs like a hoosey ewe.

I do not speak to him nor he to me,
I bear him quiet company, we do not speak.
A cat in the gloom is mewing ;
Draughts in the doorway blow,

And the flame at the candlewick pulls
Like a frightened horse at its tether.
The thoughts in my mind wash round him wave
[on wave,

For he is dying and he soon will die --
What is to come delays not.
Pelagea, his wife, will weep for him
Prim tears, dutiful tears,
But there are others she will weep anon
Turning to me.
Whether she turn to me or turn away
Pelagea's tears will fall —
The drops that hang upon the rose
Are frail as trembling love —
For those dark fancies dwell in her
Which silent thought illumines into fears.

But my love loves me though she does not like my
[behaviour :

She does not laugh when I laugh at her
Though I do not laugh maliciously ;
And when I walk beside her, pleasantly thinking,
Pelagea's heart is full of those dark fancies —
Fears of love, and love of what she fears.
But what is to come comes ever ;
Indolently the moon
Rises, but must rise ;
The moon invites the earth, the earth the sun,
Tides must flow, and the great sea must sing.
The cat mews in the darkness, mews and mews.
At the lane's end,
Above their old house with its one red blind
Where Pelagea blows a dying fire,
There are stars, living sapphires, breathing gems.
The old thatched house is like a hassock —
Time itself has kneeled upon it —
But the cot of doves in the yard

And the two white hives
In moonlight make it beautiful ;
Not less by day are these things beautiful
But their small beauty my love never sees :
One mind has a thousand eyes,
The tail of the peacock sees nothing.
And this is true :
Beauty but seldom waits,
Stays neither here nor there nor anywhere,
But dwells in the teeming past,
Or roves beyond us in the ages hence ;
So all our clutching fingers grasp at what is sped,
And what is past dreams on
That we may re-enact it and believe
In what is yet to come.

My love loves me but she does not like my beha-
[viour ;
And I do not like Pelagea's homely sense,
Her virtues, or her fears,
I laugh at them though I do not laugh maliciously ;
But her voice
Falls on my heart like a gliding cataract ;
Under her hair's winnow of darkness
Her eyes are living sapphires, breathing gems,
Fair as love winging to sweet love
The golden trembling arrow.

Tonight I sat beside her at the hearth ;
The bellows poured the quenched ash into flames,
And Pelagea turned on me
Her unforgetting eyes :
« Love blows upon us like the inspiring air
From this bag of wind. I am a dust
Breathed into fury,
And you the empty thing that gushes.
Would I had never known you, » said my love.
Let not, my soul, our love so meanly range ;

Without love there is nothing,
'Tis a bond more powerful than behavior,
Than vague honour tempting time,
Or those dark fancies that our silent thoughts illum-
[ine ;
Indolently the moon
Rises, but must rise,
And tides flow, and the great sea sing.
And still, so late, the carpenter is knocking,
So late, so late,
And the cat in the darkness mews and mews and
[mews.

TWO CANTOS

by Ezra Pound

One Canto

Kung walked
by the dynastic temple
And « We are unknown » said Kung,
and then out by the lower river,
And with him Khieu Tchi and Tian the low speaking,
And « We are unknown » said Kung,
« You will take up charioteering ?
Then you will become known,
Or perhaps I should take up charioteering,
or archery ?
Or the practice of public speaking ? »
And Tseu-lou said « I would put the defences in
order, »
And Kieu said « If I were lord of a province
I would put it in better order than this is, »
And Tchi said, « I would prefer a small mountain
[temple,
« With order in the observances,
with a suitable performance of the ritual, »
And Tian said,
with his hand on the strings of his lute
The low sounds continuing
after his hand left the strings,
And the sound went up like smoke, under the leaves
And he looked after the sound :

« The old swimming hole,
And the boys flopping off the planks.
Or sitting in the underbrush playing mandolins. »
And Kung smiled upon all of them equally.
And Thseng-sie desired to know :
« Which had answered correctly ? »
And Kung said « Yhey have all answered correctly
That is to say, each in his nature. »
And Kung raised his cane against Yuan Jang,
Yuan Jang being his elder,
For Yuan Jang sat by the road side pretending to
be receiving wisdom.
And Kung said :
« You old fool, come out of it,
Get up and do something useful. »
And Kung said :
« Respect a child's faculties
From the moment it inhales the clear air,
But a man of fifty who knows nothings
Is worthy of no respect. »
And « When the prince has gathered about him
All the savants and artists, his riches will be fully
[employed. »
And Kung said, and wrote on the bo leaves :
« If a man have not order within him
He can not spread order about him ;
And if a man have not order within him
His family will not act with due order ;
And if the prince have not order within him
He can not put order in his dominions. »
And Kung gave the words « order » and « brotherly
deference »
And said nothing of the « life after death ».
And he said :
« Anyone can run to excesses,
It is easy to shoot past the mark,
It is hard to stand firm in the middle. »

And they said : « If a man commit murder
  Should his father protect him, and hide him ? »
And Kung said :
                « He should hide him. »
And Kung gave his daughter to Kong-Tchang
      although Kong-Tchang was in prison.
And he gave his niece to Nan-young
      although Nan-young was out of office.
And Kung said, « Wang ruled with moderation,
        In his day the state was well kept,
And I can even remember
A day when the historians left blanks in their
                [writings,
I mean for things they didn't know,
But that time seems to be passing. »

And Kung said, « Without character you will
      be unable to play on that instrument
Or to execute the music fit for the Odes,

The blossoms of the abricot
            blow from the east to the west,
And I have tried to keep them from falling. »

Another Canto

And we sit here
                under the wall,
Arena romana, Diocletians, les gradins :
  quarante trois rangées en calcaire —
Baldy Bacon
      bought all the little copper pennies in Cuba
Un centavo, dos centavos,
        told his peons to « bring 'em ini ».
« Bring 'em to the main shack », said Baldy
And the peons brought 'em,
          « to the main shack brought 'em »

As Henry would have said.
Nicholas Castano in Habana,
He also had a few centavos, but the others
Had to pay a percentage.
Percentage when they wanted centavos,
Public centavos.
Baldy's interest
Was in money business.
« No interest in any other kind uv bisnis »,
Said Baldy.
Sleeping with two buck niggers chained to him,
Guardia regia, chained to his waist
To keep 'em from slipping off in the night ;
Being by now unpopular with the Cubans ;
By fever reduced to lb. 108.
Returned to Manhattan, ultimately to Manhattan,
24 E. 47 th, when I met him,
Doing job printing, i. e. agent
going to his old acquaintances,
His office in Nassau St., distributing jobs to the [printers,
Commercial stationery, and, later, insurance,
Employers' liability,
odd sorts of insurance,
Fire on brothels, etc, commission :
Rising from 15 dollars a week,
Knew which shipping companies were most careless,
where a man was most likely
To lose a leg in bad hoisting machinery,
Also fire, as when passing a whore-house,
Arrived, miraculous Hermes, by accident,
Two minutes after the proprietor's *angelos*
Had been sent for him.
Saved his people 11.000 in four months
on that Cuba job,
But they busted,
Also ran up to 40,000 bones on his own,

Once, but wanted to « eat up the whole'r Wall St. »
And dropped it all three weeks later.
Habitat cum Quade, dam good fellow,
Mons Quade who wore a monocle
on a wide sable ribbon.
(Elsewhere recorded,)
Dos Santos, José Maria dos Santos,
Hearing that a grain ship
Was wrecked in the estuary of the Tagus,
Bought it at auction, nemo obstante,
No one else bidding. « Damn fool ! », « Maize
Spoiled with salt water,
No use, can't do anything with it. » Dos Santos.
All the stuff rotted with sea water.
Dos Santos Portuguese lunatic bought it,
Mortgaged then all his patrimony,
e tot lo sieu aver,
And bought sucking pigs, pigs, small pigs,
Porkers, throughout all Portugal,
fed on the cargo,
First lot mortgaged to buy the second lot, undso-
[weiter,
Porkers of Portugal,
fattening with the fulness of time,
And Dos Santos fattened, a great landlord of Portugal
Now gatherèd to his fathers.
Did it on water-soaked corn.
(Water probably fresh in that estuary)
Go to hell Apovitch, Chicago aint the whole punkin.

THE NATURE OF A CRIME

by Joseph Conrad and F. M. Hueffer

I

You are, I suppose, by now in Rome. It is very curious how present to me are both Rome and yourself. There is a certain hill — you, and that is the curious part of it, will never go there — yet, yesterday, late in the evening, I stood upon its summit and you came walking from a place below. It is always midday there : the seven pillars of the Forum stand on high, their capitals linked together and form one angle of a square. At their bases there lie some detritus, a broken marble lion, and I think but I am not certain, the bronze she-wolf suckling the two bronze children. Your dress brushed the herbs : it was grey and tenuous : I suppose you do not know how you look when you are unconscious of being looked at ? But I looked at you for a long time — at my You.

I saw your husband yesterday at the club and he said that you would not be returning till the end of April. When I got back to my chambers I found a certain letter. I will tell you about if afterwards — but I forbid you to look at the end of what I am writing now. There is a piece of news coming : I would break it to you if I could — but there is no way of breaking the utterly unexpected. Only, if you read this through you will gather from the tenor,

from the tone of my thoughts, a little inkiing, a small preparation for my disclosure. Yes : it is a « disclosure ».

... Briefly then, it was this letter — a business letter — that set me thinking : that made that hill rise before me. Yes, I stood upon it and there before me lay Rome — beneath a haze, in the immense sea of plains. I have often thought of going to Rome — of going with you, in a leisurely autumn of your life and mine. Now — since I have received that letter — I know that I shall never see any other Rome than that from an imagined hilltop. And when, in the wonderful light and shadelessness of that noon, last evening, you came from a grove of silver poplars, I looked at you — *my* you — for a very long while. You had, I think, a parasol behind your head, you moved slowly, you looked up at the capitals of those seven pillars... And I thought that I should never — since you will not return before the end of April — never see you again. I shall never see again the you that every other man sees...

You understand everything so well that already you must understand the nature of my disclosure. It is, of course, no disclosure to tell you that I love you. A very great reverence is due to youth — and a very great latitude is due to the dead. For I am dead : I have only lived through you for how many years now ! And I shall never speak with you again. Some sort of burial will have been given to me before the end of April. I am a spirit. I have ended my relations with the world. I have balanced all my books, my will is made. Only I have nothing to leave — save to you, to whom I leave all that is now mine in the world — my memory.

It is very curious — the world now. I walked slowly down here from Gordon Square. I walked slowly — for all my work is done. On the way I

met Graydon Bankes, the K. C. It would have astonished him if he could have known how unreal he looked to me. He is six feet high, and upon his left cheek there is a brown mole. I found it difficult to imagine why he existed. And all sorts of mists hurried past him. It was just outside the Natural History Museum. He said that his Seaford Railway Bill would come before Committee in June. And I wondered : what is June?... I laughed and thought : why June will never come !

June will never come. Imagine that for a moment. We have discussed the ethics of suicide. You see why June will never come !

You remember that ring I always wear? The one with a bulging, greenish stone. Once or twice you have asked me what stone it was. You thought, I know, that it was in bad taste and I told you I wore it for the sake of associations. I know you thought — but no : there has never been any woman but you.

You must have felt a long time ago that there was not, that there could not have been another woman. The associations of the ring are not with the past of a finished affection, or hate, or passion, to all these forms of unrest that have a term in life : they looked forward to where there is no end — whether there is rest in it God alone knows. If it were not bad taste to use big words in extremities I would say there was Eternity in the ring — Eternity which is the negation of all that life may contain of losses and disappointments. Perhaps you have noticed that there was one note in our confidence that never responded to your touch. It was that note of universal negation contained within the glass film of the ring. It is not you who brought the ring into my life : I had it made years ago. It was in my nature always to anticipate a touch on my shoulder, to which the only

answer could be an act of defiance. And the ring is my weapon. I shall raise it to my teeth, bite through the glass : inside there is poison.

I haven't concealed anything from you. Have I? And, with the great wisdom for which I love you, you have tolerated these other things. You would have tolerated this too, you who have met so many sinners and have never sinned...

Ah, my dear one — that is why I have so loved you. From our two poles we have met upon one common ground of scepticism — so that I am not certain whether it was you or I who first said : « Believe nothing : be harsh to no one. » But at least we have suffered. One does not drag around with one such a cannon-ball as I have done all these years without thinking some wise thoughts. And well I know that in your dreary and terrible life you have gained your great wisdom. You have been envied ; you too have thought : Is any prospect fair to those among its trees? And I have been envied for my gifts, for my talents, for my wealth, for my official position, for the letters after my name, for my great and empty house, for my taste in pictures — for my... for my opportunities.

Great criminals and the very patient learn one common lesson : Believe in nothing, be harsh to no one !

But you cannot understand how immensely leisurely I feel. It is one o'clock at night. I cannot possibly be arrested before eleven tomorrow morning. I have ten hours in which, without the shadow of a doubt, I can write to you : I can put down my thoughts desultorily and lazily. I have half a score of hours in which to speak to you.

The stress of every secret emotion makes for sincerity in the end. Silence is like a dam. When

the flood is at its highest the dam gives way. I am not conceited enough to think that I can sweep you along, terrified, in the rush of my confidences. I have not the elemental force. Perhaps it is just that form of « greatness » that I have lacked all my life — that profound quality which the Italians call *terribilita*. There is nothing overpowering or terrible in the confession of a love too great to be kept within the bounds of the banality which is the safeguard of our daily life. Men have been nerved to crime for the sake of a love that was theirs. The call of every great passion is to unlawfulness. But your love was not mine, and my love for you was vitiated by that conventional reverence which, as to nine parts in ten, is genuine, but as to the last tenth a solemn sham behind which hide all the timidities of a humanity no longer in its youth. I have been of my time — altogether of my time — lacking courage for a swoop, as a bird respects a ragged and nerveless scarecrow. Altogether a man of my time. Observe, I do not say « our time ». You are of all time — you are the loved Woman of the first cry that broke the silence and of the last song that shall mark the end of this ingenious world to which love and suffering have been given, but which has in the course of ages invented for itself all the virtues and all the crimes. And being of this world and of my time I have set myself to deal ingeniously with my suffering and my love.

Now everything is over — even regrets. Nothing remains of finite things but a few days of life and my confession to make to you — to you alone of all the world.

It is difficult. How am I to begin ? Would you believe it — every time I left your presence it was with the desire, with the necessity to forget you. Would you believe it ?

This is the great secret — the heart of my confession. The distance did not count. No walls could make me safe. No solitude could defend me ; and having no faith in the consolations of eternity I suffered too cruelly from your absence.

If there had been kingdoms to conquer, a crusade to preach — but no. I should not have had the courage to go beyond the sound of your voice. You might have called to me any time ! You never did. Never. And now it is too late. Moreover, I am a man of my time, the time is not of great deeds but of colossal speculations. The moments when I was not with you had to be got through somehow. I dared not face them empty-handed lest from sheer distress I should go mad and begin to execrate you. Action ? What form of action could remove me far enough from you whose every thought was referred to your existence. And as you were to me a soul of truth and serenity I tried to forget you in lies and excitement. My only refuge from the tyranny of my desire was in abasement. Perhaps I was mad. I gambled. I gambled first with my own money and then with money that was not mine. You know my connection with the great Burden fortune. I was trustee under my friend's, Alexander Burden's will. I gambled with a determined recklessness, with closed eyes. You understand now the origin of my houses, of my collections, of my reputation, of my taste for magnificence — which you deigned sometimes to mock indulgently with an exquisite flattery as at something not quite worthy of me. It was like a break-neck ride on a wild horse, and now the fall has come. It was sudden. I am alive but my back is broken. Edward Burden is going to be married. I must pay back what I have borrowed from the Trust. I cannot. Therefore I am dead. (A mouse has just come out from beneath one of the

deed-boxes. It looks up at me. It may have been eating some of the papers in the large cupboard. Tomorrow morning I shall tell Saunders to get a cat. I have never seen a mouse here before. I have never been here so late before. At times of pressure, as you know, I have always taken my papers home. So that these late hours have been, as it were, the prerogative of the mouse. No. I shall not get a cat. To that extent I am still a part of the world : I am master of the fate of mice !) I have, then, ten hours, less the time it has taken me to chronicle the mouse, in which to talk to you. It is strange, when I look back on it, that in all the years we have known each other — seven years, three months and two days — I have never had so long as ten hours in which I might talk to you. The longest time was when we came back from Paris together, when your husband was in such a state that he could neither see nor hear. (I've seen him, by-the-bye, every day since you have been gone. He's really keeping away from it wonderfully well ; in fact, I should say that he has not once actually succumbed. I fancy, really, that your absence is good for him in a way : it creates a new set of circumstances, and a change is said to be an excellent aid in the breaking of a habit. He has, I mean, to occupy himself with some of the things, innumerable as they are, that you do for him. I find that he has even had his pass-book from the bank and has compared it with his counterfoils. I haven't, on account of this improvement, yet been round to his chemist's. But I shall certainly tell them that they *must* surreptitiously decrease the strength of it.) That was the longest time we have ever really talked together. And, when I think that in all these years I haven't once so much as held your hand for a moment longer than the strictest of etiquette demanded ! And I loved you within the first month.

I wonder why that is. Fancy, perhaps. Habit perhaps — a kind of idealism, a kind of delicacy, a fastidiousness. As you know very well it is not on account of any moral scruples...

I break off to look through what I have already written to you. There is, first, the question of why I never told you my secret : then, the question of what my secret really is ; I have started so many questions and have not followed one of them out to the very end. But all questions resolve themselves into the one question of our dear and inestimable relationship.

I think it has been one of the great charms of our relationships that all our talks have been just talks. We have discused everything under the sun, but we have never discussed anything *au fond*. We have strayed into all sorts of byways and have never got anywhere. I try to remember how many evenings in the last five years we have not spent together. I think they must be less than a hundred in number. You know how, occasionally, your husband would wake out of his stupors — or walk *in* his stupor and deliver one of his astonishingly brilliant disquisitions. But remember how, always, whether he talked of free love or the improvement in the breed of carriage-horses, how he always thrashed his subject out to the bitter end. It was not living with a man : it was assisting at a performance. And, when he was sunk into his drugs or when he was merely literary, or when he was away, how lazily we talked. I think no two minds were ever so fitted one into another as yours and mine. It is not of course that we agree on all subjects — or perhaps upon any. In the whole matter of conduct we are so absolutely different — you are always for circumspection, for a careful preparation of the ground, for patience; and I am always ready to act, and afterwards draw the

moral from my own actions. But somehow, in the end, it has all worked out in our being in perfect agreement. Later I will tell you why that is.

Let me return to my mouse. For you will observe that the whole question revolves, really, around that little allegorical mite. It is an omen : it is a symbol. It is a little herald of the Providence that I do not believe in — of the Providence you so implicitly seek to obey. For instinctively you believe in Providence — in God, if you will. I as instinctively disbelieve. Intellectually of course you disbelieve in a God. You say that it is impossible for Reason to accept an Overlord ; I that Reason forces one to believe in an Omnipotent Ruler — only I am unable to believe. We, my dear, are in ourselves evidence of a design in creation. For we are the last word of creation. It has taken all the efforts, all the birth-pangs of all the ages to evolve — you and me. And, being evolved, we are intellectually so perfectly and so divinely fashioned to dovetail together. And, physically too, are we not divinely meant the one for the other ? Do we not react to the same causes : should not we survive the same hardships or succumb to the same stresses ? Since you have been away I have gone looking for people — men, women, children, even animals — that could hold my attention for a minute. There has not been one. And what purer evidence of design could you ask for than that ?

I have made this pact with the Providence that I argue for, with the Providence in whose existence I cannot believe — that if, from under the castle of black metal boxes, the mouse reappear and challenge death — then there is no future state. And, since I can find no expression save in you, if we are not reunited I shall no longer exist. So my mouse is

the sign, the arbitrament, a symbol of an eternal life or the herald of nothingness.

I will make to you the confession that since this fancy, this profound truth, has entered my mind, I have not raised my eyes from the paper. I dread — I suppose it is dread — to look across the ring of light that my lamp casts. But now I will do so. I will let my eyes travel across the bundles of dusty papers on my desk. Do you know I have left them just as they were on the day when you came to ask me to take your railway tickets? I will let my eyes travel across that rampart of blue and white dockets... The mouse is not there.

But that is not an end of it. I am not a man to be ungenerous in my dealings with the Omnipotent : I snatch no verdict.

II

Last night it was very late and I grew tired, so I broke off my letter. Perhaps I was really afraid of seeing that mouse again. Those minute superstitions are curious things. I noticed, when I looked at the enumeration of these pages tonight, I began to write upon the thirteenth sheet — and that gives me a vague dissatisfaction. I read, by-the-bye a paragraph in a newspaper : it dealt with half-mad authors. One of these, the writer said, was Zola ; he was stated to be half-mad because he added together the numbers on the backs of cabs passing him in the street. Personally, I do that again and again — and I know very well that I do it in order to dull my mind. It is a sort of narcotic. Johnson, we know, touched his street-posts in a certain order : that, too, was to escape from miserable thoughts. And we all know how, as children, we have obeyed mysterious promptings to step upon the lines be-

tween the paving-stones in the street... But the children have their futures : it is well that they should propitiate the mysterious Omnipotent One. In their day, too, Johnson and Zola had their futures. It was well that Johnson should « touch » against the evil chance ; that Zola should rest his mind against new problems. In me it is mere imbecility. For I have no future.

Do you find it difficult to believe that ? You know the Burdens, of course. But I think you do not know that for the last nine years, I have administered the Burden estates all by myself. The original trustees were old Lady Burden and I ; but nine years ago Lady Burden gave me a power of attorney and since then I have acted alone. It was just before then that I had bought the houses in Gordon Square — the one I live in, the one you live in, and the seven others. Well, rightly speaking, those houses have been bought with Burden money, and all my pictures, all my prints, all my books, my furniture — my reputation as a connoisseur, my governorship of the two charities — all the me that people envy have been bought with the Burden money. I assure you that at times I have found it a pleasureable excitement... You see, I have wanted you sometimes so terribly — so terribly that the juggling with the Burden accounts has been as engrossing a narcotic as to Zola was the adding up of the numbers upon the backs of cabs. Mere ordinary work would never have held my thoughts.

Under old Burden's will young Edward Burden comes of age when he reaches the age of twenty-five or when he marries with my consent. Well, he will reach the age of twenty-five and he will marry on April 5. On that day the solicitors of his future wife will make their scrutiny of my accounts. It is regarded, you understand, as a mere formality.

But it amuses me to think of the faces of Coke and Coke when they come to certain figures ! It was an outlaw of some sort, was it not, who danced and sang beneath the gallows ? I wonder, now, what sort of traitor, outlaw, or stealthy politician I should have made in the Middle Ages. It is certain that, save for this one particular of property, I should be in very truth illustrious. No doubt the state shall come at last in which there shall no more be any property. I was born before my time.

For it is certain that I am illustrious save in that one respect. Today young Edward Burden came here to the office to introduce me to his *fiancée*. You observe that I have robbed her. The Burden property is really crippled. They came, this bright young couple, to get a cheque from me with which to purchase a motor-car. They are to try several cars in the next three weeks. On the day before the wedding they are to choose one that will suit them best — and on the wedding-day in the evening they are to start for Italy. They will be coming towards you... Then no doubt, too, a telegram will reach them, to say that in all probability motor-cars will be things not for them for several years to come. What a crumbling of their lives !

It was odd how I felt towards *her*. You know his pompous, high forehead, the shine all over him, the grave, weighty manner. He held his hat — a wonderful shiny, « good » hat — before his mouth, for all the world as if he had been in church. He made, even, a speech in introducing Miss Averies to me. You see, in a sense, he was in a temple. My office enshrined a Deity, a divinity : the law, property, the rights of man as maintained by an august constitution. I am for him such a wonderfully « safe » man. My dear one, you cannot imagine how I feel towards him : a little like a deity, a little

like an avenging Providence. I imagine that the real Deity must feel towards some of his worshippers much as I feel towards this phœnix of the divines.

The Deity is after all the supreme Artist — and the supreme quality of Art is surprise.

Imagine then the feeling of the Deity towards some of those who most confidently enter his temple. Just imagine his attitude towards those who deal in the obvious platitudes that « honesty is the best policy », or « genius the capacity for taking pains. » So for days the world appears to them. Then suddenly ; honesty no longer pays ; the creature, amassing with his infinite pains, data for his Great Work, is discovered to have produced a work of an Infinite Dulness. That is the all-suffering Deity manifesting himself to his worshippers. For assuredly a day comes when two added to two no longer results in four. That day will come on April 5 for Edward Burden.

After all he has done nothing to make two and two become four. He has not even checked his accounts: well : for some years now I have been doing as much as that. But with his *fiancée* it is different. She is a fair, slight girl with eyes that dilate under all sorts of emotion. In my office she appears not a confident worshipper but a rather frightened fawn led before an Anthropomorphic Deity. And, strangely enough, though young Burden who trusts me inspires me with a sardonic dislike, I felt myself saying to this poor little thing that faced me : « Why: I have wronged you ! » And I regretted it.

She, you see, has after all given something towards a right to enjoy the Burden estates and the Burden wealth ; she has given her fragile beauty, her amiability, her worship, no doubt, of the intolerable Edward. And all this payment in the proper coin : so she has in a sense a right...

Goodnight, dear one, I think you have it in your power — you *might* have it in your power — to atone to this little creature. Tomorrow I will tell you why and how.

III

I wrote last night that you have something in your power. If you wished it you could make me live on. I am confident that you will not wish it : for you will understand that capriciously or intolerably I am tired of living this life. I desire you so terribly that now, even the excitement of fooling Burden no longer hypnotises me into an acceptance of life without you. Frankly, I am tired out. If I had to go on living any longer I should have to ask you to be mine in one form or other. With that and with my ability — for of course I have great ability — I could go on fooling Burden for ever. I could restore : I could make sounder than ever it was that preposterous « going concern » the Burden Estate. Unless I like to let them, I think that the wife's solicitors will not discover what I have done. For, frankly, I have put myself out in this matter in order to be amusing to myself and ingenious. I have forged whole builder's estimates for repairs that were never executed : I have invented whole hosts of defaulting tenants. It has not been latterly for money that I have done this : it has been simply for the sheer amusement of looking at Edward Burden and saying to myself :

« Ah : you trust me, my sleek friend. Well... »

But indeed I fancy that I am rich enough to be able to restore to them all that I have taken. And, looking at Edward Burden's little *fiancée*, I was almost tempted to set upon that weary course of juggling. But I am at the end of my tether. I cannot live without

you longer. And I do not wish to ask you. Later I will tell you. Or No — I will tell you now.

You see, my dear thing, it is a question of going one better. It would be easy enough to deceive your husband : it would be easier still to go away together. I think that neither you nor I have ever had any conscientious scruples. But, analysing the matter down to its very depths, I think we arrive at this, that without the motives for self-restraint that other people have we are anxious to show more self-restraint than they. We are doing certain work not for payment but for sheer love of work. Do I make myself clear ? For myself I have a great pride in your image. I can say to myself : « Here is a woman, my complement. She has no respect for the law. She does not value what a respect for the law would bring her. Yet she remains purer than the purest of the makers of law. » And I think it is the converse of that feeling that you have for me.

If you desire me to live on, I will live on : I am so swayed by you that if you desire me to break away from this ideal of you, the breath of a command will send me round to your side.

I am ready to give my life for this Ideal : nay more, I am ready to sacrifice you to it, since I know that life for you will remain a very bitter thing. I know, a little, what renunciation means.

And I am asking you to bear it — for the sake of my ideal of you. For, assuredly, unless I can have you I must die — and I know that you will not ask me to have you. And I love you : and bless you for it.

IV

I have just come in from *Tristan and Isolde*.

I had to hurry and be there for the first notes because you — my you — would, I felt, be sitting

beside me as you have so often. That, of course, is passion — the passion that makes us unaccountable in our actions.

I found you naturally : but I found, too, something else. It has always a little puzzled me why we return to Tristan. There are passages in that thing as intolerable as anything in any of the Germanic master's scores. But we are held — simply by the idea of the love-philtre : it's that alone that interests us. We do not care about the initial amenities of Tristan and the prima donna : we do not believe in Mark's psychologising : but, from the moment when those two dismal marionettes have drained unconsideringly the impossible cup, they become suddenly alive, and we see two human beings under the grip of a passion — acting as irrationally as I did when I promised my cabman five-shillings to get me to the theatre in time for the opening bars.

It is, you see, the love-philtre that performs this miracle. It interests — it is real to us — because every human being knows what it is to act, irrationally, under the stress of some passion or other. We are drawn along irresistibly : we commit the predestined follies or the predestined heroisms : the other side of our being acts in contravention of all our rules of conduct or of intellect. Here, in Tristan, we see such madness justified with a concrete substance, a herb, a root. We see a vision of a state of mind in which morality no longer exists : we are given a respite, a rest : an interval in which no standard of conduct oppresses us. It is an idea of an appeal more universal than any other in which the tired imagination of humanity takes refuge.

The thought that somewhere in the world there should be something that I could give to you, or you to me, that would leave us free to do what we wish without the drag of the thought of what we owe, to

each other, to the world! And after all, what greater gift could one give to another? It would be the essential freedom. For assuredly, the philtre could do no more than put it in a man's power to do what he would do if he were let loose. He would not bring out more than he had in him: but he would fully and finally express himself.

Something unexpected has changed the current of my thoughts. Nothing can change their complexion which is governed not by what others do but by the action which I must face presently. And I don't know why I should use the word unexpected, unless because at the moment I was very far from expecting that sort of perplexity. The correct thing to say would be that something natural has happened.

Perfectly natural. Asceticism is the last thing that one could expect from the Burdens. Alexander Burden, the father, was an exuberant millionaire, in no vulgar way, of course; he was exuberant with restraint, not for show, with a magnificence which was for private satisfaction mainly. I am talking here of the ascetic temperament which is based on renunciation, not of mere simplicity of tastes, which is simply scorn for certain orders of sensations. There have been millionaires who have lived simply. There have been millionaires who have lived sordidly — but miserliness is one of the supreme forms of sensualism.

Poor Burden had a magnificent physique. The reserved abilities of generations of impoverished Burdens, starved for want of opportunities, matured in his immense success — and all their starved appetites too. But all the reserve quality of obscure Burdens has been exhausted in him. There was nothing to come to his son — who at most could have been a great match and is today looked upon in that light, I suppose, by the relations of his future wife. I dont know in what light that young man

looks upon himself. His time of trial is coming.

Yesterday at eight in the evening he came to see me. I thought at first he wanted some money urgently. But very soon I reflected that he need not have looked so embarrassed in that case. And presently I discovered that it was not money that he was in need of. He looked as though he had come, with that characteristic gravity of his — so unlike his father — to seek absolution at my hands. But that intention he judged more decorous, I suppose, to present to me as a case of conscience.

Of course it was the case of a girl — not his *fiancée*. At first I thought he was in an ugly scrape, Nothing of the kind. The excellent creature who had accepted his protection for some two years past — how dull they must have seemed to her — was perhaps for that reason perfectly resigned to forego that advantage. At the same time, she was not too proud to accept a certain provision, compensation — whatever you like to call it. I had never heard of anything so proper in my life. He need not have explained the matter to me at all. But evidently he had made up his mind to indulge in the luxury of a conscience.

To indulge that sort of conscience leads one almost as far as indulged passion, only, I cannot help thinking, on a more sordid road. A luxury snatched from the fire is in a way purified, but to find this one he had gone apparently to the bottom of his heart. I dont charge him with a particularly odious degree of corruption, but I perceived clearly that what he wanted really was to project the sinful effect of that irregular connection — let us call it — into his regulated, reformed, I may say lawfully blessed state — for the sake of retrospective enjoyment, I suppose. This rather subtle, if unholy, appetite, he was pleased to call the voice of his conscience. I listened to his

dialectic exercises till the great word that was sure to come out sooner or later was pronounced.

« It seems » he said with every appearance of distress « that from a strictly moral point of view I ought to make a clean breast of it to Annie. »

I listened to him — and, by Heaven, listening to him I *do* feel like the Godhead of whom I have already written to you. You know, positively he said that at the very moment of his « fall » he had thought of what *I* should think of him. And I said :

« My good Edward, you are the most debauched person I have ever met. »

His face fell, his soft lips dropped right down into a horseshoe. He had come to me as one of those bland optimists *would* go to his deity. He expected to be able to say : « I have sinned », and to be able to hear the deity say : « That's all right, your very frank confession does you infinite credit. » His deity was, in fact, to find him some way out of his moral hole. I was to find him some genial excuse; to make him feel good in his excellent digestion once more. That was, absolutely, his point of view, for at my brutal pronouncement he stuttered :

« But — but surely... the faults of youth... and surely there are plenty of others ?... »

I shook my head at him and panic was dropping out of his eyes : « Can't I marry Annie honourably ? » he quavered I took a sinister delight in turning the knife inside him. I was going to let him go anyhow : the sort of cat that I am always lets its mice go. (That mouse, by-the-by, has never again put in an appearance.)

« My dear fellow », I said, « does not your delicacy let you see the hole you put me into ? It's to my interest that you should not marry Miss Averies and you ask me to advise you on the point. »

His mouth dropped open : positively he had never

considered that when he married I lost the confounded three hundred a year for administering the Burden Trust. I sat and smiled at him to give him plenty of time to let his mind agonise over his position.

« Oh, hang it », he said... And his silly eyes rolled round my room looking for that Providence that he felt ought to intervene in his behalf. When they rested on me again I said :

« There, go away. Of course it's a fault of your youth. Of course every man that's fit to call himself a man has seduced a clergyman's daughter. »

He said :

« Oh, but there was not anything common about it. »

« No » I answered, « you had an uncommonly good time of it with your moral scruples. I envy you the capacity. You'll have a duller one with Miss Averies, you know. »

That was too much for him to take in, so he smoothed his hat.

« When you said I was... debauched... you were only laughing at me. That was hardly fair. I'm tremendously in earnest. »

« Yon're only play-acting compared with me », I answered. He had the air of buttoning his coat after putting a cheque into his breast pocket. He had got, you see, the cheque he expected: my applause of his successful seduction, my envy of his good fortune. That was what he had come for — and he got it. He went away with it pretty barefacedly, but he stopped at the threshold to let drop :

« Of course if I had known you would be offended by my having recourse to Annie's solicitors for the settlement... »

I told him I was laughing at him about that too.

« It was the correct thing to do, you know » were the words he shut the door upon. The ass...

The phrase of his — that he had thought of me at the moment of his fall — gives you at once the measure of his respect for me. But it gave me much more. It gave me my cue : it put it into my head to say he was debauched. And, indeed, that is debauchery. For it is the introduction of one's morals into the management of one's appetites that makes an indulgence of them debauchery. Had my friend Edward regarded his seduction as the thing he so much desired me to tell him it was ; a thing of youth, high spirits — a thing we all do — had he so regarded it I could not really have called it debauchery. But — and this is the profound truth — the measure of debauchery is the amount of joy we get from the indulgence of our appetites. And the measure of joy we get is the amount of excitement : if it brings into play not only all our physical but all our moral nature then we have the crucial point beyond which no man can go. It isn't, in fact, the professional seducer, the artist in seduction that gets pleasure from the pursuit of his avocation, any more than it is the professional musician who gets thrills from the performance of music. You cannot figure to yourself the violinist, as he fiddles the most complicated passage of a concerto, when he really surmounts the difficulty by dint of using all his knowledge and all his skill — you cannot imagine him thinking of his adviser, his mother, his God and all the other things that my young friend says he thought about. And it is the same with the professional seducer. He may do all that he knows to bring his object about — but that is not debauchery. It is, by comparison, a joyless occupation : it is drinking when you are thirsty. Putting it in terms of the most threadbare allegory — you cannot imagine that Adam got out of the fall the pleasure that Edward Burden got out of his bite of the apple.

But Edward Burden, whilst he shilly-shallied with « Shall I ? » and « Shan't I ? » could deliciously introduce into the matter *all* his human relationships. He could think of me, of his mother, of the fact that potentially he was casting to the winds the very cause for his existence. For assuredly, if Edward Burden have a cause for existence it is that he should not, morally or physically, do anything that would unfit him to make a good marriage. So he had, along with what physical pleasure there might be, the immense excitement of staking his all along with the tremendous elation of the debate within himself that went before. For he was actually staking his all upon the chance that he could both take what he desired and afterwards reconcile it with his conscience to make a good match. Well, he has staked and won. That is the true debauchery. That, in a sense, is the compensating joy that Puritanism gets.

(*to be continued*)

MEMORIES

by Luke Ionides

(A short time ago I came upon some old letters written to me fifty or sixty years ago, and suddenly the thought came that the writers were all dead. Still, their memories have always been dear to me, and having often spoken about them; I one day adopted the suggestion made by my friend Mrs Shakespeare, that she should write down my memories of the writers, in accordance with the wishes of my children and other friends and these pages are the result. I have carefully abstained from making any critical estimates of the work of my artist friends since others, more competent have already done so.)

I

WHISTLER IN THE QUARTIER LATIN

I first knew Whistler in 1885. He had been in Paris a few months and had made friends with my brother Alecco. Tammy Lamont, an Old Water Colour Society artist, and original of the Laird in « Trilby », was there at the time, and he was the first man to appreciate the Whistler possibilities.

Whistler wore a straw hat then, with a very large

brim, a little on one side. He then, in his very early days, used to maintain what he maintained all his life, that the gift of art was the greatest of all gifts. He used to say that the Venus of Milo was the finest thing that had ever been made by the hand of man, giving the idea of a perfect woman, and yet no woman was ever absolutely like the Venus of Milo in all points. What he meant was that you should go to nature, and from nature evolve art, and that art was not an exact imitation of nature but a represensation of the impression that nature left on one.

We went about a good deal together. He was very fond of the horses — a merry-go-round, where you have a sort of stylus which you have to pass through a ring ; but I am not sure that his great love of it did not come from watching Lamont at it who, when he missed the ring, always said : « O Cochong ! » When he succeeded he shouted « Bong Dieu » and we used to go into fits of laughter.

At that time there was a little grisette with fair hair who was desperately in love with Jimmy. They called her « La petite lionne » and she used to sit to most of those men. One day Jimmy made a drawing of Alecco's foot, on the wall and that was the original of the foot that appeared in « Trilby ».

Talking of feet reminds me of shoes. Jimmy had an Italian shoemaker to whom he owed some money, and one day the man came to dun him and Jimmy showed him a small print of Garibaldi. The Italian got so enthusiastic over the Garibaldi that Jimmy gave it to him and he carried it off, instead of his payment, promising another pair of shoes.

At that time an entertainment was given by Alecco in the Rue Madame (to which Poynter contributed the oysters), and as there was to be a lady present whom Whistler and the others thought undesirable, they invited as guests two waiters, one from the Café de

l'Odéon and the other from the other side of Paris. The one was to be a baron, the other a count and their titles were supposed to lure the lady away.

They played their parts very well and were heard talking of their big acquaintances, the one saying he was due at the Russian Embassy that night, and the other replying that he did not frequent the Russian Embassy, but that he was familiar with the British Embassy where he was expected that evening.

They had no effect on the lady, and as they were going, the « baron » was heard saying : « These students live very poorly. Won't you come and have supper with me at the Café Anglais ? »

We knew what happened there. Towards the end of their supper the one took off his gloves, and the other, seeing his companion's badly kept hands, had his suspicions aroused, made an excuse to absent himself for a few moments and disappeared completely. The waiter came with the bill, when the remaining man had to tell him the whole story of how he had been invited there, and that he had no money. He added that it would be all paid. The next day he and the waiter visited Alecco and claimed thirty francs for the supper, which Alecco had to pay.

Shortly after that Whistler and Ernest Delanoye, an architect, went for a tour in Germany, and after a time their funds were exhausted, when Jimmy sat in a corner of the market place and made drawings of the farmers and country people for a few kreutzers apiece, so they were able to sustain life till remittances came. What a find it would be to discover those drawings now !

On another occasion in Paris, when they were short of money and had nothing to pawn but a mattress, Delanoye put it over his head and carried it to the pawnbroker's on the second floor. But the

pawnbroker refused to advance anything on it, so Delanoye, with a grand air, said : « C'est bon : j'enverrai un commissionnaire chercher cela. »

On yet another occasion, being unable to pay their rent, they were told to leave, by the landlord, so they hired a room in the next house, one story lower, and swung all their furniture out of the window into the one next door, and the landlord was surprised to find the rooms empty.

Jimmy and Delanoye lived on the sixth floor. The first floor was inhabited by a banker and his family, and in front of one of the windows was an aquarium with goldfish. They fished up the gold-fish with a hook on a string, and fried them, and then let them down into the water again. The banker's family was very much perplexed as to what had happened to the fish, and after much discussion they decided « qu'ils avaient eu un coup de soleil ». The trick was never discovered.

I did not see Jimmy again till 1856, for a few days, on my way to Heidelberg ; then I saw him in London in 1859, after he had shown his « At the Piano » in the Academy. The picture was received with great enthusiasm by many of the artists. Watts said that as far as it went it was the most perfect thing he had ever seen, and I think his praise was what influenced my father when he shortly afterwards gave Whistler a commission to paint my portrait, also a commission for a picture — the well-known « Old Battersea Bridge ».

On the strength of these commissions Jimmy took a studio, first of all somewhere near Rathbone Place, and he shared it with Du Maurier. I sat there to Du Maurier for the first thing he ever got published — « A cross-legged Turk » for « Once a Week ».

One day we were dining at a restaurant off the Oxford Market. Du Maurier and my brother Alecco

were there, when a man well-known in the press, chose the moment when Jimmy had gone to speak to a friend, to say that « So-and-so, and So-and-so » naming men in vogue of the day, « have a high commercial value, but James MacNeil Whistler is the only man living who has the divine afflatus ».

It is noticeable that in those early days there should have been men who had enough perception to see his talent. When he was painting the portrait of Lady Meux he was often very dilatory in his work, and she got impatient and told him that if he did not make haste and finish it, she would get someone else to come and do so. That at last did hurry him up.

It was interesting to watch him at work. He would compose his colour on the palette, and put on some touch ; then he would stand off, and recompose his colour. It was almost like working in mosaic, and yet when it was finished it bore no trace of the way the effect was obtained. He very often composed colours in various tones, which he had in little cups. I have seen him use them for his river scenes. I am not sure, but I have an idea that he had water over the colours, to prevent their drying up.

The small portrait he painted of me in the year 1860 was only completed after a dozen sittings. He never, to my knowledge, made any studies of the sitter before beginning a portrait. He was so entertaining that the sitter had some difficulty in keeping quiet, and Whistler had perpetually to admonish him.

When Carlyle sat to him he found him a delightful sitter, whom he could interest in his views of art. One day, when Whistler had painted his dress, Carlyle said, « I've been painted by a man of note — Watts, his name — and he painted my shirt-collar

as if I'd never had a laundress. » Carlyle very much liked Whistler's work.

We had a play, « The Thumping Legacy », at my father's house, in which Whistler took the part of Bambogetti, and Du Maurier the part of the Brigadier. It was impossible to restrain them from giggling, but the audience were all the more amused. Then when Bambogetti is told by the Brigadier that he would arrest him, Du Maurier altered it, and said, « I would eat you », and Whistler as Bambogetti answered, « Are you quite sure you wouldn't throw me up ? »

Jimmy was very fond of acting, and he acted very well. I saw him in later years acting « The two under the umbrella » with a fair lady, with great success.

It was he who started the love for Chinese and Japanese things, which was taken up by Rossetti and many others. There is a story of his going to Rotterdam and visiting the porcelain shop of the widow Van der Pflaum, and seeing a lot of beautiful things in a cabinet at the back of the shop. The widow refused to sell any, saying that those were her favourite things, but the next day he appeared with a small barrel of beer, put it on the counter, and induced the widow to drink some. The result was they both got merry over the beer, and when Jimmy left, it was with a number of the coveted treasures.

There is no doubt he was much influenced by Japanese art, which he admired excessively. In those days people did not understand it : so little, indeed, that for thirty shillings I bought some hundreds of Japanese coloured prints. A strange thing is, that though his art differed so much from Whistler's, Burne Jones was also a great admirer of Japanese art. In 1862 Jimmy and Tom Armstrong brought

Rossetti to our house. It was my first acquaintance with Rossetti. I had heard a great deal about him from Jimmy, who had a great admiration for him. It was what he called the poetic side of Rossetti's painting that appealed to him.

In 1864 Jimmy was living in Chelsea, No. 2 Lindsay Houses, on the river front. When I happened one day to call upon him there, he asked me if I had any money. I told him I had twelve and sixpence, and he said, « That's enough for my purpose. Let's go out and buy two chairs and some bottles of wine. I'm expecting a moneyed guest to-night, and you are going to dine with us. »

So we went out and bought two chairs at two shillings each, four bottles of claret, and four sticks of sealing-wax, one blue, one green ,one yellow, and one red. When we got back we sealed the corks of the four bottles, each with a different colour.

When we had finished our soup, he gravely said to the maid, « Go down and bring a bottle with the yellow seal, » which we had after the soup. After next dish, he ordered a bottle with the red seal, and the others after the different courses. Whether the fact that the « moneyed guest », Mr. afterwards Sir Thomas Sutherland, bought a picture for a hundred pounds, was the result of the supposed different wines, I do not know !

Sir Thomas Sutherland told me that a lady he had taken in to dinner had said she would be going to Bombay, and he offered to give his help, as chairman, in any of the ships on the P. and O. line. A few days later he had a letter from her, telling him she would « be very grateful for a cabin properly prepared for two *births*. » So he wrote back that all preparations had been made, wished her a happy journey and « hoped she would not suffer much from *mal de mère* ».

While at the studio in Rathbone Place, Whistler made the acquaintance of « Jo ». Jo had extremely beautiful dark golden hair which attracted him so much that he made her sit to him for the « White Girl », the picture which was such a great success among the artistic world in the Paris salon. Later on, she sat for the « Little White Girl », and also for the « Symphony in White ».

Jo, under the refining influence of Whistler became an attractive personality, and succeeded in painting some sketches which have been occasionally attributed to Whistler himself. Jo died very young, but during the years of her life spent with Whistler she was most devoted to him.

Another friend of Whistler's at this time had a curious career. She was taken practically from the streets by a rich man who had a wife living. After a time his wife died and he married somebody else, still keeping up his separate establishment. Then his second wife died, and he finished by marrying the girl he had taken from the streets, who by then had reached the age of 65.

We often had table-turning at Jimmy's, but no very important results. He had an idea that Jo was a bit of a medium ; certainly, the raps were more frequent when she was at the table, but I cannot recall any message worth repeating. Jimmy believed in it more or less. One day when Rossetti joined us, the latter broke up the seance after a time by saying, « You'd better stop that, otherwise you will all go mad. » At the time my cousin, John Cavaly, found out that a friend of his had deceived him most abominably with pretended manifestations, which rather put us off.

Lady A. who on the death of her husband had to leave her house, asked Rossetti who would be capable of making copies of some of the old masters she

had, and he referred the matter to Whistler, who suggested that Fantin-Latour, then in England, would be the most capable man he knew.

Fantin-Latour had made some most remarkable copies of old masters in the Louvre, notably of the « Marriage at Cana », by Paul Veronese. He had a great gift for reproducing the style of the old masters. He was a friend of Whistler but not so old a friend as Legros, and Legros felt hurt that Whistler had not mentioned his name instead of Fantin, and one day he came to me, rather sore on the subject. It so happened that a few minutes after his arrival Whistler turned up, and they began to talk of indifferent matters ; during the conversation Legros flatly contradicted some statement of Whistler, saying « That's not true ». Whistler retorted by « Do you mean to say I am telling a lie ! » and struck Legros in the face. I was just in time to separate them before any further blows were exchanged. Then the real cause of the quarrel came out : it was jealousy on the part of Legros at Fantin having been preferred to him. It ended by their never speaking again, and Legros, who was a frequent visitor at our house, ceased coming. He was however very often at my brother Constantine's, where Whistler did not go, and my brother had over five hundred of his drawings and etchings, which are now in the South Kensington Museum. In those days there was a man of the name of Howell, who used to help Whistler in printing his etchings, and Howell was suspected of keeping for himself a large number of the proofs which were taken. He was not the only one who helped himself to the Whistler etchings : another one of his so-called friends had a large collection, which were sold after Whistler's death for many thousand pounds. Whistler, like a true artist, was very careless about his

etchings and his drawings, and a large number have been purloined. It was useless to warn him about some of his so-called friends — he always persisted in trusting them, with the result that his possessions were taken. I was told that Jo never had anything of his, but I cannot say the same of other female friends.

There was an etching which was given to a lady, before her marriage, inscribed with her maiden name. It was a first proof from a plate just completed in 1861. After Whistler's death she wanted to sell it. It was taken to a well-known dealer who aserted that it was a second or third impression, and not of great value. Now the lady was married late in 1861, and as it bore her maiden name it could not have been anything but a proof from the plate just completed. So much for the knowledge of the experts!

Whistler's mother was a most delightful old lady, who always treated him as if he were a little boy, and used to scold and reprove him. She stayed with him in Lindsay Houses for some time. She was very tactful and very pious. When my cousin, Nell Ionides, married Jimmy's brother, the mother lectured her on the necessity of being a constant attendant at church, and regular in her devotions. It was rather amusing to see a meeting of the two brothers. But Jimmy, in spite of his trenchant wit, had always the worst of an encounter with Willy, who was so quiet but had a way of silencing Jimmy.

Willy Whistler's wife, Nell, was great friends with Jimmy, and whenever he was in great straits about anything he always used to go to her for help and advice. On one occasion he brought her a lady's nightgown, and asked her to send it to her laundry. She found initials and a coronet on it, and when Willy heard of it he absolutely refused to have it

washed at their laundry, made a parcel of it, and sent it back to Jimmy, where it was put away and was only discovered after Jimmy's marriage by his wife! Nell was again consulted as the family friend, and gave the wise advice that the past had better be buried.

Frederick Leyland was a friend of Whistler's and had taken a house in Prince's Gate, which had been decorated by the architect Tom Jekyll. The large room on the ground floor was covered with Spanish leather. At that time Leyland had bought Jimmy's picture, « La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine ». Christine Spartali had stood for the picture, dressed in Chinese robes. It was very brilliant in colour and one of Whistler's best works. Leyland proposed to hang it in that room, and Whistler said that the colouring of the walls would clash with the colouring of his picture ; upon which Leyland suggested that he could alter the colour on the Spanish leather, and so he started his work, painting over a great deal of the Spanish leather in lighter colour more in harmony with his picture. He then painted peacock feathers on the shutters, and produced the well-known Peacock Room. But while this was going on a disagreement took place between them, and Jimmy painted a peacock showering gold about it, meaning it as a caricature of Leyland. The disagreement arose from a dispute about a lady, in whom both were interested, but for the public it was merely about financial matters. Friendly relations were never resumed between them.

Leyland had a great admiration for Rossetti, and after the latter's death he transferred his regard to Burne Jones. One day when B. J. was dining with him he told him that he meant to leave all his money to his son, and a very small provision for his daughters. B. J. reasoned with him with such effect that

he made him alter his will, and leave his daughters well provided for.

Poor Tom Jekyll, seeing these alterations in the room that he had decorated with so much love, was quite ill and did not long survive the blow. He was, further, supposed to be a great friend of Jimmy's, and felt perhaps that an unfair advantage had been taken of him ; but for my own part I think Jimmy greatly improved the room, of which the decorations were rather too rococo in character to suit the sober colours of the Spanish leather. Tom Jekyll decorated my brother Alecco's billiard room; it was hung all round with Japanese paintings on silk, of the greatest beauty, with red lacquer filling up the spaces, the ceiling being of the same.

After Whistler's marriage about 1894, he went to live in Paris, Rue du Bac, and I lost sight of him till after his wife's death some four years later. He often said he would like to come and live with me, but there was no room vacant in the house where I lodged.

I was told that when he married, his wife insisted on having a wedding-cake. When it was brought, he refused to sit at table with it, and had it put on the sofa, he found it so ugly.

I believe it was in 1866 or 67 that Whistler went to Valparaiso, where he painted the beautiful picture of the harbour. He met on his way a Captain Edinborough, and when he returned to London he met him again, and introduced him to me. Now Captain Edinborough was a man of many adventures : he ran the blockade during the American War of Secession : he told me that he had torpedeod an American Federal battleship in the Mississippi. He went in a launch and carried the torpedo at the end of a long pole, with which he struck the battle-

ship, the recoil enabling him to get out of reach before the explosion.

He also, together with a dozen companions, shipped on board a Federal passenger steamer, and at night they overpowered the crew, shut them up, and landed them, together with the passengers, and then steered the boat to Jamaica, where Edinborough rejoined his own boat, the « Happy-go-lucky ».

They then went back to the ship, to which they set fire, extinguished the fire, brought her into port, and claimed salvage which they got.

After the war was over he went to Egypt, and thence to Constantinople, where he was made a colonel, and had charge of torpedoes.

He once used his knowledge of explosives in an amusing way. He killed a young goat, and put a charge inside it, then threw it in the river. A hungry crocodile made one mouthful of it, but he was soon the most astonished crocodile that ever was. The explosion took place and blew him to bits.

One day at Constantinople he engaged a caïque to go across the Bosphorus to the Sweet Waters of Asia. The boatmen stopped a few yards off the shore and told him they would not land him unless he paid them a pound. He did so readily, but three days afterwards he entered the same caïque to take him to the same place. When a few yards from the shore, he drew his revolver, and threatened to kill them unless they returned the pound, which they very promptly did. So he went there and back, giving only the usual officer's order on the Treasury for the ordinary fare. On his return from Turkey he wore the red fez, and saluted always in Eastern fashion, hand on breast, mouth and brow. He disappeared shortly after this and I never saw him again.

Willy, Whistler's brother, was in the Confederate

army, quartered at Charleston. While he was there an order came to the Governor of the prison to hang twelve Federal officiers as a reprisal for twelve Confederates who had been hanged by the Federals. The Governor was very much troubled by this order. He called the prisoners together and told them what his instructions were ; saying that he had a most painful mission, and he would be glad if they would help him. The order was to hang twelve of them. How would they like the order carried out ? They all said, « Put all our names in a hat and then draw twelve names. » As soon as the names were ready to be drawn, he asked them to appoint someone to draw them — would they like somebody called in from the street, or what were their wishes ? One of the prisoners suggested that Father Murphy, the Chaplain, should be asked to draw the names. The first name that Father Murphy drew was that of the prisoner who had proposed him. I am glad to say that no execution took place, as the Federals threatened to retaliate by hanging four and twenty Confederates.

Then a long interchange of notes went on until hostilities were over. Just before the end of the war Willy Whistler and a companion were given despatches to carry to London to the Agent of the Confederate States. His companion had a wooden leg and they had to do the whole journey to New York on foot. When near Washington the wooden leg began to creak badly, a dangerous matter, for if detected, they would both have been shot. Willy took the leg to the maker in Washington, who repaired it, and on returning it, said, « I know who that leg belongs to, but I shan't say a word about it. »

They accomplished their mission successfully, and Jimmy was always very proud of that most daring adventure of his brother.

At times Whistler was terribly pressed for money,

and it is sad to think of the hard times he had to pass through.

In the early eighties he came to me one day bringing a picture, and offered it to me for £30. I bought it, and some twenty years after, when I needed money, I sold it for £150.

The Duchess of Edinburgh was asked by the dealer who bought it if she would like to see a beautiful Whistler. On her saying yes, he went down and had it sent up and put on an easel before her. She was admiring it very much, when the dealer came back into the room, and said, « That picture is upside down. »

This was « A symphony in grey and gold ». It has since been sold for £5000.

Throughout all the years that I knew Whistler, we never had any disagreement, nor did he have any with my brothers, Constantine and Alecco. I have always thought that his quarrels were connected with matters of art, not personal matters. I always myself found him quite easy to get on with, and quite free from the touchiness one so often hears imputed to him.

I one day went to see him, and he showed me a small picture of Phryne, with her hand extended on an altar, and I said to him, « I've always said you're more or less of a plagiarist ; you know you painted that picture from a Tanagra statuette in the British Museum. »

He only laughed, and asked me to take him there to see it.

I can quite understand that a man who is doing good, honest work, which he knows is right, should feel aggrieved with those who cannot recognise either the sincerity of the artist, or the excellence of the work, and his feeling would be misinterpreted by ordinary people as touchiness. It is true Whistler

had no patience with men whom he considered bad artists. He met at dinner an R. A. who for his sins began talking about his pigs. After a time, he went on to talk about art, when Jimmy in the sweetest way, begged of him to tell him more about his pigs, as he « found the subject so interesting ».

On the other hand, he could fully appreciate art that differed from his own in method, if it appealed to him as the result of genuine inspiration. He was interested in all forms of art, but his taste in music and literature was rather light. He did not read very much. As far as I can remember, he had a weakness for American authors, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was very fond of Offenbach and ofter hummed a song from « Orphée aux Enfers » while he was working.

He had a great admiration for Titian and Tintoretto especially ; he often said his favourite picture in the National Gallery was the latter's « Milky Way ». Next to that he loved the « Venus and Adonis », and the « Triumph of Bacchus » of Titian. Rembrandt was a great favourite, and the etchings certainly had a strong influence on his work. It should not be forgotten that before Jimmy insisted on the greatness of Velasquez both Murillo and Rubens held a higher place in the public estimation. The half-length « Philip the Fourth » was the work he most admired of Velasquez. He had doubts about the « Admiral », and thought Velasquez might have painted it as a young man ; and he was very doubtful about the « Venus ». His theory was that the back was a study by Velasquez, but that the rest of the picture was painted by a Frenchman, at a later period.

CONCORDE

par Jean Cassou

Le bel espace de marbre et de nuages ! Tant d'argent peut-il se reproduire en des matières si diverses ? Un cercle de nobles femmes veille à leur disposition. Leur ordonnateur les a voulues identiques, impassibles et stupides, semblables à la femme ou à la beauté. Bien des fois nous leur avons cherché des noms, les comparant à toutes nos déesses. Car nous nous hâtions, buvant cet admirable brouillard, vers quelque drame charmant et mal conçu, l'esprit occupé d'une impitoyable image, et comme des amants qui vont à un rendez-vous. Tout regard, tout front lumineux, toute attitude impératrice nous évoquait un regard, un front, une attitude. C'étaient des moments impossibles et pleins de détresse.

Il n'était pas un spectacle qui ne multipliât notre inquiétude : telle est la fantaisie des amoureux. Mais cette perfection de plans et de lignes nous imposait un purgatoire à traverser.

A l'heure du crépuscule, des gens en tenue de soirée nous croisaient, dans leurs automobiles, vers les frondaisons de l'ouest : nous jalousions leur gloire et leur indifférence. L'âme meurtrie ne peut se consoler de sa meurtrissure, la fièvre se perd dans sa propre fièvre, mais on ne peut pas toujours mourir. Les temps de l'amour sont brefs, la vie est forte.

Que de fois je me suis rencontré moi-même dans ces vastes lieux ! C'était toujours la même fleur grise d'air et de pierre. Je n'y pesais guère plus qu'une bande de jeunes filles, les bras chargés de mouvements, blanches comme le sport, amères comme un trou dans le front, mais si légères ! Chaque chose néanmoins restait là, ignorante de tout ce plein air où tant d'âmes se déroulaient, et comme une mère oublieuse de son enfant.

Un embrassement qui se néglige, une forme qui n'emporte rien. Qu'avais-je à faire à traverser ce fier néant ? Mais les monuments carrés, sous le ciel, les fontaines et mille volontés très certaines s'immobilisaient, prêtes à me parler d'harmonie, que sai-je ? ou de plaisir, si bien que j'eusse pu solliciter leurs faveurs.

Leur dessin est arrêté et tout est fait comme pour le vide, comme si rien ne dépendait que des influences solaires.

Quant à un dialogue entre l'Obélisque et la tour Eiffel, est-ce bien la peine ?

Parfois, dans les soirées d'été, si chaudes qu'elles couvent des œufs de serpents, les Tuileries restent ouvertes : les majestueuses grilles d'or s'écartent, sous le triomphe des chevaux de Marly, et les êtres humains peuvent s'avancer au-devant du peuple des statues, dans l'allée dont les lampadaires, selon les lois de la perspective, se ferment là-bas sur un point idéal. Plus loin que le sommet de ce triangle, on célèbre une fête amoureuse. Des couples monotones s'ordonnent en attitudes délicieuses, mais le cerveau qui les a composés reste étranger aux sentiments qui les animent. Ici l'amant se lamente d'imaginer à son amante les mêmes gestes en faveur d'un mari abhorré. Là, c'est la femme qui s'écarte d'une parole trop blessante. Une ligne rejoint toutes ces scènes,

sinueuse comme une phrase, et si elle se brise, c'est que le cœur de Dieu s'est brisé. Le monde recommence plus loin : une main a semé d'autres couples à travers la chimérique ténèbre. Autant de petites planètes où deux flammes s'affrontent sans se pénétrer. Il y a vraiment de quoi rire. Et du haut du vent des regards s'allument et s'amusent.

Un soir, t'en souvient-il ? nous voguions en silence...

C'est là, expliquera plus tard un professeur, que voguait la nacelle de Lamartine, en ce lieu gonflé de soupirs, ni flot ni jardin. Où suis-je alors ? Je reviens vers la place, mais je ne puis me plonger dans un ciel qui n'existe pas, ni dans un sol qu'il faut à chaque instant remacadamiser. Toute la prairie bourdonne d'autos ardentes, je deviens le centre d'une multitude de fuites. Tout se sépare de moi, m'abandonne et me démembre, alors que je rêvais de disparaître.

A la suite de tant de peines, tout un chœur de lampes nocturnes commence à chanter. Les monuments se sont voilés; le ciel lui-même reste sombre. Ailleurs, dans les campagnes environnantes, chacun sait qu'il se remplit d'aspirations autant qu'il existe d'hommes dans les contrées habitées. Mais ici, il se reproduit jusqu'à se vider dans les merveilles de l'électricité, sur ce sol auquel nous nous tenons comme des fourmis.

Je pensais alors à un visage auquel j'avais souvent pensé. J'ai depuis senti sa présence : il m'a paru plus calme que je n'aurais su l'imaginer, car il dérobait son chagrin sous des mouvements très doux, pleins de lumière et comme lointains, et il était si pauvre que je me demandais à qui il pouvait plaire, mais si grave que je ne pouvais douter de son destin.

Ainsi j'ai pu effleurer divers aspects du monde et déplorer tant de chers yeux qui ne m'auront vu jamais passer. Mais je n'ai rien détourné sur moi qui

me restât définitivement attaché : ce bonheur d'une belle place, c'est faussement que je le construis de regrets et d'oublis, d'absences à peine troublées. Jadis, le long de mes départs, mes fantaisies me semblaient si précises que je ne reconnaissais plus ce qui m'avait fait naître et ce que je devenais. Mais ni ceci, ni, fugitif, le passage que je mène encore, ne peuvent subsister, remplir de leur fièvre totale ce moment auquel il a bien fallu que je parvienne, presque honteux de présenter une face si affamée, si défaillante.

L'automne paraissait, le fleuve s'écoulait, sans voix, incapable d'emporter toutes les ferrailles et les maçonneries du ciel. J'aurais voulu aussi arrêter le soleil. Je ne sais guère plus ce que gardait le reflet des chevelures entrevues que ce qu'annonçaient celles-ci ou ces autres : je suis venu d'un autre point du monde, traînant, retenant d'inoubliables alluvions. O constructions, qui donc, vous prenant dans ses mains, comme un enfant qui joue, oserait dire : ceci est à moi ?

La saison s'en allait encore. Hier, au plus fort de l'été, la grande pierre et les grands arbres se dressaient tout secs, et dans un appel si puissant qu'il se suffisait. Mais les jours sont venus et les soirs où les amoureux s'enfuient sous les feuillages et sous le vent qui les conduit et les fait tourbillonner. La course leur permet peut-être d'oublier le mensonge qui les précipite, le but qui les brisera. Je me voulais tout lourd de plénitude, et je ne suis toujours qu'une déchirure qui se déchire, comme une perpétuelle déhiscence.

Je reviens ici : le roc unique, le pont, les jardins et ces théâtres si pompeux détiennent mes regards et me privent de mon secret.

Laisse-moi, laisse-moi ! J'ai bien laissé partir ces

jours, ces lieux où je n'étais pas, ces yeux et ces paroles qui n'étaient pas tout à fait pour moi.

J'ai su, j'ai cru savoir de quoi se composait l'univers, mais je ne sais plus, ces pierres, ces branchages, et cette soie et ces souffles du ciel, si je les ai touchés de mes mains mortelles ou en quel rêve. Je ne serai pas plus mort, plus défait ni plus démuni dans la terre qui se disputera mes morceaux.

Fortement dessiné dans la stèle séculaire, l'oiseau a tenu plus de place que je n'en tiens dans l'espace que je me figure figurer. Je ne m'arrache de rien qui ne s'arrache de moi-même, et ni le sol fixé au sol par une autorité humaine, ni l'eau fidèle à son originelle inconstance n'ont su compléter mes discours.

Feuillages, lumières, demeures habitées, traversées difficiles, regards que meut le désir, que suis-je enfin venu faire parmi vous qui ne me reconnaîtrez jamais pour plus vaste que vous ? Le trouble qui vous agite ne vous est pas venu de moi : vous êtes un peu de respiration au milieu d'une forte presse où je ne suis qu'un pas de plus, et je ne me comble pas moi-même.

O bâillement ! Claire ouverture sur des ailes ! Comme vous auriez pu m'aimer !

Alors que le cœur a cessé de battre, il ne reste plus qu'à nouer cette place et qu'à l'abandonner comme une rose.

Peut-être m'eût-il été permis d'y vivre, ainsi qu'en ces jardins scellés dont parlent les rêves, et d'y comprendre l'intégrité des heures, séparé de toute clameur, et déjà fermé dans mon ombre. Je sais que des parcours m'ont été là tracés, si je m'y résigne, comme ils me l'ont été en quelque part que ce soit de ces trop étroits paysages. Mais je n'aurais plus sur mes yeux ce bras très étranger, commun à tous, et d'une argile si amèrement lointaine, ni ce baiser, ni ce souvenir qué je ne suis pas seul à connaître.

Peut-être serais-je parvenu à croire que tout m'a été communiqué du plan de cette architecture, et que tout m'a été promis de ce temps qui se révèle en moi. Peut-être me serais-je senti, dans mon orgueil, l'aboutissement de ces lignes si nécessaires et la fatalité de mille étoiles. J'aime mieux me régler sur mes larmes et sur cette plaie, toujours ouverte, comme au flanc d'un dieu noir, inventé par des hommes qui saignent.

ELSIE

BY ROBERT MC ALMON

For a girl only fourteen years old Elsie was tremendous, with more height than an average full grown woman has, and shoulders narrower than her hips. « An over-developed body and an under-developed mind », Mrs. Wilson said of her, by the time she had had her from the State Orphans Home for a year. But it's easy to accuse people of not having a « mind », as that is a thing that can't be taped or weighed.

Because of her two boys, four and seven years old, Mrs. Wilson was glad that Elsie didn't want to go school, and besides keeping an eye on the youngsters, bathing them, putting them to bed, and stopping them from quarrelling overmuch with each other, Elsie could wash dishes, sweep, and give Doctor Wilson his coffee and toast in the morning in not too bad a shape. Of course she couldn't be depended upon to do much other cooking ; an irresponsible, exclamatorily shy and awkward being she was.

The doctor though wasn't finicky about his food ; he was too tired physically, too tolerant of all kinds of human weaknesses, and too tormentedly dubious about the various values in life, to be anything but whimsical in his attitude towards Elsie. « She's beginning to feel her oats now. Let her giggle and moon about. Maybe some farmer will marry her in a year or so. With a body her size she needs a farm to move about in », he'd say.

As a local newspaper write-up had once said of Dr. Wilson, he'd « taken to writing poetry » ; and doctors aren't the only one who catch that disease. Through his naive interest in humanity and in their emotions, the doctor was apt to treat Elsie with facetious friendliness, that however, had no feeling of superiority within it. Sometimes he would joke her about a grocery delivery boy at whom he declared she looked with amorous eyes ; another time he might pat her on the shoulder. Once he put his forefinger on her stomach simply to see whether that would embarrass her. This treatment permitted Elsie to be more temperamental with him than she was with Mrs. Wilson, so that if he was ever cross with her, because of tired irritation, she would remark « Aren't you awful, talking to me that way ? » The fact that Elsie was always gasping because some question to her, or attention turned upon her, made her self-conscious so that she blushed, and blushed, did not prevent her speaking her mind.

It was when Donald Matthews came out to see Doctor and spend an evening discussing life, poetry, stupidity, and other kindred themes, that Elsie really began to blush, and hang bashfully just outside of the door of the dining room or of the sitting room, where the others happened to be sitting. « Elsie says she thinks it sounds horrible to hear you swear; she doesn't mind my swearing at all », the Doctor told Donald one day, and they all laughed at her maidenly romanticism.

One day when Don called up the house Elsie answered the 'phone, and said that she was the only one at home. After Don had left word for the doctor to call him up Elsie made some remark that he couldn't catch until she had repeated it three times. She seemed excited, as if she were being daring. At last he understood. « I made my first batch of

bread today, and it turned out wonderful. Isn't that grand ? », she had said.

« Well, well, Elsie, good for you ; keep that up, and when you become a fine cook you can get a job in some big restaurant, and take me on as a husband to support. Lord knows I don't like taking care of myself. »

« O, o, Mr. Matthews, aren't you a tease ! », Elsie stuttered so that Don could visualize her blushing twenty miles away.

Whenever Donald called up the house, and particularly whenever he came out to spend the night with the Wilsons, Elsie would announce his approach palpitatingly, and would those times be anxious to know what there was to have for dinner. Whenever she did anything awkward and got scolded by Mrs. Wilson she would beg her not to tell Mr. Matthews anyway. One night when both Donald and Dr. Wilson urged her to come in and tell them about her various experiences as an orphan, and Mrs. Wilson too was humourously goodnatured with her in spite of the fact that she was always breaking dishes and forgetting to do everything she'd been told to, Elsie finally came, protestantly shy, and exclaiming that she just couldn't, she was too embarrassed. However they got her to talking.

She told them about a Pennsylvania Dutch family she'd been in just the year before coming to them, in which only the women worked, while the oldest boy — twenty-eight years old — came storming home drunk three or four times a week, and cursed horribly at everybody — but Elsie, whom he'd look at almost as if she wasn't such a nonentity to him as womenfolk in general were. Elsie said she wouldn't stand for any of his cursing at her; she'd have walked right out of the house. The home before that they'd worked the life out of her, the crotchety old

man and woman that they were. Elsie intended to stay where she was, because she knew a good thing when she saw it.

Mrs. Wilson was feeling unwell though, and added to Elsie's awkward incompetence, was a habit she had of eating candy that the Doctor would bring for Mrs. Wilson, if it were left about. Stockings, and pieces of lace would be missing now and then. So Mrs. Wilson would have to lay down the law to Elsie frequently, and as time went on she brooded quite a little. One night, when Donald had come to spend the weekend with the Wilsons a note was on the backdoor which the doctor found as he came in from a case, worn out with having helped another infant into the world.

« Please don't lock the back door. I will when I come in. I have gone out for a walk. I want to think », the note read.

« She'd better think, the careless child », Mrs. Wilson said. « I told her I was thinking of letting her go back to the Orphans Home. »

Elsie, knowing she basked in the disfavour of Mrs. Wilson, and perhaps of the Doctor too, since he didn't like having her eat candy which he'd purchased to buy his wife's goodwill with, awed a bit as he was by the lady's manners, more positive and decisive than his own, tried to be careful and was tormentedly anxious to please.

Returning home one night from a moving picture show the Wilsons called to Elsie who was not in the front room. There was no answer. They called again. No answer.

« You remember she said before we went out that she just knew burglars were going to be here tonight — felt it in her blood. She's probably locked in her room, scared because of notices she's been seeing in the paper », Doctor Wilson commented and went

to her room to knock at the door. While there Mrs. Wilson, who'd gone to the kitchen, called excitedly, so he ran downstairs to her. There was Elsie, on the floor, tied hands and feet, with her mouth gagged, and a rope about her binding her to the pipe beneath the kitchen sink. They loosed her, and she told them that three men had come in, but she didn't believe that they'd taken anything because she felt that they were coming and had put the family silver in the furnace downstairs, there being no fire in it.

« Isn't it lucky that I felt it in my bones though ? », Elsie said, and her eyes were big. She was delighted when they praised her courage and presence of mind. When a policeman arrived that Mrs. Wilson had asked for by telephone, he asked Elsie many questions. An unusual policeman was he. At last he took Dr. Wilson aside, and said : « She did it herself ; she wanted you to praise her. We get cases like this every now and then. One came up a couple of weeks ago out in the suburbs with a fellow who wanted his girl to think he was a hero and blacked his own eye so his story of attack would sound more likely. »

When Dr. and Mrs. Wilson talked it over every sign indicated that the policeman was right, so the next morning Dr. Wilson faced Elsie with an accusation, and twitted her. In the end she admitted that she had done it all herself. So when Mrs. Wilson was sure, from Elsie's admission, she declared that the girl wasn't right in her mind.

« But please don't, O Mrs. Wilson, please don't tell Mr. Matthews about it », Elsie begged. Mrs. Wilson was non-commital.

When Doctor Wilson went out into the kitchen a little later on his way out to the garage for the auto to drive to a patient, Elsie giggled.

« You'll have to admit that I acted my part well though, now won't you ? »

It was in the afternoon of the same day that Donald Matthews arrived, and Elsie was as upset with palpitating emotions as ever when she opened the door to him. An hour later when Dr. Wilson told her that he'd shown Donald some poems which she had written — she had been reading the Doctor's books, Dowson particularly, and some others she picked up, love poems — and Donald had said : « They're nearer to the way it's done than some æsthetic youths who faint with delicate emotion over coloured shadows will ever get », Elsie seemed scarcely able to contain herself.

At the dinner table Donald broke news to the family. «Well — I suppose I might as well spill the dope now. I was married this afternoon and depart for a honeymoon right away. Sudden, but that's the way to do things .»

Dr. and Mrs. Wilson weren't over-amazed. One gets to accepting things without undue exclamation after a certain amount of experience, but Elsie dropped the platter of meat she was carrying so that it plumped on the table. Fortunately no gravy spilled. Donald, and the Wilsons exchanged amused glances, and a little later when Mrs. Wilson came back from a trip she'd made to the kitchen for salad she whispered « Elsie says she never could stand a man who wore a green tie anyway. It's that green tie you have on today that's ruined you with Elsie. »

From that time on Elsie was quite sullen with Mrs. Wilson, and said she'd just as soon go back to the Orphans Home, since she was tired of working like a truckhorse. She also declared that she was through with poets and poetry forever. They never do have any sense anyway.

STOCKTAKING

Towards a Re-Valuation of English Literature

BY DANIEL CHAUCER

I

WORKING OUT A STANDARD

It is obvious that these years of the revision of all values must witness a revision of literary estimates. Everything else has gone into the melting-pot : theories of political economy, theories of honour, of history, of government, of civilisation. We used before 1914 to have the simple old view

« Que toutes joies et tous honneurs
Viennent d'armes et d'amour. »

But upon those lines one could scarcely now conduct a life with much expectation of success.

So, before 1914, in Anglo-Saxondom, gentlemen usually inclining towards portliness, read, or at any rate commended such books as they considered to contribute to the makings of careers. They read the *Self Help* of the late Mr. Smiles in order to find hints for petty personal economies or technical manuals in order to pass examinations. People born before 1914 still do that ; it is unlikely that our children will do the same, for if they do Anglo-Saxondom will no longer rule over six-sevenths of the habitable globe. And if Anglo-Saxondom can no longer do that it will be negligible indeed.

My lawyer said to me the other day :

« Novels ! I have no time to read novels. I have not read a book since I passed my Law Final ! » He went on to say that he limited his reading — but he had so many clients that he had time for only very little ! — to the Workmen's Compensation Act and its amending clauses.

I changed my lawyer at once. He desired to shew me that he was overworked ; that he was sober, honest, industrious and illiterate. I, in common with the rest of humanity need a lawyer with some brain left for unravelling intricate affairs and such a man of business as he declared himself no Frenchman, no German, no Siamese even, would employ. I once had occasion to bring an action against a German railway company for losing my luggage. I consulted various Germans. They all said :

« Go to Herr Doctor Rechtsanwält L... Das ist ein echt-sympathisch Bildungs-Mensch ! » As who should say He is a genuinely sympathetic Man of Culture ! The Doctor Rechtsanwalt L..., in order to deserve and maintain that reputation was in the habit of keeping his wife up to all hours of the morning. He had ruined his eyesight by reading all day long briefs, cases, judgments... Whatever it is that German lawyers read professionally. His wife had to read to him the novels of Turgenev, Strindberg, Flaubert, Dostoievsky ; the poems of Hauptmann, Paul Fort and Verhaeren ; the plays of Ibsen and of Messrs Shaw and Galsworthy. The one class of reading was as professionally necessary as the other for had he not been thus cultivated — *gebildet* — no client would have entrusted a case to him. Similarly, once in Paris, having a little affair with a publisher I had to instruct a lawyer.

Said M. le Notaire Chose —But he said so exactly the same things as a captain of the 101st regiment with whom I was once shut up, by snow, in the Ci-

tadel of Carcassonne and as a highish official of a prefecture to whom I had to apply for permission to search some archives ! They all three apologised — and profusely.

They said they had read all the works of Villon, Fenelon, Bossuet, Pascal, Hugo, Musset, Gautier ; the *Education Sentimentale*, *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, the *Tentation de St Antoine ;* all of Maupassant and Turgenev ; *Faust*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Don Juan* and the *Corsair ;* they knew the works of André Gide, Henri de Regnier, Maeterlinck, France, Baudelaire, Mallarmé and Verhaeren... What they were apologising for was that the war and other preoccupations had prevented their reading with attention the writings of the Vers Librists, Symbolists, Dadaists. Since they had not kept themselves in touch with artistic currents to the last moment that was, they felt themselves to that extent unfitted to conduct law-suits, lead companies into the line or administer the municipal affairs of provinces.

Like Herr L... they were quite right ! For how can a man conduct the delicate affairs of his fellows or lead his brothers to death if he have no acquaintance with the psychology of his time, and how can a man have acquaintance with the psychology of his time if he be unacquainted with the works of art of his day ? So at least argue the clients, men or constituents of all nations outside Anglo-Saxondom. It is at least certain that in no other country of Europe or Asia can an illiterate man make a career, if that career must depend upon the trust of his fellow citizens. Even the governments insist on some tests of cultivation from their higher employees.

Why then has the Western World standards so different : why, rather, has it no standards at all ? I take it that no Englishman or American would

vigourously and for long dispute the assertion that officials or men of affairs will function better if they be indeed « echt-sympathisch » ; if they have some insight into the hearts of their fellow men. So that the hitch in the reasoning must mean simply that the Anglo-Saxon does not agree that only acquaintance with works of art can make a man understand and so sympathise with the fortunes of his fellow men.

Now I am probably going to write, by implication or omission, with extreme contempt of large numbers of accepted English and American writers and with contempt still greater of almost all official and accepted Anglo-Saxon literary traditions. This is because it seems to me that the anaemic nature of Anglo-Saxon master-pieces of the last century or so and the devitalised type of moral-reiteration that is Anglo-Saxon official criticism have between them produced the contempt for the arts that distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon and marks him off from the other races of the globe. But it is no part of my purpose to indict the intelligence — even the artistic intelligence — of the common man of either England or America. It is true that you may go from the North Foreland to the Land's End by road and not, in the weeks that it will take you, hear one intelligent remark about a book or a picture. I have made the journey. And you may go from the State of Maine to Maryland — I happen to have made that journey too — and a similar artistic aridity will spread on each side of your path. But what you meet with is the absolutely uninstructed, not the even relatively unintelligent, the people in Anglo-Saxondom having practically no means of knowing that Good Stuff exists, and is loveable and attractive to the virile and the alert.

But, for the moment let us concern ourselves with

the question : Why has Anglo-Saxondom no literary standards ?

For we have none ! The German lawyer knew that he must have at least a fair acquaintance with imaginative literature along recognisable and standardised lines of execution, not morality. He had to know something of not very selected but, as it chanced, gloomyish works: Strindberg with Turgenev for relief ; Dostoievsky with Flaubert ; Hauptmann with Paul Fort ; Ibsen set against Messrs Shaw and Galsworthy. Except for these last there was a sort of negative, a-moral tone about his readings. The French professional men had less of the monotone in the intellectual colourings of their catalogues : still, in their trend, its workmanliness, its directness of thought ; its atmospheric clearness was recognisable enough. Racine is not very like Byron ; the *Pensées* of Pascal are not on the surface very like the spiritual adventures of Bouvard and Pécuchet. But what those French followers-of-career and, by implication, their clients, Other Ranks or constituents read was, all of it distinguished by ardent passion to make things clear — clear realistically or romantically vivid. *Don Juan* is a frivolous and vilely worded attempt to cast light on sexuo-sentimental adventure ; it is certainly neither the Memoirs of Casanova nor the *Maison Tellier* but a solicitor who has not read all these will be relatively useless if you go to him for advice in most human-legal vicissitudes... Anyhow, what these French gentlemen read had behind it at least a clear, human philosophy and, on the surface, a certain fierce earnestness of presentation.

Set against the records of these roturiers, the reading of even our literati is a poor, unsystematised and useless affair : the reading of our laymen is limited purely to the worst and weakest specimens of

our « Literature of Escape » — the books that you read to beguile you from thoughts of your debts or your affairs. You may illustrate this aspect thus :

During the late war the works of Goethe, Schiller, Schopenhauer circulated amongst the Tommies in the German trenches by the million copies. The Schlegel-Tieck translation of Shakespeare circulated amongst the same people and in the same places by the many million copies. The newspaper presses of the whole of that Fatherland were put upon Sundays to the task of printing off millions of these copies of the German Classics on newspaper paper, so that anyone desiring to send reading matter to combatant members of his family could purchase the three parts of *Faust* for about twopence. I had command in France of a battalion of German prisoners 3,900 strong. The commonest sight in the world in their stockade was to see a fellow, the son of the poorest of peasants, unwrapping a pot of goose-fat sent him by his mother, from wrappings that were *Nathan der Weise ; Lear ; Goetz von Berlichingen.* It might even be *Ueber die Weiber* from Schopenhauer's *Parerga und Paralipomena.* Well, whilst the son consumed the goose-fat, dipping into the gallipot his first finger which he then licked, he read with luxurious attention the German Classic.

I don't, Heaven knows, hold any brief for German scholarship which I regard as the chief curse of the world : but that sight used to humiliate me. For, imagine yourself present, as I also have been, at the opening of the sacksful of books that kindly organisations used to send out to our regiments in France. It was one of my regimental duties, I being officially of a literary turn, in some shed or barn to have these sacks opened before me by a lance-corporal and a private so that, nominally, I might divide the volumes amongst the four companies of my battalion.

I assure you that I had never imagined the existence of such books as there I saw. It was not merely that there were usually in each sack a dozen copies of such infantile, devotional works as *Jessica's First Prayer*, *The Lamplighter*, or *A Cup of Cold Water*. It was that there was not — ever in the six or seven months during which this was my humiliating duty ! — one single book that an educated man could want to read. There was not even a copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress* which must have been regarded as too strong meat. There were the infantile tracts — and then there were innumerable copies of the works of the late Mr Garvice, the Sadic romances of a Miss—and those of a lady who used to write under the pseudonym, if I am not mistaken, of A Welsh Singer. And mine was a Welch regiment, appallingly skilled in the manufacture of Plynllions, extempore verse which the Other Ranks could turn out as fast as they could talk !

I remember, queerly, in the half-light of rotten barns of the Salient-Hinterland, the eager face of the corporal, a Council schoolmaster from Nantgarw, near Pontypridd as he opened in the straw the bales of distasteful printed matter and communicated his thoughts to the private whose bayonet cut the strings. The private was a Primitive Methodist minister from one or other of the Llanfairs, formerly a Conscientious Objector. The Lance-Corporal would say :

« Surely to goodness Dai man there will be one book today ! »

David would shake his head ever so little : it was not for him to contradict his military superior. And there never came out of those bundles one book that either the schoolmaster or the minister could read : indeed not a man of my company would look at one. Some of the officers would have liked them, but then the officers were not allowed to take books that had

been sent out for the Other Ranks. The books came from charitable and kindly homes ; usually from Putney. Putney once housed Algernon Charles Swinburne but then it was the parish of Walter Theodore Watts Dunton of the now defunct *Athenaeum.*

It may be said that the sending of classics to the German troops was a Government measure : that at any rate it emanated from Above. But I cannot think of any measure or movement emanating from Above in Anglo-Saxondom and concerning itself with literature — of any at all unless its activities manifest themselves in our State prisons, institutions that should surely have for their aim the softening, the civilising, the enlightening of harsh men. I have a friend, not unpractised in letters who spent some weeks in one of His Majesty's Prisons — for the sake of conscience or because of obstinacy according to the point of view. At any rate it was for Contempt of Court ! He writes to me now obligingly :

« Yes, I once spent some time in prison. It was perhaps Brixton or it may have been Wandsworth : I am not very well acquainted with the South side of the river. You are wrong in thinking that the Prison library contained no specimen of imaginative writing. In my concrete cell I was afforded the opportunity of reading three times on end the Pickwick Papers of Charles Dickens... A curate with a cold in the head — I daresay he was an excellent fellow — used to come into my cell which, being next to the latrines, smelt rather strongly. He was pallid and trembled a little; I daresay he was new to his job or perhaps he could not stand the smell. I explained to him that I did not need his spiritual ministration and after that he used to content himself with handing me an almost illegible type-written list of books in the Prison library. In reference, I sup-

pose, to my unfortunate situation he once recommended me to read *Every Boy's Mechanic, a Guide to the Wage Earner;* but his literary promptings went no further. In his library was, as you have guessed, *Jessica's First Prayer.* There were also the *Lamplighter ; I was in Prison and Ye comforted Me* by, I think, Elisabeth Fry and *As a Dog to His Vomit,* a treatise for the use of Unreformed Prisoners by the Lord Bishop of Winchester.

« There were also elementary works on Arithmetic, Carpentering, the rigging of ships, Paper-hanging. But of the Poetry of which you ask, not one word, except two volume of hymns by Frances Ridley Havergill. There was however that one volume of fiction for on every Book Day, Tuesdays and Saturdays I used to find again in the wicker basket in which the prison books were placed during one's absences from the cell, *The Pickwick Papers.*

« That was the bewildered benevolence of the curate. I had told him that I thought that *any* novel would be more improving, would give, as you would say, a greater sense of the values of life — which it was surely the job of Prison to convey — than *any* work of devotion. He did not believe that this was a pious opinion ; he considered it to be merely an instance of depravity. Nevertheless, that being the only volume of fiction that the board of censors of the Prison library had passed for the use of their guests, the good man had given orders that, during my stay, I was to have the monopoly of it. I learned from it to appreciate the virtues of Milk Punch, drunk cold.

« ...The good curate told me plainly before my liberation that the souls of all those were lost who watered their psychic gardens with the strong waters of fiction. He said that safety was to be found in *any* devotional work, in any technical book

or in any volume of memoirs. And he added that known novel-readers were invariably distrusted by all the world. He, for instance, had noted that I was a fairly educated man : he had been minded to nominate me for the post of prison librarian in which I should have had an easy time — a soft job ! But, I having avowed, unrepentant, my fatal penchant he had decided that I was not to be trusted and would not take the responsibility ! »

I do not apologise for putting these matters in anecdotes ; they are more difficult to write than is the formal prose of the Reviewer, but they are easier to read and take up less time and, dealing as they do with the actual circumstances of humanity in the bulk they are more to be trusted than most merely thought out arguments. What generalisations arise out of them ?

We see the German Obrigkeiten deciding that it will make their men fight better if they make them acquainted with the imaginative classics of their land. They will know for what they are fighting or they will think that they do. We see our own Authority leaving that side of the matter quite alone as I am informed did the Military Arm of the United States of North America. That may be because Anglo-Saxondom has no acknowledged artistic classics or it may not. Turning to civilian life we perceive Anglo-Saxon Authority imagining that the criminal shall be reformed by the perusal of works either purely materialistic or fitted for the reading of children of ten. That again may be because Anglo-Saxondom has no acknowledged classics of the imagination, or it may not !

And then we have the old fact that, whilst the rest of the world will not trust with their affairs men who have not the culture that is afforded by a considerable attention to works of the imagination,

Anglo-Saxondom will trust with its affairs only men whose intelligences are entirely uncultivated. Who of us does not know and has not had to commiserate with neighbours who have lost great law-cases because learned counsel who are paid enormous fees — for overworking ! — and trustworthy solicitors who have no time for novels have failed to grasp even the rudimentary points in affairs of considerable subtlety ? And who of us is not the poorer by the crass ignorance or the direct dishonesty of Men of Business whom we have trusted in our negotiations and who, again have all their lives been too busy to acquire from works of the imagination either an ordinary knowledge of life or the commonest standards of morality and civilisation ? These are the commonest experiences in the world.

Nor is that aspect of modern life to be got over merely by repeating the adage that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. It does : but the causes of inefficiency and dishonesty lie much deeper. You may say that to have formed an opinion whether *Richard Feverel* is or is not a good book will not give any man a greater knowledge of the Law. It will not : but it *will* give a man greater skill in using what knowledge of the law he possesses. For mental aptnesses are produced only by indirect means.

During the late war, for instance, the aggressive and Intellectual classes used to ask unceasingly what purpose was served in « trench » warfare by jumping to it on parade at home. The effect is psychological and there is no space here to go into the matter. But the result was incontestable : During that struggle you could have seen any day a regular battalion and a hastily raised Kitchener unit of the same regiment, of the same strength and recruited in the same district, go over to attack precisely simi-

lar positions defended all by the same German regiment. They would go over side by side and simultaneously take each their portion of trench. The regulars lined up on a tape and advanced as if on parade ; the other battalion went over somehow and somehow got there. But the losses of the regulars were immeasurably less because the effect of their seemingly mechanical, aligned and unprecipitate advance was to make the opposing troops fire high. The business of military operations is not to take positions : it is to take positions without loss of life or as near it as may be.

And the effect of imaginative culture on the natural mind engaged in human affairs is much that of drill on troops afterwards to be engaged in warfare. It affords and inspires confidence ; it furnishes you with illustration in argument, knowledge of human nature, vicarious experience. It makes of the intelligent savage— a proper man !

CHRONIQUES I

Editorial Paris, December

Someone — it may have been Mr Henry James, it may have benn the present writer or, in the last extremity, it may have been Mr Wells — once, a long time ago when all three happened to be giving their impressions of New York, wrote that whereas the note of London was a large rumble, that of New York was a strident metallic cry. Upon reflection it must have been the present writer who was impressed by the fact that in New York the trolleys — *anglicè* trams — were so arranged that the flanges of their iron wheels ran rather less on their iron lines than on the granite setts that supported them. That gave the metallic colouring. It was cheerful. You trod the streets of New York as to the sounds of jazz music, L sounds now and then drowning those of the trolleys. It was individual : neither Boston nor Philadelphia could shew the like. It was said — that music — to be provided by a benificent group of City Fathers called Tammany. As to that the writer can't say. Anyhow, it was a long time ago : as the story has it, one has not been there since last Thursday. Mrs Foster who was there Thursday before last will, for a number or so of the Review, attend to Paris matters from the American point of view. She will be succeeded, if the plan hold good and sons of Old Glory can be found, by good Americans new from newest New York., and they again by yet newer. So that no one shall say to us : « You don't know how Blankville has changed ; you have not been there since last Thursday. »

Let the note then, of London be a great, loose, sleepy rumble, for London is unchanging. Let the note of New York be X. What about Paris ? *Fluctuatur nec mergitur.*

You read that device below her coat of arms, her emblem being a ship upon waves. « She has her vicissitudes but does not sink ». So the TRANSATLANTIC REVIEW takes for her motto the word « *Fluctuatur* ». She has — she will have — her vicissitudes. May she one day add : « *Nec mergitur* ». That is your affair. But the note of Paris ? ... And of Paris in the world of the Arts, of civilisation ?

Reflecting on this the writer stood in his french window last night very late, the moon shining. Paris sounded. It was a long, long whisper. Increasing. Punctuated from time to time by whistles ; sometimes three whistles in succession, sometimes five ; sometimes one alone. But the whisper continued : it had its vicissitudes in those higher, distinct sounds, but it was never submerged. (Of course we are some way outside Paris of the Grands Boulevards and the World. Well, let us remain outside Paris of the Grands Boulevards and the World.) And that persisting whisper may well be for us a symbol of what Paris has meant for the Arts and for Civilisation. There have always been the whistles, the blasts, the hootings of syrens to interrupt those whisperings. But in the intervals and beneath the tumults the whisperings continued. You had down the ages Norman Conquests, Angevin Wars, Agincourts, wars of Malborough, of the Revolution, of Napoleon, but as a whispered result of the Conquest you had a language of the cuisine penetrating the rawnesses (the crudities, precisely) of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Ox became beef ; sheep, mutton ; pig, pork and the tall stag, venison. We received too the Feudal system : and during all the chevauchées of the Black Prince the Queens in Paris sent to the Queens in Westminster little dolls elaborately clothed so that the Court of the Western World might go civilisedly clothed. Of course you had always your Left — that Left that in Anglo-Saxondom learns little and forgets everything but shibboleths. They gnawed ox-shins and preserved Laws of Gavelkind and Borough English in the remoter fastnesses.

The Lay of the Lands

It is in the end matter purely geographical. Paris, on the road to that South whence comes all that we know of civilisation is the hub of a great wheel of communications. She is, for instance — though it is little realised — equi-distant from every point of the Rhine, the Rhine

flowing from Schaffhausen to its confused mouths in the arc of a circle. This means — apart from its strategic significance — that the influence of Paris is about equally diffused in spheres up to the Rhine and for a certain distance beyond that stream. And that fact sheds infinitely more light on the history of civilisation than does any sedulously manufactured Theory of Race. The Rhinelands may or may not be Gallic by blood ; but it is certain that they are not Teutonic by civilisation. And, with more dilution, we may say the same of Anglo-Saxondom.

It is true that, in speaking of Paris we are not speaking of France. But, for purposes of analysing currents of civilisation too much can be made of the difference between Paris and France. It is true that the greatness of France is born of her quiet, frugal, incredibly industrious and home-loving provincials. But once outside the spray from the Grands Boulevards or the apparent irresponsibilities of the Latin Quarter or of Montmartre which is itself, heaven knows, a home of painful and unrequited industries — once outside the spray of these phenomena which are the first to impinge on the stranger, the careful observer will find that the differences between the Parisian and the Frenchman fade, if imperceptibly, to nothing ; and that Paris has an immense, sober, quiet and careful poulation of unknown Quarters that are a-foot shortly after dawn and abed just after nightfall, all their waking hours being occupied with sedulous and admirable personal industries that by their very personal qualities and the conscience with which they are accomplished are in short Arts or Mysteries. The most striking image to be remembered in this connection is that, the French Revolution having been set afoot in Paris by a couple of hundred of armed, paid, organised and determined desperadoes, the familiar letters and the diaries written at that date in Paris by her normal citizens bear no trace of any Terror. You have the diary of the old lady who, going to do her morning marketing with maid and basket, saw at the street-end an unusual crowd but did not stay to enquire its wherefores. Marie Antoinette was ther being executed.

That is a symbol that should be remembered. It is by no means unique. The writer had an uncle who inhabited Paris during the whole of the Franco-Prussian War. When this gentleman was asked what difference the Siege had made to his life he was accustomed to ans-

wer that he had been able to observe no difference at all. He imagined that the price of food had been high but he had paid his cook's books regularly — he was a wealthy man — and had noticed no change in the food that had appeared on his table. He had gone to relatively few evening entertainments but, in revenge, M. Emile Ollivier, Napoleon III's last, Liberal Prime Minister, being by then out of a job, had come in to play chess every evening instead of only once out of every three or four. So, for those who are not avid to observe change or to experience sensations, Paris need provide very little change and of sensations none at all. Away from the Grands Boulevards she will be found pursuing her engrossed occupations, much like the rest of France.

Our Left

And those engrossments in occupations that so much resemble Arts or Mysteries are for the benefit of humanity. The doctrine that engrossment in one's work is the supreme joy, as it is the supreme virtue, of man is for the moment anathema to our Extreme Left. But our Extreme Left is for the moment incapable of contemplating without impatience a non-Industrial Society. It is not long since the writer was confronted on a quiet lawn, by a responsible leader of an English Left Section. This gentleman gradually worked himself into the tremendous assertion that, although to kill anybody was wrong, yet if seven nationals of our late Ally stood before him on that lawn he would strike them dead at a blow. The writer interrogated pleasantly : « And go through their pockets ? » The Leader began courageously : « Ye... » but, recollecting himself, added with a lame haste : « No. No. Of course not. I was only speaking figuratively ».

The original statement was no doubt one of those semi-epileptic workings up of themselves to which clever and fluent men of affairs will now and then commit themselves. It should not be taken with too much seriousness. Yet with some seriousness it should be regarded. For the same gentleman, working himself up in the some way will, upon public platforms arrive at a similar pitch of heroics. And, there, there will be no one to ask him whether he would go through the pockets of the slain..... They are, these worked up violences of artificial hatred, addressed as a rule to small gatherings of the elect, and the hatred thus expressed is not as a rule really

addressed towards the Allied Nation or its nationals but is a mere technico-political device for embarassing the British Government in power. British Governments in power are forced by the major pressure of public opinion into the display of an at least relatively considerate feeling for the necessities of our late Allies : the British Extreme Left which is never in power then labours to inflict wounds on the Government by the expression of factitious hatreds for the late Allies. Whether or no the political move is a good one from the point of view of the office-seeker it is not for us — who are very indifferent to Governments Left or Right — to say.

But the conviction that these parochial party violences can pass unrecorded is a very unfortunate one. A year or so ago the writer had occasion to address a letter of protest to the Editor of one of our more than usually self-righteous, Left-Intellectual organs. This journal was at the time devoting its Literary columns to proving that the inhabitants of that Allied Nation could not write ; its Artistic columns to proving that they could not paint ; tis very brilliant Economic-Romantic columns to the demonstration that the said Allies had suffered no kind of material loss by the late War. Its military correspondent proved that the troops of that nation could not fight whilst its political correspondents proper proved that the troops of that nation were about to occupy the whole of Europe, Great Britain included. After the appearance of a particularly corruscating number of that description the writer addressed to the Editor of that journal, as has been said, a letter of protest. The writer pointed out mildly that should the Party thus voiced come into power there could be only one possible consequence of these writings. The Editor refused to publish the letter — all the organs of the Left have refused to publish such letters by this writer ! — and accompanied his printed refusal with a really shocked note : « How », he exclaimed in effect, « *could* you accuse Us of desiring a new War with any country if you consider Our record. Besides what We print is meant only for the consumption or Our readers and should not be perused by nationals of late Allied Nations. »..... As who should say that any foreigner reading those sacred and rather supercilious columns would be committing an impertinence. The writer took the trouble to study the press of the nation attacked for a week after this occurrence and, as a result, sent the Editor five cuttings resenting the lucubrations of his Organ. One of them resented them with

an intenseness that might have moved any one less aloof ; but that Editor made no further sign.

Our Parties Right or Wrong

Let us, for the purpose of considering where we stand in these days of General Elections, contemplate our Great Parties and what remains of them, numbering, as we used to say « from the Left »... The position of the Grey-Asquith section, deserving as it has very well of the country and the world may then, by reason of its misfortunes well be first considered. They undertook chivalrously and with loyalty the burden of initiating the late hostilities and with the late Lord Kitchener they dealt, in so far as England shared in those deeds, the death blow to the German Empire. For the psychological enthusiasms of the British peoples were aroused and the psychological decadence of the peoples under the Prussian hegemony was assured by the German retreat from before the walls of Paris in September 1914. In those days the writer, being pressed by a member of Mr Asquith's Cabinet to write what was caled propaganda was definitely and officially assured by that gentleman that the peace-terms of His Majesty's then Government included the dismemberment (but not the subjection of any of the peoples) of the Empire of the Hohenzollerns and the creation along the Rhine of a Federation of free and neutral republics akin to the Fédération du Rhin projected by Napoleon I — and of course as side issues the liberations of Poland and of Ireland. Without these definite assurances the writer would not have taken up the distasteful task of producing great quantities of the turgid printed matter that was then known as Information. It appeared to him then, as it appears now, that the safety of civilisation as we know it can only be assured by the resolution of the Empire of the Hohenzollerns into its constituent and reasonable units and the organisation of South Germany and the Rhineland as free and federated states none of which should owe allegiance to Prussia or to the Prussian monarch. Without some such reasoned and self-conscious facing of the sempiternal historic and geographic problems of Europe it would in those days have been impossible to view with equanimity the prospect of turning out limitless propaganda or with sanity the inevitable deaths of an innumerable quantity of one's kind.

For, let us say for the second time, this matter is really geographic, Paris lying at the hub of a half wheel

and radiating her influence to approximate equidistances. It comes, this influence, against three separate barriers across its course ; to the West, on the Dutch border, the immense sandy, heather-wastes of the Lueneberger Heide ; in the centre the impenetrable Teutoburger Wald ; to the East the dreary swamps that stretch to the Russian frontiers. Behind these barriers, on a soil so poor as to be able to support only a very sparse humanity but with a population whose chief characteristic, after its voracity, is the fact that it increases faster than does the population of any other country, live the non-German Prussians. All this has been said very often : we propose to repeat it all ad nauseam, for it is the chief and the unchanging problem of civilisation. Towards the end of the late war the Asquithian Liberal party chose to forget this and so lost their greatest political opportunity. In the interval their press had devoted itself very properly to denoucing the military strategy of the bastard-Left, ill-born Right combination that succeeded the Asquith ministry and that, with its dubious political manœuvrings for place indefinitely prolonged the dreadful war of attrition. The Left along with Mr Asquith's following later swung itself by degrees that it would be too tortuous to follow into a position whose single shibboleth, whose sole remedy for the calamities that had fallen on Europe was the preservation of the Prussian hegemony over the German peoples — and the re-partition of Poland ! It was a queer conclusion at which to arrive for a Party which should, historically at least, preoccupy itself with freedoms. Does no Liberal remember the unforgotten words :

« And Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell ». ?

This lugubrious anti-climax was enhanced in effect by the moral conditions of the times. It would be safe to say that the Intellectual leadership of Great Britain fell, in the years just succeeding the Armistice, almost entirely into the hands of men who for one reason or other took no physical part in the actual warfare of the epoch. And it was merely human that those who had successfully *embusqué*'d themselves should dislike the persons and do all that they could to negative the achievements of those who, whether by reason of temperament or of the sieve of the State, did not succeed in avoiding the trenches. So the whole of the Left and the middle-Left press of Great Britain became a solidly obscurantist phalanx ; for the Left and middle-Left press of Great Britain is dug into position and maintains itself solely

by the pens of the British Intelligentsia. So Freedom shrieked again ; She had fallen into the hands of the Tories. To her subsequent adventures we shall have to return.

Ourselves

Tories are admirable people. There is probably no more attractive member of the human race than an English Tory with his horse-sense, his scepticism, his individual honesty. Our contributor Mr Chaucer will in a subsequent number prove at any rate to his own satisfaction that every artist should be — or should at least label himself — an English Tory, if only to escape the inevitable job of writing propaganda. For the Tory Party will never ask any man of sense to write for it. It is the Stupid Party ; in its eyes, the man of letters or of intellect takes precedence at dinner parties just before the butler and just after the governess. That is an admirable arrangement; for the man of sense or of intellect will never concern himself, if he be wise, with matters of precedence or of party. But that the championing of the cause of civilisation — which is the cause of the tranquility of France — should have fallen to the Tories of England is one of the grim ironies of Destiny who is all-knowing but also inscrutable. For what could the good, honest Tory Party make of such a present ? It is required to champion the Arts ; it is required to champion frugality ; it is required to champion good manners ; democracy ; industry — a thousand things not to be found in the dictionary of the great Tory Lexicographer. We, standing essentially for all those things, were the other day confronted by a gentleman belonging to a Right so extreme that its tenets would have taken away the breath of the late Lord Chaplin himself. This gentleman was seeking employment in one of the administrative branches of the Review. Or it would be more exact to say that the Review desired to employ him in one of its administrative branches. He said that he could not do it at the price.

The following dialogue then took place :

Editor. Why ? What is the matter with the price ? The duties are very light. You will be able to follow practically all your usual occupations.

Gent. No. I shall lose them all.

Editor. Why in the world ?

Gent. Do you not know ? All Paris is saying that

you are a dangerous Communist starting with Bolshevik gold an immense subversive organisation.

Editor. This is very astonishing.

Gent. Not in the least. You are publishing the works of A.B. to Y.Z. Surely you know that all your contributors are regarded in the circles of the Right of my unhappy country as Bolsheviks. Surely you know that in the Right circles of my country *all* writers are regarded as Bolsheviki.

Editor. To belong to the Right then a Review must exist without writers.

Gent. That is indubitably the only sound conclusion ; for it is obvious that the process of thought by which writing is sustained is inevitably productive of discontent with existing conditions.

Editor. I have heard that the existing Government in Russia had those same views.

Gent. Precisely. Much as I detest those fellows I cannot contest that they are at least of human origin. And is it not your Shakespeare who says that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin ? That touch is the universal distrust felt for those who express themselves in printed books and more particularly in periodicals.

He was probably right. We are in a dilemma. We must make the best of it. In the section headed COMMUNICATIONS the Reader may find something to reassure him. F.M.F.

CHRONIQUE II

LETTRE DE PARIS

Paris, Automne 1923.

Près de Paris un lent incendie couve : l'automne silencieux illumine les forêts. Une rivière trop calme coule et je vois sur le bord de la Seine à Valvins une petite maison ; les volets sont fermés, la vigne vierge et le lierre sont des loquets. Dans le jardin sombre et triste et dans les allées désertes le silence voilé d'ombre se promène lentement au bras du vent. Depuis combien d'années ? Les arbres chaque saison se gonflent un peu plus, enfermant la villa dans l'ombre mouvante des feuillages. Quant un promeneur égaré s'approche il pense à un tombeau. Il regarde la grille rongée de rouille, la chaîne abandonnée par le chien et la corbeille de mauvaises herbes devant le perron. Effrayé, il demande à l'auberge voisine des renseignements et la vieille hôtesse répond : « C'est la maison de M. Mallarmé. » Il y a vingt cinq ans Stéphane Mallarmé descendait au petit jour sur la berge, sautait dans une périssoire, ramait quelques minutes et se laissait aller au fil de l'eau. Lorsque le soleil allumait son incendie quotidien, il amarrait le canot et montait dans la forêt. Essouflé il s'asseyait sur un banc en un lieu nommé aujourd'hui si joliment le *Point de vue Stephane Mallarmé*. A travers les carreaux d'une cage formée de maigres peupliers il regardait la plaine et l'automne qui s'enfonçait dans les terres labourées.

Il y a vingt cinq ans aujourd'hui après une longue promenade Mallarmé s'éteignait brusquement comme parfois le soleil. L'automne est la saison des poètes morts. Les feuilles en se détachant font des signes d'adieu. Ce sont des souvenirs qui viennent couvrir les morts, de tendres mains coupées qui s'accrochent au vent et à la terre. A Paris elles jonchent le sol pour commander le silence, neige rousse qui ensanglante le macadam. Les poètes

morts ressuscitent dans une gerbe de feuilles. Je revois Apollinaire dans les jardins du Champs de Mars, à l'ombre de la Tour Eiffel qu'il invoquait « *Bergère ô Tour Eiffel, le troupeaux des ponts bèle...* » Il marchait rapidement dans les longues allées, tournant autour de son ombre, les mains mi-ouvertes comme s'il tenait des fleurs. Un jour froid de novembre des généraux ordonnaient de cesser le feu en Flandre, dans la Somme, en Champagne et un poète mourait dans une chambre boulevard Saint-Germain. Guillaume Apollinaire râlait et des gamins sous sa fenêtre hurlaient : « A bas Guillaume... A bas Guillaume II ». Je me souvins ce jour-là de son poème qui débute ainsi :

« Hommes de l'avenir, souvenez-vous de moi
Je vivais à l'époque où finissaient les rois... »

Apollinaire répétait souvent que les poètes sont des Prophètes et il le croyait sincèrement.

Nous ne voulons pas être des ingrats. A Valvins, le dimanche, 14 octobre, des amis de Stephane Mallarmé se sont réunis pour se souvenir de ce grand poète, de cet ami, et dans quelques jours ceux qui connurent et aimèrent Guillaume Apollinaire écriront, pour qu'on ne l'oublie pas, ce que leur dictera et leur cœur et leur mémoire.

Nous ne devons pas être ingrate. Il faut aussi se souvenir des vivants. En regardant ce soir la Tour d'Eiffel et la Seine je songeais à Mallarmé et à Apollinaire mais je n'oubliais pas Jean Girardoux qui vient de prononcer cette prière sur la Tour Eiffel. Il faudrait la lire au troisième étage de cette tour à l'univers entier, il faudrait qu'elle parcoure le globe sur des échelles d'ondes comme la prière de Jacob. Je l'écoute. En moi sonne doucement des rêves, des images, des rêves. J'écoute de toutes mes oreilles.

Les grands moutons d'or se groupent dans le ciel pour brouter l'immense prairie du clair de lune.

Paris s'endort, Paris s'éveille, comme un cœur qui bat, comme des yeux qui se ferment.

Philippe Soupault.

CHRONIQUES III

AND FROM AMERICA ?

Paris, December.

And from America ?

Are there voices from the Boulevards, from the Quartier, from the Butte, from all the restaurants and cafes of Paris, American voices warmed to a mellifluous note by piping hot Bouillabaisse answering: « — *And from America? Why of course the Americans*»?

No, there are no voices proclaiming: We are the Americans. There is a faint murmur as of leaves blowing on the «Boul. Mich.», or as of the soft chatter of the market on the Boulevard Raspail, but voices of Americans — *No*, decidedly no.

At last I find a man I suspect of having been born in one of our United States, regarding the faint glow of the late afternoon sky from a table in the shadow of the Café du Dome. He tells me that there *are* Americans in Paris, that is, there are those unfortunate beings born in America who have within the week met the pilots off shore at Havre and Cherbourg for the first time, or have crept stealthly into Paris by way of Italy or Switzerland. *They* are the Americans. As for the others, they are Europeans holding enforced residence in America for a certain part of the year in order to reside in Paris the remainder of the year. These Europeans, in Paris from New York and from all other cities and towns of America which shall be unnamed, are not interested in the pursuits of the recently arrived and as yet unacclimatised to the atmosphere of the beatific city. They know that the recently arrived have yearnings for the Fountains of Versailles, that they step with the notes a ghostly gavotte at Malmaison, or they may have heard that there is a golf course at Fontainbleau, or perhaps stirred by some faint memory — let us not be historical

— have gone afield in the crepuscular Forest of Chantilly, or they are rustling with a retrospective toe, yellow leaves that have dripped like rain from the horse-chestnut trees at St. Germain. Their Americanism may lie so deep that they may not be willing to admit that *Paris is France.* They may even blither feebly of certain Lions of Arles, of moonlight upon the desolate stones of Les Baux; of wide golden autumnal salt marshes at Aigues-Mortes and they may think that on a certain day there was a chaffering crowd on a quay at Marseilles, or perhaps dream of a road in Gascony. If so there is but little hope of saving their souls for Paris: they may even be discovered in the act of pilgrimage to dusty shrines where Great Benjamin tried out Poor Richard's philosophy in Paris and admitted — in divers correspondence — its failure. Or to those streets where Thomas Paine terrified the elect, and to the Rue Grange aux Belles where John Paul Jones lay buried for a time in his leaden coffin, or to Rue du Bac where Whistler changed his landlords as often as his moods. But this is blasphemy to those who like Balzac's good Tourangeau, know that in order to know Paris one must not seek for pleasure. It comes or it does not come, there is no telling when or how.

And as for time in Paris, have no concern for Time, for he sleeps for at least two seasons, Spring and Autumn. He may stir when the first snows fall upon the grey figures of the Arc de Triomphe and heap tiny mounds around the ever-burning Torch of Remembrance on the Tomb of the *Soldat Inconnu* beneath. And in blazing August when the summer suns crisp the tender leaves of the young trees along the Boulevards, then he may be drowsily awake, but he sleeps throughout the Spring: and now in the Autumn when the sunlight sifts a paler gold on the ruddy gold of the chrysanthemums along the Champs Elysées, Time hides in his Lair; he is quiet and life is timeless on the Boulevards.

But if by evil chance you belong to those Americans who are in Paris for the first time and must for a little while be patient and fare afield, then consider the gay streets, the imperial Boulevards, the cafes, the shops, restaurants of *la haute cuisine*, churches, towers, monuments, museums. And of Museums I remember a story told by Richard Harding Davis of a young American girl's reply to an invitation to visit the Louvre on a bright day

of her second visit to Paris: «*But I saw all those pictures last year*», she said.

And you, if you are not a «mere man» and there is a dripping on your tongue for cascades of satin and velvet and moonbeam lace, or for a hat that will make your beauty «terrible as an army with banners», you may listen for a whispered address — and it is invariably whispered — and go to a jealously guarded atelier where the queens of Europe are pinned into silver cloth and brocade. You will climb up and up, on not too prominent streets, where there is never a name or sign to tell you that Their Majesties were here before you. Madame will hardly show you gowns on your first visit but she may sing an old French song wrapped in her velvet peignoir before a fire, while she studies your profile. And up and up another spiral five times, or is it seven, to sit in a tiny salon and select hats languidly from a book of drawings that resembles a missal, only to be told a moment later: «Mais non, mais non, Madame: consider the form of Madame's head».

And if you are «mere man» and you would like to vary your excursions in Paris by a dip into the atmosphere of modern art, there are the galleries of that fascinating street, Rue de la Boetie, the Salon d'Automne and the studios of the modern artists where one may find all that is new in the world of art. You will want to find Dunnoyer de Segonzac, André Derain, Picasso, Matisse, Braque and the Roumanian sculptor, Constantin Brancusi. And if you do not agree with Schopenhauer in regard to women, there are possibilities for you in the names of some of the women painters of France: Marie Laurençin, Irene Lagut, Heléne Perdriat. And there is that shy Englishwoman, Gwen John, sister of Augustus John, who paints in a high grey house at the end of a street that winds up to the wall of an old Terasse in a suburb of Paris.

Segonzac may be paintng a study of trees and water, green boughs overhanging blue-green water, a thing he tells you is at once «simple and difficult». Or he may be working on a drawing or his large paintings of bathers. He will show you the things in his studio, pieces of African sculpture, a curious wooden image perhaps copied from another in Yucatan, an American doughboy's helmet picked up on the battlefields, a drawing by Daumier, two Signacs and if you are lucky some of his own paintings.

André Derain will be working on a fine landscape or

on a study of a figure that glows with the warm browns of the Derain palette. When he lays down his brushes, he may play for you one of the many strange African musical instruments that S. are pread out on the top of a high chest of drawers, or a bit of Palestrina on a small pipe organ that stands near the model stand. You may be fortunate enough to have some of the canvases that face the wall turned about and to see the interior of a chest that holds Venetian Marionettes in glittering costumes of lace and tinsel.

And Picasso — Ah, that is more difficult. But if you are an admirer of Picasso's painting and if you know the «blue period» and the «pink period» and all that lies between, and if you are familiar with his large classical figures, «women of bronze» someone has called them, you may be asked to come and see some of the new very small classical paintings that bring old Greece to Paris in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-three. Also the latest Harlequin, a pastel of a women in a blue dress with a fur collar and a portrait of Madame Picasso in soft tones of brown, perhaps even an early «blue» from the private collection of the artist.

If Matisse has not flown south with the birds, «following the light» to use his own expression, he will be found painting in a studio flooded with sunlight in a suburb of Paris. On the walls of the long room are glowing paintings from the brush of the greatest of modern colorists; there is a fine Renoir, and in another room one sees a large and rather sombre Courbet.

Braque — when we have climbed seven flights of stairs remembering the jest of the concierge that the address of M. Braque was «the sky», when we arrive breathless, we are told by way of consolation of a new atelier where there are no stairs whither the artist will remove shortly. But one is glad to have climbed for the studio overlooks half of Paris and here one breathes the air of poesy from paintings more delicately lyrical than will soon be found again. There is drawing in sanguine one would like to carry away; there is a marvelous horse on the wall, partly in charcoal, partly of paper — or is it leather — tacked on the plaster. If you are curious you may be told that the horse is ridden each morning in the Bois de Boulogne.

Marie Laurençin will tell you of her life as an artist and show you little paintings made years ago and tell

you that she began to learn to draw by making designs for embroidery for her mother. You will see her paintings of young girls with their pets, doves, and slim deer and strange dogs with haunting Marie-Laurencin eyes, opaque, witch-like. And you may be shown a little cage that holds a clockwork nightingale that sings when you have wound it, one of that family of birds whose remote ancestor, so I have read, once charmed away the ennui of the Emperor of China for a time. It is so cunningly made that one fancies that one can see the throbbing of its tiny throat when it warbles and trills nightingale arias. And still there are the fresco paintings of Irene Lagut to be seen and the naive canvases and exquisite etchings of Heléne Perdriat and her toys for children.

Then if your eyes are weary of riots of color, there is the atelier of Constantin Brancusi, an atelier like a great white cave, where one listens to Brancusi's philosophy — if you have gone so far as to deserve his friendship — while his chisel sends showers of snowy chips flying from a marble bird, his latest expression of the idea of swift untiring flight, a bird that may rival or surpass his famous *Golden Bird*. Looking at it one feels that sculptural art can go no farther into the mystery of Being and a vague apprehension flutters in ones breast, as when hearing a faint honking high overhead at twilight on an autumn evening, one looks up to see a great V formation of wild geese flying south.

And.... but of that another time.

JEANNE FOSTER

COMMUNICATIONS

Periodicals starting on careers have as a rule some difficulty in obtaining from an unmoved world those personal utterances of the interested that seem to give piquancy to the ends of what otherwise are seriousness. That difficulty has not beset the birth of the *Transatlantic Review* — because perhaps the birth is in truth a re-birth. It is held that Anglo-Saxondom cannot support a periodical purely literary in its aims ; nevertheless the attempt to organise such a periodical is forever being made. One man has a try and fails ; then another, and fails again. Then man number one takes it up again and one attempt is but the re-birth of the older failure. The older failure as like as not has begotten kindly memories and so, good wishes. Some of those attendant on the birth of the *Transatlantic Review* follow here.

The old *English Review* was started many years ago in order to print a poem called a *Sunday Morning Tragedy* by Mr Thomas Hardy. The strong and generous impulse came from the late Mr Arthur Marwood. The writer remembers better than most episodes in his life the quiet morning — it was a Sunday too — on which Marwood burst into his garden that overlooked the Romney Marsh and exclaimed : « The *Dash* has refused to print some of Hardy's poems for fear of shocking its readers. We must start a Review to print them ». — Marwood was of the Tory, North Country Squire type, full of lofty scepticisms and full too of generous enthusiasms and contempts. He had the most powerful intelligence that distinguished any man it has been the writer's fortune to meet : but by a grim stroke of destiny a tormenting disease made it impossible for him to be anything more than a looker on at that life of careers and movement in which he took so keen an interest and for which

he was so marvellously equipped. It would be difficult to overestimate the number of predictions, all since borne out by the course of public events, to which before his untimely death he gave utterance.

We opened the *English Review*, then, blessed by George Meredith and with, as it were, on our foreheads the poem of Mr Hardy that had spread terror in the hearts of the Conductors of the *Dash*. We had hoped to open the *Transatlantic Review* with a poem from the same pen. Alas : our first *COMMUNICATION runs :*

MAX GATE DORCHESTER,

Dear Mr Madox Ford,

As Mr Hardy continues rather unwell — which he has been the last fortnight, though not seriously except on account of his age — I reply to your last letter that you may not be inconvenienced by further delay.

In the circumstances he fears he can do nothing now beyond sending the general message that, believing International understandings should become thorough for the good of mankind, he wishes every success to the *Transatlantic Review*, since it may help such understandings.

Yours truly
F. E. Hardy

Our next *COMMUNICATION* is more difficult to handle and we handle it early to solve the problem as soon as we may. It runs :

EASTON GLEBE
DUNMOW

My dear....

Good luck to the *Transatlantic Review*. I have always considered you to be one of the greatest poets and one of the greatest Editors alive and it gladdens my heart to think that you are creating a successor to the wonderful *English Review*.

Yours ever H.G.

this being addressed to a member of our editorial staff. It being a principle of all sound businesses that its employees must not receive valuable presents — and indeed the Reader who carefully studies our Advertisement Pages will see the condign punishement reserved for members of the *Transatlantic Staff* who *do* receive presents — we shall take care that no poems by Mr Wells' protégé

appear in these columns. As for the Editing — we can't help that. What — in the end — is an Editor more or less ?

Mr T. S. Eliot, the editor of the only other purely literary periodical that reaches us shall answer with his definition of what is the task of the Perfect Editor : He writes :

THE CRITERION
A QUARTERLY REVIEW
17 Thavies Inn, London E. C. 1

Dear Ford,

I welcome with extreme curiosity the appearance of the *Transatlantic Review*. If it is similar to the *Criterion* I shall take it as the best possible testimony of the blessings of the gods on our enterprises ; in so far as it be different I hope that the differences will be complementary or at least antagonistic.

But from the prospectus which you have sent me I take no prescience of antagonism. Personally, I have always maintained what appears to be one of your capital tenets : that the standards of literature should be international. And personally, I am, as you know, an old-fashioned Tory. We are so far in accord.

The present age, a singularly stupid one, is the age of a mistaken nationalism and of an equally mistaken and artificial internationalism. I am all for empires, especially the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and I deplore the outburst of artificial nationalities, constituted like artificial genealogies for millionaires, all over the world. The number of languages worth writing in is very small, and it seems to me a waste of time to attempt to enlarge it. On the other hand, if anyone has a genuine nationality — and a genuine nationality depends upon the existence of a genuine literature, and you cannot have a nationality worth speaking of unless you have a national literature — if anyone has a genuine nationality, let him assert it, let the Frenchman be as French, the Englishman as English, the German as German, as he can be ; but let him be French or English or German in such a way that his national character will complement, not contradict, the other nationalities. Let us not have an indiscriminate mongrel mixture of socialist internationals, or of capitalist cosmopolitans, but a harmony of different functions. But the more contact, the more free exchange, there can be between the small number of intelligent people of every race or nation, the more likelihood of general contribution to what we call Literature.

I agree also that there can only be one English litera-

ture ; that there cannot be British literature, or American literature.

You say that you wish to provide another vehicle for the younger writers. I object that this is an unnecessary discrimination in favour of youth. In America there seem to be a considerable number of periodicals, appearing more or less periodically, for this same purpose : and in England there do not seem to be any younger writers anyway. That is one advantage in living in England : one remains perpetually a very young writer. I have enquired after younger writers ; but those who are young in years seem anxious to pretend that they are round about forty, and try as hard as possible to assimilate themselves to the generation which has just gone out of date. They have no politics, or liberal politics, (which is much the same thing) ; and if they had any politics, they would mix them up with their literature instead of keeping their literature clean. They have nothing. It is your business to help create the younger generation, as much as to encourage it. It does not need much encouragement.

But a review is not measured by the number of stars and scoops that it gets. Good literature is produced by a few queer people in odd corners ; the use of a review is not to force talent, but to create a favourable atmosphere. And you will serve this purpose if you publish, as I hope you will find and publish, work of writers of whatever age who are too good and too independent to have found other publishers. I know that there are good writers, young and old, who belong in this category. In the *Criterion* we have endeavoured not to discriminate in favour of either youth or age, but to find good work which either could not appear elsewhere at all, or would not appear elsewhere to such advantage.

But I have only one request to make : give us either what we can support, or what is worth our trouble to attack. There is little of either in existence.

Sincerely yours,
T. S. ELIOT

It is usual for periodicals nowadays to add notes as to the past histories of their contributors. Of our poets Messrs Cummings, Pound and Coppard are too well known in the United States to need our introduction there. For the benefit of the British reader — who however will manifest no curiosity — and of the French who in these days are almost too generously avid of information concerning those who write in English we may just call

attention to the fact that Mr Pound has fathered a whole generation of younger writers ; to the fact that, if American magazines did not print with eagerness all that Mr Coppard vouchsafed them we should have started the *Transatlantic Review* to print him — and we may as well say a word as to the typographical felicities of Mr Cummings. The man of letters is continually troubled by the problem that, — in cold print, the inflections and the tempi of the human voice are as impossible of rendering as are scents and the tones of musical instruments. It is to be doubted if there is any one who ever used a pen who has not from time to time tried by underlinings, capitals and queerly spacing his words to get something more on the paper than normal paper can bear. Mr Cummings with the bravery and logic of relative youth attempts cadences and surprises that we who are old, old and not brave long since abandoned and in so far as he succeeds he deserves well of all humanity who use the pen for even so little a matter as a note to go by the post.

For ourselves we limit ourselves to the use of..... to indicate the pauses by which the Briton — and the American now and then — recovers himself in order to continue a sentence. The typographical device is inadequate but how in the world..... how in the whole world else? — is one to render the normal English conversation ? The last one at which we attended on English soil ran as follows : (We were in our club waiting for the waiter to bring change for a cheque)

First Club Member. What sort of a feller is... er...? *(He points with his chin at an individual by the further fireplace,)*

Second Ditto Oh..... He's..... He's a ;;.... Er;;;;;; Er.....

First Ditto (Briskly) Ah !;;;..... Ialwaysthoughtso.

Of our other contributors Mr Luke Ionides is a memmer of one of those old Greek families who for a century or so by their encouragements of the Arts have added to the amenities and dignity of London life ; Mr Chaucer, a verteran long hidden in Paris emerges in the hope of adding somewhat to the irritations caused by his books which, a decade ago, amused parts of the British metropolis and annoyed other parts. Miss Mary Butts is a writer of a younger school upon whom, if we may use the phrase, we have had our eye longer than

most people ; Mr Robert McAlmon represents — though geography is not our strongest point — that West-Middle-West-by-West of which we have been taught to and *do* expect so much. MM. Jean Cassou and Philippe Soupault being French exact a greater privacy as to their personalities. The charm of their prose may be left for itself to work on the Reader ; so may the vivacities of Mrs Jeanne Foster of New York.

The story by Mr Conrad and his collaborator who then signed himself Mr F. M. Hueffer was published firstly under a German pseudonym. As Mr Conrad himself says in his letter authorising the re-publication « Why on earth did we do it ? Is it because the stuff is introspective and redolent of weltschmerz ? » We continue to quote this last *Communication* since we have no answer to give :

« The early E. R. is the only literary business that in Bacon's phraseology ever came home to my bosom. The mere fact that it was the occasion of you putting on me that gentle but persistent pressure which extracted from the depths of my then despondency the *Personal Record* would be enough to make its memory dear. Do you care to be reminded that the editing of the first number was finished in the farm-house we occupied near Luton ? You arrived one evening with your amiable myrmidons and parcels of copy. I shall never forget the cold of that night, the black grates, the guttering candles, the dimned lamps and the desperate stillness of that house where women and children were innocently sleeping, when you sought me out in my dismal study to make me concentrate suddenly on a two-page notice of the « Ile des Pinguins » ; A marvellously successful instance of editorial tyranny. I suppose you were justified. The Number One of the E. R. could not have come out with two blank pages on it. It would have been too sensational. I have forgiven you long ago.

« My only grievance against the early E. R. is that it didn't last long enough. If I say that I am curious to see what you will make of this venture it isn't because I have the slightest doubts of your consistency. You have a perfect right to say that you are « rather unchangeable ». Unlike the Serpent (which is Wise) you will die in your original skin. But for one of your early men it will be interesting to see what men you will find now and what you will get out of them in these changed times....

« Lastly. The paragraphs about *Romance* which you plan to include in your chronique... I suppose our recollections agree. Mine, in their simplest form, are :

« First Part, yours ; Second Part, mainly yours, with a little by me on points of seamanship and suchlike small matters ; Third Part, about 60 % mine with important touches by you ; Fourth Part, mine, with here and there an important sentence by you ; Fifth Part practically all yours, including the famous sentence at which we both exclaimed : 'This is Genius', (Do you remember what it is ?) with perhaps half a dozen lines by me... »

Mr Conrad's recollections — except for the generosity of his two « importants » — tally well enough with those of the writer if conception alone is concerned. When it comes however to the writing the truth is that Parts One, Two, Three and Five are a singular mosaic of passages written alternately by one or other of the collaborators. The matchless Fourth Part is both in conception and writing entirely the work of Mr Conrad. It had been the intention of the editor of the Review to include in the present number some specimen pages from *Romance* with phrases allotted to one or the other of the collaborators. The process of collation of mss. and proofs has however proved so much more laborious than was anticipated that this must be deferred to a later number. Literary interest in the question of collaboration as such and the interest of the public in this particular collaboration may be taken to warrant the labour.

SOME DO NOT.

A Novel,

by Ford Madox Ford.

I

The two young men — they were of the English public official class — sat in the perfectly appointed railway carriage. The leather straps to the windows were of virgin newness; the mirrors beneath the new luggage racks immaculate as if they had reflected very little; the bulging upholstery in its luxuriant, regulated curves was scarlet and yellow in an intricate, minute dragon pattern, the design of a geometrician in Cologne. The compartment smelt faintly, hygienically of admirable varnish; the train ran as smoothly — Tietjens remembered thinking — as British gilt-edged securities. It travelled fast; yet had it swayed or jolted over the rail joints, except at the curve before Tonbridge or over the points at Ashford where these eccentricities are expected and allowed for, Macmaster, Tietjens felt certain, would have written to the company. Perhaps he would even have written to the *Times*.

Their class administered the world, not merely the newly-created Imperial Department of Statistics under Sir Reginald Ingleby. If they saw policemen misbehave, railway porters lack civility, an insufficiency of street lamps, defects in public services or in foreign countries, they saw to it, either with nonchalant Balliol voices, or with letters to the *Times*, asking in regretful indignation: «Has the British This or That come to *this*!» Or they wrote, in the serious reviews of which so many still survived, articles taking under their care, manners, the Arts, diplomacy, inter-Imperial trade or the personal reputations of deceased statesmen and men of letters.

Macmaster, that is to say, would do all that: of himself Tietjens was not so certain. There sat Macmaster; smallish; Whig; with a trimmed, pointed black beard, such as a

smallish man might wear to enhance his already germinated distinction; black hair of a stubborn fibre, drilled down with hard metal brushes; a sharp nose; strong, level teeth; a white, butterfly collar of the smoothness of porcelain; a tie confined by a gold ring, steel-blue speckled with black — to match his eyes, as Tietjens knew.

Tietjens, on the other hand, could not remember what coloured tie he had on. He had taken a cab from the office to their rooms, had got himself into a loose, tweed coat and trousers, and a soft shirt, had packed, quickly, but still methodically, a great number of things in an immense two-handled kit-bag, which you could throw into a guard's van if need be. He disliked letting their «man» touch his things; he had disliked letting his wife's maid pack for him. He even disliked letting porters carry his kit-bag. He was a Tory — and as he disliked changing his clothes, there he sat, on the journey, already in large, brown, hugely-welted and nailed golf boots, leaning forward on the edge of the cushion, his legs apart, on each knee an immense white hand — and thinking vaguely.

Macmaster, on the other hand, was leaning back, reading some small, unbound printed sheets, rather stiff, frowning a little. Tietjens knew that this was, for Macmaster, an impressive moment. He was correcting the proofs of his first book.

To this affair, as Tietjens knew, there attached themselves many fine shades. If, for instance, you had asked Macmaster whether he were a writer, he would have replied with the merest suggestion of a deprecatory shrug:

«No, dear lady!» for of course no man would ask the question of anyone so obviously a man of the world. And he would continue with a smile: «Nothing so fine! A mere trifler at odd moments. A critic, perhaps. Yes! A little of a critic».

Nevertheless Macmaster moved in drawing-rooms that, with long curtains, blue china plates, large-patterned wallpapers and large, quiet mirrors, sheltered the long-haired of the Arts. And, as near as possible to the dear ladies who gave the At Homes, Macmaster could keep up the talk — a little magisterially. He liked to be listened to with respect when he spoke of Botticelli, Rossetti, and those early Italian artists whom he called «The Primitives». Tietjens had seen him there. And he didn't disapprove.

For, if they weren't, these gatherings, Society, they formed a stage on the long and careful road to a career in

a first-class Government office. And, utterly careless as Tietjens imagined himself of careers or offices, he was, if sardonically, quite sympathetic towards his friend's ambitiousnesses. It was an odd friendship, but the oddnesses of friendships are a frequent guarantee of their lasting texture.

The youngest son of a Yorkshire country gentleman, Tietjens himself was entitled to the best — the best that first-class public offices and first-class people could afford. He was without ambition, but these things would come to him as they do in England. So he could afford to be negligent of his attire, of the company he kept, of the opinions he uttered. He had a little private income under his mother's settlement; a little income from the Imperial Department of Statistics; he had married a woman of means, and he was, in the Tory manner, sufficiently a master of flouts and jeers to be listened to when he spoke. He was twenty-six; but, very big, in a fair, untidy, Yorkshire way, he carried more weight than his age warranted. His chief, Sir Reginald Ingleby, when Tietjens chose to talk of public tendencies which influenced statistics, would listen with attention. Sometimes Sir Reginald would say: «You're a perfect encyclopaedia of exact material knowledge, Tietjens», and Tietjens thought that that was his due, and he would accept the tribute in silence.

At a word from Sir Reginald, Macmaster, on the other hand, would murmur: «You're very good, Sir Reginald!» and Tietjens thought that perfectly proper.

Macmaster was a little the senior in the service as he was probably a little the senior in age. For, as to his roommate's years, or as to his exact origins, there was a certain blank in Tietjens' knowledge. Macmaster was obviously Scotch by birth, and you accepted him as what was called a son of the manse. No doubt he was really the son of a grocer in Cupar or a railway porter in Edinburgh. It does not matter with the Scotch, and as he was very properly reticent as to his ancestry, having accepted him, you didn't, even mentally, make any enquiries.

Tietjens, always had accepted Macmaster — at Clifton, at Cambridge, in Chancery Lane and in their rooms at Gray's Inn. So for Macmaster he had a very deep affection — even a gratitude. And Macmaster might be considered as returning these feelings. Certainly he had always done his best to be of service to Tietjens. Already at the Treasury and attached as private secretary to Sir Reginald Ingleby,

whilst Tietjens was still at Cambridge, Macmaster had brought to the notice of Sir Reginald Tietjens' many great natural gifts, and Sir Reginald, being on the look-out for young men for his ewe lamb, his newly-founded department, had very readily accepted Tietjens as his third in command. On the other hand, it had been Tietjens' father who had recommended Macmaster to the notice of Sir Thomas Block at the Treasury itself. And, indeed, the Tietjens' family had provided a little money — that was Tietjens' mother really — to get Macmaster through Cambridge and install him in Town. He had returned the small sum — paying it partly by finding room in his chambers for Tietjens when in turn he came to Town.

With a Scots young man such a position had been perfectly possible. Tietjens had been able to go to his fair ample, saintly mother in her morning-room and say:

«Look here, mother, that fellow Macmaster! He'll need a little money to get through the University», and his mother would answer:

«Yes, my dear. How much?»

With an English young man of the lower orders that would have left a sense of class obligation. With Macmaster it just didn't.

During Tietjens' late trouble — for four months before Tietjens' wife had left him to go abroad with another man — Macmaster had filled a place that no other man could have filled. For the basis of Christopher Tietjens' emotional existence was a complete taciturnity — at any rate as to his emotions. As Tietjens saw the world, you didn't «talk». Perhaps you didn't even think about how you felt.

And, indeed, his wife's flight had left him almost completely without emotions that he could realise, and he had not spoken more than twenty words at most about the event. Those had been mostly to his father, who, very tall, very largely built, silver-haired and erect, had drifted, as it were, into Macmaster's drawing-room in Gray's Inn, and after five minutes of silence had said:

«You will divorce?»

Christopher had answered:

«No! No one but a blackguard would ever submit a woman to the ordeal of divorce».

Mr. Tietjens had digested that, and after an interval had asked:

«You will permit her to divorce you?»

He had answered:

«If she wishes it. There's the child to be considered».

Mr. Tietjens said:

«You will get her settlement transferred to the child?»

Christopher answered:

«If it can be done without friction».

Mr. Tietjens had commented only:

«Ah!» Some minutes later he had said:

«Your mother's very well». Then: «That motor-plough *didn't* answer», and then: «I shall be dining at the club».

Christopher said:

«May I bring Macmaster in, sir? You said you would put him up».

Mr. Tietjens answered:

«Yes, do. Old General Flolliott will be there. He'll second him. He'd better make his acquaintance». He had gone away.

Tietjens considered that his relationship with his father was an almost perfect one. They were like two men in the club — the *only* club; thinking so alike that there was no need to talk. His father had spent a great deal of time abroad before succeeding to the estate. When, over the moors, he went into the industrial town that he owned, he drove always in a coach-and-four. Tobacco smoke had never been known inside Groby Hall: Mr. Tietjens had twelve pipes filled every morning by his head gardener and placed in rose bushes down the drive. These he smoked during the day. He farmed a good deal of his own land; had sat for Holdernesse from 1876 to 1881, but had not presented himself for election after the re-distribution of seats; he was patron of eleven livings; rode to hounds every now and then, and shot fairly regularly. He had three other sons and two daughters, and was now sixty-one.

To his sister Effie, on the day after his wife's elopement, Christopher had said over the telephone:

«Will you take Tommie for an indefinite period? Marchant will come with him. She offers to take charge of your two youngest as well, so you'll save a maid, and I'll pay their board and a bit over».

The voice of his sister — from Yorkshire — had answered:

«Certainly, Christopher». She was the wife of a vicar, near Groby, and she had several children.

To Macmaster Tietjens had said:

«Sylvia has left me with that fellow Perowne».

Macmaster had answered only: «Ah!»

Tietjens had continued:

«I'm letting the house and warehousing the furniture. Tommie is going to my sister Effie. Marchant is going with him».

Macmaster had said:

«Then you'll be wanting your old rooms». Macmaster occupied a very large storey of the Gray's Inn buildings. After Tietjens had left him on his marriage he had continued to enjoy solitude, except that his man had moved down from the attic to the bedroom formerly occupied by Tietjens.

Tietjens said:

«I'll come in to-morrow night if I may. That will give Ferens time to get back into his attic».

That morning, at breakfast, four months having passed, Tietjens had received a letter from his wife. She asked, without any contrition at all, to be taken back. She was fed-up with Perowne and Brittany.

Tietjens looked up at Macmaster. Macmaster was already half out of his chair, staring at him with enlarged, steel-blue eyes, his beard quivering. By the time Tietjens spoke Macmaster had his hand on the neck of the cutglass brandy decanter in the brown wood tantalus.

Tietjens said:

«Sylvia asks me to take her back».

Macmaster said:

«Have a little of this!».

Tietjens was about to say: «No,» automatically. He changed that to:

«Yes. Perhaps. A liqueur glass».

He noticed that the lip of the decanter crepitated, tinkling on the glass. Macmaster must be trembling.

Macmaster, with his back still turned, said:

«Shall you take her back?»

Tietjens answered:

«I imagine so». The brandy warmed his chest in its descent. Macmaster said:

«Better have another».

Tietjens answered:

«Yes. Thanks».

Macmaster went on with his breakfast and his letters. So did Tietjens. Ferens came in, removed the bacon plates and set on the table a silver, water-heated dish that contained

poached eggs and haddock. A long time afterwards Tietjens said:

«Yes, in principle I'm determined to. But I shall take three days to think out the details».

He seemed to have no feelings about the matter. Certain insolent phrases in Sylvia's letter hung in his mind. He preferred a letter like that. The brandy made no diffenerce to his mentality, but it seemed to keep him from shivering.

Macmaster said:

«Suppose we go down to Rye by the 11.40. We could get a round after tea now the days are long. I want to call on a parson near there. He has helped me with my book».

Tietjens said:

«Did your poet know parsons? But of course he did, Duchemin is the name, isn't it?»

Macmaster said:

«We could call about two-thirty. That will be all right in the country. We stay till four with a cab outside. We can be on the first tee at five. If we like the course we'll stay next day: then Tuesday at Hythe and Wednesday at Sandwich. Or we could stay at Rye all your three days».

«It will probably suit me better to keep moving», Tietjens said. «There are those British Columbia figures of yours. If we took a cab now I could finish them for you in an hour and twelve minutes. Then British North America can go to the printers. It's only 8.30 now».

Macmaster said, with some concern:

«Oh, but you *couldn't*. I can make our going all right with Sir Reginald». Tietjens said:

«Oh yes I can. Ingleby will be pleased if you tell him they're finished. I'll have them ready for you to give him when he comes at ten».

Macmaster said:

«What an extraordinary fellow you are, Chrissie. Almost a genius!»

«Oh,» Tietjens answered. «I was looking at your papers yesterday after you'd left and I've got most of the totals in my head. I was thinking about them before I went to sleep. I think you make a mistake in overestimating the pull of Klondyke this year on the population. The passes are open, but relatively no one is going through. I'll add a note to that effect».

In the cab he said:

«I'm sorry to bother you with my beastly affairs. But how will it affect you and the office?»

«The office», Macmaster said, «not at all. It is supposed that Sylvia is nursing Mrs. Satterthwaite abroad. As for me, I wish...» — he closed his small, strong teeth — «I wish you would drag the woman through the mud. By God I do! Why should she mangle you for the rest of your life? She's done enough!»

Tietjens gazed out over the flap of the cab.

That explained a question. Some days before, a young man, a friend of his wife's rather than of his own, had approached him in the club and had said that he hoped Mrs. Satterthwaite — his wife's mother — was better. He said now:

«I see. Mrs. Satterthwaite has probably gone abroad to cover up Sylvia's retreat. She's a sensible woman, if a bitch».

The hansom ran through nearly empty streets, it being very early for the public official quarters. The hoofs of the horse clattered precipitately. Tietjens preferred a hansom, horses being made for gentlefolk. He had known nothing of how his fellows had viewed his affairs. It was breaking up a great, numb inertia to enquire.

During the last few months he had employed himself in tabulating from memory the errors in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, of which a new edition had lately appeared. He had even written an article for a dull monthly on the subject. It had been so caustic as to miss its mark, rather. He despised people who used works of reference; but the point of view had been so unfamiliar that his article had galled no one's withers, except possibly Macmaster's. Actually it had pleased Sir Reginald Ingleby, who had been glad to think that he had under him a young man with a memory so tenacious and so encyclopædic a knowledge...

That had been a congenial occupation, like a long drowse. Now he had to make enquiries. He said:

«And my breaking up the establishment at twenty-nine? How's that viewed? I'm not going to have a house again».

«It's considered», Macmaster answered, «that Lowndes Street did not agree with Mrs. Satterthwaite. That accounted for her illness. Drains wrong. I may say that Sir Reginald entirely — expressly — approves. He does not think that young married men in Government offices

should keep up expensive establishments in the S. W. district».

Tietjens said:

«Damn him». He added: «He's probably right though». He then said: «Thanks. That's all I want to know. A certain discredit has always attached to cuckolds. Very properly. A man ought to be able to keep his wife».

Macmaster exclaimed anxiously:

«No! No! Chrissie».

Tietjens continued:

«And a first-class public office is very like a public school. It might very well object to having a man whose wife had bolted amongst its members. I remember the School hated it when the Governors decided to admit the first Jew and the first nigger».

Macmaster said:

«I wish you wouldn't go on».

«There was a fellow», Tietjens continued, «whose land was next to ours. Conder his name was. His wife was habitually unfaithful to him. She used to retire with some fellow for three months out of every year. Conder never moved a finger. But we felt Groby and the neighbourhood were unsafe. It was awkward introducing him — not to mention her — in your drawing-room. All sorts of awkwardnesses. Everyone knew the younger children weren't Conder's. A fellow married the youngest daughter and took over the hounds. And not a soul called on her. It wasn't rational or just. But that's why society distrusts the cuckold, really. It never knows when it mayn't be driven into something irrational and unjust».

«But you *aren't*», Macmaster said with real anguish, «going to let Sylvia behave like that».

«I don't know», Tietjens said. «How am I to stop it? Mind you, I think Conder was quite right. Such calamities are the will of God. A gentleman accepts them. If the woman won't divorce, he *must* accept them, and it gets talked about. You seem to have made it all right this time. You and, I suppose, Mrs. Satherthwaite between you. But you won't be always there. Or I might come across another woman».

Macmaster said:

«Ah!» and after a moment:

«What then?»

Tietjens said;

«God knows... There's that poor little beggar to be

considered. Marchant says he's beginning to talk broad Yorkshire already».

Macmaster said:

«If it wasn't for that... That would be a solution».

Tietjens said: «Ah!»

When he paid the cabman, in front of a grey cement portal with a gabled arch, reaching up, he said:

«You've been giving the mare less licorice in her mash. I told you she'd go better».

The cabman, with a scarlet, varnished face, a shiny hat, a drab box-cloth coat and a gardenia in his buttonhole, said:

«Ah! Trust you to remember, sir».

In the train, from beneath his pile of polished dressing and despatch cases — Tietjens had thrown his immense kit-bag with his own hands into the guard's van — Macmaster looked across at his friend. It was, for him, a great day. Across his face were the proof-sheets of his first, small, delicate-looking volume... A small page, the type black and still odorous! He had the agreeable smell of the printer's ink in his nostrils; the fresh paper was still a little damp. In his white, rather spatulate, always slightly cold fingers, was the pressure of the small, flat, gold pencil he had purchased especially for these corrections. He had found none to make.

He had expected a wallowing of pleasure — almost the only sensuous pleasure he had allowed himself for many months. Keeping up the appearances of an English gentleman on an exiguous income was no mean task. But to wallow in your own phrases, to be rejoiced by the savour of your own shrewd pawkinesses, to feel your rhythm balanced and yet sober — that is a pleasure beyond most, and an inexpensive one at that. He had had it from mere «articles» — on the philosophies and domestic lives of such great figures as Carlyle and Mill, or on the expansion of inter-colonial trade. This was a book.

He relied upon it to consolidate his position. In the office they were mostly «born», and not vastly sympathetic. There was a sprinkling too — it was beginning to be a large one — of young men who had obtained their entry by merit or by sheer industry. These watched promotions jealously, discerning nepotic increases of increment and clamouring amongst themselves at favouritisms.

To these he had been able to turn a cold shoulder. His

intimacy with Tietjens permitted him to be rather on the «born» side of the institution, and his agreeableness — he knew he was agreeable and useful! — to Sir Reginald Ingleby, protecting him in the main from unpleasantness. His «articles» had given him a certain right to an austerity of demeanour; his book he trusted to let him adopt an almost judicial attitude. He would then be *the* Mr. Macmaster, the critic, the authority. And the first-class departments are not adverse from having distinguished men as ornaments to their company; at any rate the promotion of the distinguished is not objected to. So Macmaster saw — almost physically — Sir Reginald Ingleby perceiving the empressement with which his valued subordinate was treated in the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Leamington, Mrs. Cressy, the Hon. Mrs. de Limoux; Sir Reginald would perceive that, for he was not a reader himself of much else than Government publications, and he would feel fairly safe in making easy the path of his critically-gifted and austere young helper. The son of a very poor shipping clerk in an obscure Scotch harbour town, Macmaster had very early decided on the career that he would make. As between the heroes of Mr. Smiles, an author enormously popular in Macmaster's boyhood, and the more distinctly intellectual achievements open to the very poor Scot, Macmaster had had no difficulty in choosing. A pit lad *may* rise to be a mine owner; a hard, gifted, unsleeping Scots youth, pursuing unobtrusively and unobjectionably a course of study and of public usefulness, *will* certainly achieve distinction, security and the quiet admiration of those around him. It was the difference between the *may* and the *will*, and Macmaster had had no difficulty in making his choice. He saw himself by now almost certain of a career that should give him at fifty a knighthood, and long before that a competence, a drawing-room of his own and a lady who should contribute to his unobtrusive fame, she moving about, in that room, amongst the best of the intellects of the day, gracious, devoted, a tribute at once to his discernment and his achievements. Without some disaster he was sure of himself. Disasters come to men through drink, bankruptcy and women. Against the first two he knew himself immune, though his expenses had a tendency to outrun his income, and he was always a little in debt to Tietjens. Tietjens fortunately had means. As to the third, he was not so certain. His life had necessarily been starved of women, and arrived at a stage when the

female element might, even with due respect to caution, be considered as a legitimate feature of his life, he had to fear a rashness of choice due to that very starvation. The type of woman he needed he knew to exactitude: tall, graceful, dark, loose-gowned, passionate yet circumspect, oval-featured, deliberative, gracious to every one around her. He could almost hear the very rustle of her garments.

And yet... He had had passages when a sort of blind unreason had attracted him almost to speechlessness towards girls of the most giggling, behind-the-counter order, big-bosomed, scarlet-cheeked. It was only Tietjens who had saved him from the most questionable entanglements.

«Hang it», Tietjens would say, «don't get messing round that trollop. All you could do with her would be to set her up in a sweet shop, and she would be tearing your beard out inside the quarter. Let alone you can't afford it».

And Macmaster, who would have sentimentalised the plump girl to the tune of *Highland Mary*, would for a day damn Tietjens up and down for a coarse brute. But at the moment he thanked God for Tietjens. There he sat, near to thirty, without an entanglement, a blemish on his health, or a worry with regard to any woman.

With deep affection and concern he looked across at his brilliant junior, who hadn't saved himself. Tietjens had fallen into the most barefaced snare, into the cruellest snare, of the worst woman that could be imagined.

And Macmaster suddenly realised that he wasn't wallowing, as he had imagined that he would, in the sensuous current of his prose. He had begun spiritedly with the first neat square of a paragraph... Certainly his publishers had done well by him in the matter of print:

> «Whether we consider him as the imaginer of mysterious, sensuous and exact plastic beauty; as the manipulator of sonorous, rolling and full-mouthed lines; of words as full of colour as were his canvases; or whether we regard him as the deep philosopher, elucidating and drawing his illumination from the arcana of a mystic hardly greater than himself, to Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti, the subject of this little monograph, must be accorded the name of one who has profoundly influenced the outward aspects, the human contacts, and all those things that go to make up the life of our higher civilisation as we live it to-day...»

Macmaster realised that he had only got thus far with his prose, and had got thus far without any of the relish that he had expected, and that then he had turned to the middle paragraph of page three — after the end of his exordium. His eyes wandered desultorily along the line:

«The subject of these pages was born in the western central district of the metropolis in the year...»

The words conveyed nothing to him at all. He understood that that was because he hadn't got over that morning. He had looked up from his coffee-cup — over the rim — and had taken in a blue-grey sheet of notepaper in Tietjens' fingers, shaking, inscribed in the large, broad-nibbed writing of that detestable harridan. And Tietjens had been staring — staring with the intentness of a maddened horse — at his, Macmaster's, face! And grey! Shapeless! The nose like a pallid triangle on a bladder of lard! That was Tietjens' face...

He could still feel the blow, physical, in the pit of his stomach! He had thought Tietjens was going mad: that he *was* mad. It had passed. Tietjens had assumed the mask of his indolent, insolent self. At the office, but later, he had delivered an extraordinarily forceful — and quite rude — lecture to Sir Reginald on his reasons for differing from the official figures of population movements in the western territories. Sir Reginald had been much impressed. The figures were wanted for a speech of the Colonial Minister — or an answer to a question — and Sir Reginald had promised to put Tietjens' views before the great man. That was the sort of thing to do a young fellow good — because it got kudos for the office. They had to work on figures provided by the Colonial Governments, and if they could correct those fllows by sheer brain work — that scored.

But there sat Tietjens, in his grey tweeds, his legs apart, limpish, clumsy, his tallowy, intelligent-looking hands drooping inert between his legs, his eyes gazing at a coloured photograph of the port of Boulogne beside the mirror beneath the luggage rack. Blonde, high-coloured, vacant apparently, you couldn't tell what in the world he was thinking of. The mathematical theory of waves, very likely, or slips in some one's article on Arminianism. For, absurd as it seemed, Macmaster knew that he knew next to nothing of his friend's feelings. As to them practic-

ally no confidences had passed between them. Just two:

On the night before his starting for his wedding in Paris Tietjens had said to him:

«Vinny, old fellow, it's a back door way out of it. She's bitched *me*».

And once, rather lately, he had said:

«Damn it! I don't even know if the child's my own!»

This last confidence had shocked Macmaster so irremediably — the child had been a seven months' child, rather ailing, and Tietjens' clumsy tenderness towards it had been so marked that, even without this nightmare, Macmaster had been affected by the sight of them together — that confidence then had pained Macmaster so frightfully, it was so appalling, that Macmaster had regarded it almost as an insult. It was the sort of confidence a man didn't make to his equal but only to solicitors, doctors, or the clergy who are not quite men. Or, at any rate, such confidences are not made between men without appeals for sympathy, and Tietjens had made no appeal for sympathy. He had just added sardonically:

«She gives me the benefit of the agreable doubt. And she's as good as said as much to Marchant» — Marchant had been Tietjens' old nurse.

Suddenly — and as if in a sort of unconscious losing of his head — Macmaster remarked:

«You can't say the man wasn't a poet!»

The remark had been, as it were, torn from him, because he had observed, in the strong light of the compartment, that half of Tietjens' forelock and a roundish patch behind it was silvery white. That might have been going on for weeks: you live beside a man and notice his changes very little. Yorkshire men of fresh colour and blondish often go speckled with white very young; Tietjens had had a white hair or two at the age of fourteen, very noticeable in the sunlight when he had taken his cap off to bowl.

But Macmaster's mind, taking appalled charge, had felt assured that Tietjens had gone white with the shock of his wife's letter: in four hours! That meant that terrible things must be going on within him; his thoughts, at all costs, must be distracted. The mental process in Macmaster had been quite subconscious. He would not, advisedly, have introduced the painter-poet as a topic.

Tietjens said:

«I haven't said anything at all that I can remember».

The obstinacy of his hard race awakened in Macmaster: «'Since'», he quoted, «'when we stand side by side

'Only hands may meet,
Better half this weary world
Lay between us, sweet!
Better far tho' hearts may break
Bid farewell for aye!
Lest thy sad eyes, meeting mine,
Tempt my soul away'!»

«You can't», he continued, «say that that isn't poetry! Great poetry».

«I can't say», Tietjens answered contemptuously. «I don't read poetry except Byron. But it's a filthy picture...»

Macmaster said uncertainly:

«I don't know that I know the picture. Is it in Chicago?»

«It isn't painted!» Tietjens said. «But it's there!»

He continued with sudden fury:

«Damn it. What's the sense of all these attempts to justify fornication? England's mad about it. Well, you've got your John Stuart Mill's and George Eliot's for the high-class thing. Leave the furniture out! Or leave me out at least. I tell you it revolts me to think of that obese, oily man who never took a bath, in a grease-spotted dressing-gown and the underclothes he's slept in, standing beside a five shilling model with crimped hair, or some Mrs. W. Three Stars, gazing into a mirror that reflects their fetid selves and gilt sunfish and drop chandeliers and plates sickening with cold bacon fat and gurgling about passion».

Macmaster had gone chalk white, his short beard bristling:

«You daren't... you daren't talk like that», he stuttered.

«I *dare!*» Tietjens answered; «but I oughtn't to... to you! I admit that. But you oughtn't, almost as much, to talk about that stuff to me, either. It's an insult to my intelligence».

«Certainly», Macmaster said stiffly, «the moment was not opportune».

«I don't understand what you mean», Tietjens answered. «The moment can never be opportune. Let's agree that making a career is a dirty business — for me as for you! But decent augurs grin behind their masks. They never preach to each other»..

«You're getting esoteric», Macmaster said faintly.

«I'll underline», Tietjens went on. «I quite understand that the favour of Mrs. Cressy and Mrs. de Limoux is essential to you! They have the ear of that old don Ingleby».

Macmaster said:

«Damn!»

«I quite agree», Tietjens continued, «I quite approve. It's the game as it has always been played. It's the tradition, so it's right. It's been sanctioned since the days of the *Precieuses Ridicules*».

«You've a way of putting things», Macmaster said.

«I haven't», Tietjens answered. «It's just because I haven't that what I *do* say sticks out in the minds of fellows like you who are always fiddling about after literary expression. But what I do say is this: I stand for monogamy».

Macmaster uttered a «*You!*» of amazement.

Tietjens answered with a negligent «*I!*» He continued:

«I stand for monogamy and chastity. And for no talking about it. Of course, if a man who's a man wants to have a woman he has her. And again, no talking about it. He'd no doubt be in the end better, and better off, if he didn't. Just as it would probably be better for him if he didn't have the second glass of whisky and soda...»

«You call that monogamy and chastity!» Macmaster interjected.

«I do», Tietjens answered. «And it probably is; at any rate it's clean. What is loathsome is all your fumbling in placket-holes and polysyllabic Justification by Love. You stand for lachrymose polygamy. That's all right if you can get your club to change its rules».

«You're out of my depth», Macmaster said. «And being very disagreeable. You appear to be justifying promiscuity. I don't like it».

«I'm probably being disagreeable», Tietjens said. «Jeremiahs usually are. But there ought to be a twenty years' close time for discussions of sham sexual morality. Your Paolo and Francesca Dante's — went, very properly, to Hell, and no bones about it. You don't get Dante justifying them. But your fellow whines about creeping into Heaven».

«He *doesn't*», Macmaster exclaimed. Tietjens continued with equanimity:

«Now your novelist who writes a book to justify his every tenth or fifth seduction of a commonplace young woman in the name of the rights of shop boys...»

«I'll admit», Macmaster coincided, «that Briggs is going

too far. I told him only last Thursday at Mrs. Limoux's...»

«I'm not talking of anyone in particular», Tietjens said. «I don't read novels. I'm supposing a case. And it's a cleaner case than that of your pre-Raphaelite horrors! No! I don't read novels, but I follow tendencies. And if a fellow chooses to justify his seductions of uninteresting and viewy young females along the lines of freedom and the rights of man, it's relatively respectable. It would be better just to boast about his conquests in a straightforward and exultant way. But...»

«You carry joking too far sometimes», Macmaster said. «I've warned you about it».

«I'm as solemn as an owl!» Tietjens rejoined. «The lower classes are becoming vocal. Why shouldn't they? They're the only people in this country who are sound in wind and limb. They'll save the country if the country's to be saved».

«And you call yourself a Tory!» Macmaster said.

«The lower classes», Tietjens continued equably, «such of them as get through the secondary schools, want irregular and very transitory unions. During holidays they go together on personally-conducted tours to Switzerland and such places. Wet afternoons they pass in their tiled bathrooms, slapping each other hilariously on the backs and splashing white enamel paint about».

«You say you don't read novels», Macmaster said, «but I recognise the quotation.

«I don't *read* novels», Tietjens answered. «I know what's in 'em. There has been nothing worth *reading* written in England since the eighteenth century except by a woman... But it's natural for your enamel-splashers to want to see themselves in a bright and variegated literature. Why shouldn't they? It's a healthy, human desire, and now that printing and paper are cheap they get it satisfied. It's healthy, I tell you. Infinitely healthier than...» He paused.

«Than what?» Macmaster asked.

«I'm thinking», Tietjens said, «thinking how not to be too rude».

«You want to be rude», Macmaster said bitterly, «to people who lead the contemplative... the circumspect life».

«It's precisely that», Tietjens said. He quoted:

«'She walks the lady of my delight,
A shepherdess of sheep;
She is so circumspect and right:
She has her thoughts to keep'».

Macmaster said:

«Confound you, Chrissie. You know everything».

«Well, yes», Tietjens said musingly, «I think I should want to be rude to her. I don't say I should be. Certainly I shouldn't if she were good looking. Or if she were your soul's affinity. You can rely on that».

Macmaster had a sudden vision of Tietjens' large and clumsy form walking beside the lady of his, Macmaster's, delight when ultimately she was found — walking along the top of a cliff amongst tall grass and poppies and making himself extremely agreeable with talk of Tasso and Cimabue. All the same, Macmaster imagined, the lady wouldn't like Tietjens. Women didn't as a rule. His looks and his silences alarmed them. Or they hated him.... Or they liked him very much indeed. And Macmaster said conciliatorily:

«Yes, I think I could rely on that!» He added: «All the same I don't wonder that...»

He had been about to say:

«I don't wonder that Sylvia calls you immoral». For Tietjens' wife alleged that Tietjens was detestable. He bored her, she said, by his silences; when he did speak she hated him for the immorality of his views... But he did not finish his sentence, and Tietjens went on:

«All the same when the war comes it will be these little snobs who will save England, because they've the courage to know what they want and to say so».

Macmaster said loftily:

«You're extraordinarily old-fashioned at times, Chrissie. You ought to know as well as I do that a war is impossible — at any rate with this country in it. Simply because...» He hesitated and then emboldened himself: «*We* — the circumspect — yes, the circumspect classes, will pilot the nation through the tight places».

«War, my good fellow», Tietjens said — the train was slowing down preparatorily to running into Ashford — «is inevitable, and with this country plumb centre in the middle of it. Simply because you fellows are such damn hypocrites. There's not a country in the world that trusts us. We're always, as it were, committing adultery — like your fellow! — with the name of Heaven on our lips». He was jibing again at the subject of Macmaster's monograph.

«He never!» Macmaster said in almost a stutter. «He never whined about Heaven».

«He did», Tietjens said: «The beastly poem you quoted ends:

«'Better far though hearts may break,
Since we dare not love,
Part till we once more may meet
In a Heaven above'».

And Macmaster, who had been dreading that shot — for he never knew how much or how little of any given poem his friend would have by heart — Macmaster collapsed, as it were, into fussily getting down his dressing-cases and clubs from the rack, a task he usually left to a porter. Tietjens who, however much a train might be running into a station he was bound for, sat like a rock until it was dead-still, said:

«Yes, a war is inevitable. Firstly, there's you fellows who can't be trusted. And then there's the multitude who mean to have bathrooms and white enamel. Millions of them; all over the world. Not merely here. And there aren't enough bathrooms and white enamel in the world to go round. It's like you polygamists with women. There aren't enough women in the world to go round to satisfy your insatiable appetites. And there aren't enough men in the world to give each woman one. And most women want several. So you have divorce cases. I suppose you won't say that because you're so circumspect and right there shall be no more divorce? Well, war is as inevitable as divorce...»

Macmaster had his head out of the carriage window and was calling for a porter.

On the platform a number of women in lovely sable cloaks, with purple or red jewel cases, with diaphanous silky scarves flying from motor hoods, were drifting towards the branch train for Rye, under the shepherding of erect, burdened footmen. Two of them nodded to Tietjens.

Macmaster considered that he was perfectly right to be tidy in his dress; you never know whom you mightn't meet on a railway journey. This confirmed him as against Tietjens, who preferred to look like a navvy.

A tall, white-haired, white-moustached, red-cheeked fellow limped after Tietjens, who was getting his immense bag out of the guard's van. He clapped the young man on the shoulder and said:

«Hullo! How's your mother-in-law? Lady Claude wants to know. She says come up and pick a bone tonight if you're going to Rye». He had extraordinarily blue, innocent eyes.

Tietjens said:

«Hullo, general», and added: «I believe she's much better. Quite restored. This is Macmaster. I think I shall be going over to bring my wife back in a day or two. They're both at Lobscheid... a German spa».

The general said:

«Quite right. It isn't good for a young man to be alone. Kiss Sylvia's finger-tips for me. She's the real thing, you lucky beggar». He added, a little anxiously: «What about a foursome to-morrow? Paul Sandbach is down. He's as crooked as me. We can't do a full round at singles».

«It's your own fault», Tietjens said. «You ought to have gone to my bone-setter. Settle it with Macmaster, will you?» He jumped into the twilight of the guard's van.

The general looked at Macmaster, a quick, penetrating scrutiny:

«You're *the* Macmaster», he said. «You would be if you're with Chrissie».

A high voice called:

«General! General!»

«I want a word with you», the general said, «about the figures in that article you wrote about Pondoland. Figures are all right. But we shall lose the beastly country if... But we'll talk about it after dinner to-night. You'll come up to Lady Claudine's...»

Macmaster congratulated himself again on his appearance. It was all very well for Tietjens to look like a sweep; he was of these people. He, Macmaster, wasn't. He had, if anything, to be an authority, and authorities wear gold tie-rings and broadcloth. General Lord Edward Campion had a son, a permanent head of the Treasury department that regulated increases of salaries and promotions in all the public offices. Tietjens only caught the Rye train by running alongside it, pitching his enormous kit-bag through the carriage window and swinging on the footboard. Macmaster reflected that if he had done that half the station would have been yelling, «Stand away there».

As it was Tietjens a stationmaster was galloping after him to open the carriage door and grinningly to pant:

«Well caught, sir!» for it was a cricketing country.

«Truly», Macmaster quoted to himself.

«'The gods to each ascribe a differing lot:
Some enter at the portal. Some do not!'»

(To be continued)

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THREE POEMS.

by H. D.

NOSSIS.

I thought to hear him speak
the girl might rise
and make the garden silver,
as the white moon breaks,
"Nossis," he cried, "a flame."

I said:
"a girl that's dead
some hundred years;
a poet—what of that?
for in the islands,
in the haunts of Greek Ionia,
Rhodes and Cyprus,
girls are cheap."

I said, to test his mood,
to make him rage or laugh or sing or weep,
"in Greek Ionia and in Cyprus,
many girls are found
with wreaths and apple-branches."

"Only a hundred years or two or three,
has she lain dead
yet men forget,"
he said;
"I want a garden,"
and I thought
he wished to make a terrace on the hill,
bend the stream to it,
set out daffodils,
plant Phrygian violets,
such was his will and whim,
I thought,
to name and watch each flower.

His was no garden
bright with Tyrian violets,
his was a shelter
wrought of flame and spirit.
and as he flung her name
against the dark,
I thought the iris-flowers
that lined the path,
must be the ghost of Nossis.

"Who made the wreath,
for what man was it wrought?
speak, fashioned all of fruit-buds,
song, my loveliest,
say Meleager brought to Diocles,
(a gift for that enchanting friend)
memories with names of poets.

He sought for Moero, lilies,
and those many,
red-lilies for Anyte,
for Sappho, roses,
with those few, he caught
that breath of the sweet-scented
leaf of iris,
the myrrh-iris,
to set beside the tablet
and the wax
which Love had burnt,
when scarred across by Nossis!"

when she wrote:

"I Nossis stand by this:
I state that love is sweet:
if you think otherwise
assert what beauty
or what charm
after the charm of love,
retains its grace?

'Honey' you say:
honey? I say 'I spit
honey out of my mouth:
nothing is second-best
after the sweet of Eros!'

I Nossis stand and state
that he whom Love neglects
has naught, no flower, no grace,
who lacks that rose, her kiss."

I thought to hear him speak
the girl might rise
and make the garden silver
as the white moon breaks,
"Nossis," he cried, "a flame".

FLUTE SONG

Little scavenger away,
touch not the door,
beat not the portal down,
cross not the sill,
silent until
my song, bright and shrill,
breathes out its lay.

Little scavenger avaunt,
tempt me with jeer and taunt,
yet you will wait to-day;
for it were surely ill
to mock and shout and revel;
it were more fit to tell
with flutes and calathes,
your mother's praise.

AFTER TROY.

We flung against their gods,
invincible, clear hate;
we fought;
frantic, we flung the last
imperious, desperate shaft

and lost:
we knew the loss
before they ever guessed
fortune had tossed to them
her favour and her whim;
but how were we depressed?
we lost yet as we pressed
our spearsmen on their best,
we knew their line invincible
because there fell
on them no shiverings
of the white enchanteress,
radiant Aphrodite's spell:

we hurled our shafts of passion,
noblest hate,
and knew their cause was blest,
and knew their gods were nobler,
better taught in skill,
subtler with wit of thought,
yet had it been God's will
that they not we should fall,
we know those fields had bled
with roses lesser red.

MEDIAEVAL.

By F. S. Flint.

An amor dolor sit,
An dolor amor sit,
Utrumque nescio;
Hoc unum sentio:
Jucundus dolor est,
Si dolor amor est.

Whether love be pain,
Or pain love be,
I have no leisure
To inquire. To me
The pain is pleasure,
If love pain be.

And if I love her,
And she be pain,
Would I recover
And lose the pain,
And be no lover
And whole again?

No, I must cherish
Her, come what may,
Although I perish
From day to day:
While the love I cherish
The pain can stay.

TWO POEMS.

by John J. Adams.

DUST

Hurrying along the path over Hell Rise,
Because of black clouds gathering and night descending.
Not knowing what loss and ruin might befall me,
Belated wanderer in that drear rocky place;
Thinking of those I knew of who at divers times
This way, that way, died ridiculously
In perilous places, going home in the dark,
Leaving white skulls grinning above white bones :—
Why grin so widely? A poor jest and thin—
Pressing on to journey's end where I am awaited,
In Loblolly Dell, number seven, Park Crescent,
The kettle steaming on the late red coals,
And, vigilantly guarding Park Crescent,
Flocks of angels thick as Michaelmas geese—
I heard a voice that cried—"There is plenty of time!
You shall come no sooner to the end of this journey for
[hurrying!"

Now I John, who tell of these things,
Stopped short and respectfully tugged forelock—"Why sir,
There's no such madness in the wind to night!
Thirty years, man and boy, I've known these hills.
The paths, the bad places, and the not so bad.
Voices speaking great words be not in nature.
I came out but herb-gathering among these rocks,
For here be famous simples, samphire and celandine.
Such as do suck the ache from creaking bones,
But I'll not meddle with the shrieking root—
No, by Saint Chrism and baptismal vows!"

And suddenly, two calls on the sneezing horn—
Tantarara, tantarara!—
Even here where nothing is strange this seems strange—
Time blown about all ways, whirling like dust.
Yes, there is plenty of time for everything.
Perhaps it all happened in Galliopolis
Ten thousand years ago.

It's quiet, very quiet in Park Crescent.
I wish they'd bring the buses past the corner,
Or do something that would brighten us a little.
For in the between times I fall to thinking,
And it all turns to sad thinking here.
What with all those angels and that great frowning church.
With its grey priest and one tolling bell,
You never seem to see a smiling face.
And nothing will grow in the little sticky back-gardens.
Children don't thrive here either.
But the same old moon looks down on the tombs of
[Amenophis.
White stones, and the dust of the mighty blown
Across the desert sands by dry sad winds.—
Now there's a peculiar thing.
But you can't scare me with your old wives' tales.
For I have breasted Hell Rise at midnight,
And heard the voice—the voice—you know—the voice—
The voice that breathed o'er Eden—Now none of that!'
I won't have father worried
And him sleeping so badly of a night,
Because of nasty noises in his earhole.
Bugles he hears, blowing up from the brickfields—
Tantara, tantara!—
Do you hear nothing?, he whispers. Oh, listen again!
Do you hear nothing now? Coming from the brickfields?
It's judgment clear to me. Why won't you listen?—
I am listening—What do you hear now?—
Nothing but a low wind and a little dust slithering.
I wish to God we never had come here!

In Galliopolis, white, palm girdled city,
City of clear wells and rose gardens,
That day the seven kings went by, flaunting
Against the fierce sun their proud trumpets and trappings,
Our eyes were dazzled and our lips parched,
Our hearts sick with fear,
Because of something gathering in the desert.

But I say to him—Well, if you must get religious,
What about St. Michael's Church at the corner of the [Crescent?
You could get into your Sunday blacks and slip in
With all the people, and be religious respectable.
And wouldn't mother have liked to hear it of you!
Dear old soul!—What soul? What is soul?
Out in the rain and the wind, looking for something.
But that's all over—ages and ages ago.
It is over, isn't it? You said so. You remember?
That foggy night, coming across the brickfields,
That time we got lost—but you weren't a bit frightened.
St. Michael and all angels, guard us this night!
You troops of shining ones, pity us this night!
Lost, lampless and leaderless, hearing things in the dark.
I hear bugles every night now; voices too.
And there is so much time in our street—
Number seven. Park Crescent—but that cannot be,
For it all happened ten thousand years ago
In white dead Galliopolis.

And there is so much time. It maddens me—
Going on and on like that. You know—going on.
And I want to know—I tell you I want to know—
What does it all mean? Who's there? Lord, it's you! [What'll blow in next?
Where does all the dust come from that gets up in the [night?—
The dry dust dancing beneath the moon's corpse candle!

BRAINWORM.

The comic Ethiopians of the soul,
So welcome to our party some time gone :—
In reply to your esteemed advertisement
Of such a date, in all the best papers ;
Competent dispensers of nepenthe wanted
For household of distracted gentlemen :—
The master makers of yowling clangour and zip
Break off and dismally subside ;
Weak, deflated, barren of comment and criticism.
Hence, hence, you loathed blackamoors!—
Wearying of thick lips, leathery, lollopping, pendulous
All the cry now is, "Pack! Go pack!
Pack, pack the laurel with the saxophone!"

There should be now a slipping and lapping of clear water,
Rose odours insinuating, the nightingale singing in the [hawthorn hedge.
All night long I have watched beneath your window, [oh my sweet!
All night long, the long night through.
We have been tipsy among the turnip tops
With coloured gentlemen—but—that's irrelevant.
They are gone, those strummers and drummers.
They lurched away with many a jarring note.
And prattling infant joy that was my precious, my darling,
Toddles after, shrilling on his whistle, monstrously out of [tune.
But gaily, gaily!

Now comes cool evening in with classical deliberation.
And stiff, assertive pedantry of stars.
It is time perhaps for a new tinkering with an old ache—
The gnawing of the blind worm within the brain.

Brainworm, you were lecherous among the turnip tops,
And the wench believed you honest!—
All night long beneath her chamber window!—
Brainworm crawls, heaves, says nothing—is nothing?
[Who knows?
Had I been nothing as once I was nothing, I had been well
[content.

Coming back through the rain, she sang quite softly.
'Good bye, Summer, good bye, good bye'—
Touching that sensitive spot beneath your waistcoat.
Oh Life, oh Death, oh standards and values!
The snivelling traitor underneath the waistcoat!

Let us pray dolefully, tear-dropping, nose-dripping prayers
[to the Vital Urge,
Come, let us kneel in the Church of Humanity.
That set a top-piece on a bag of guts,
And clapped a comic mask in front, and shredded tow
[behind.
And fixed stilts for striding, and long levers for clutching,
And fitted on a sound-box and clapper
That raps out, how-do-you-do, or the Utmost for the
[Highest.
A dozen clappers in committee
Control the business of a city.
A few score clappers in debate
Govern the Transitory State.
In polished pulpits some are heard
To speak a comfortable word.—
The discords that torment us now
Shall be resolved somewhere, somehow.
Meanwhile weak, logic-hampered man

Must bear with them as best he can.—
Others in philosophic strain
Make the rough smooth, the puzzling plain.
By dogged, plodding syncopation
Of affirmation and negation,
A muddy blend of fact and fiction
For mitigating contradiction,
We struggle from abysmal brute
Up to the dizzy Absolute,
Praising the principle by which we live,
The Categorical Imperative.
With a fol-diddy-iddy, with a fol-lol-lay!
Any rags, any bones, any bottles to-day?

But Brainworm goes crawling, crawling sluggishly.
There's naught in life that's sweet, if thou hast eyes to see't
Save equanimity, sweet equanimity!—
He goes about his business in his own fashion,
In the light that never was on Praise God Barebones.
Nothing to him this beating of bosoms and bellowing of [anthems.
Old, slow, patient, noiseless, diligently champing maw,
Feeding yourself fat upon grey thought stuff,
So old, so wise, so silent!
Dragging your moist bulk through the chambers of memory
(But one too trusting face I shall remember till I die)
Or again busy upon the stormfall of new glittering images—
Ha, but they fall so swifttly, so thickly,
One would say, knowing you not at all or hardly at all.
Good bye, Brainworm, good bye, good bye!
The songs she sings in drawing-rooms
Are much appreciated.
Yet ah, her heart is breaking,
For she believed you honest.
But it was not your fault, eh?
You did your best under the circumstances!—
Ah yes, the circumstances—
Full grown, and you but stripling Heracles.

You had your affairs to see to—oh yes—quite so.
And they at a critical stage and all and all,
Poised on the crest of an imminently toppling wave.—
Consider the anguish of depreciated currency—
So, so! I am considering it.
Lisping in numbers!
And you swore you would get with child a falling mark
Before you knew that it could never be.
And we think so differently about these things nowadays—
Yes, so we do, and so, I trust, we shall.
I am all for progress and thinking differently—
And it didn't happen on a Sunday!—
No, no, of course not! Never on that day!—

With what slow steps, oh Brainworm, you go home!
Why must you ever be cutting new roads?
Are not the old ones good enough?
The broad, macadamed ways our fathers trod?
I might be a convincing reasoner
But for that gnawing—gnawing.
That exposition of the Higher Transcendentalism—
Why couldn't you let me finish?
You knew I was working up to a fine finale.
It was all good sense, good logic;
Would have gone famously,
But in full flight—oh, there it is beginning again
That quiet, steady twitching!

I will go sit beneath a sycamore
And scare screech owls!

By the starry sky above me!
By the gnawing worm within me!
You may kiss me, you may love me.
You can never, never win me!

When I run mad, let there be portents seen,
The air grow thick and viscous, and men crawl

Slowly, painfully, eating out tracks for themselves
Through undulating, all but solid mush.
But I shall be far away, forgotten, behind walls, behind bars
Babbling always of the clear singing of a certain lady.

Not on a Sunday! Never on that day!
Come, come! We must be sober and serious.
Dearly beloved brethren, let us pray.
Oh just and mighty worm, have mercy on us!
Have mercy upon us we beseech thee, oh lord!

THE NATURE OF A CRIME

by Joseph Conrad & F. M. Hueffer.

V.

I have just come in. Again you will not guess from where. From choosing a motor-car with Burden and his *fiancée*. It seems incredible that I should be called upon to preside at these preparations for my own execution. I looked at hundreds of these shiny engines, with the monstrously inflated white wheels, and gave a half-amused—but I can assure you a half-interested—attention to my own case. For one of these will one day—and soon now—be arrested in a long rush, by my extinction. In it there will be seated the two young people who went with me through the garages. They will sit in some sort of cushioned ease—the cushions will be green, or red, or blue in shiny; leather. I think, however, that they will not be green—because Miss Averies let slip to me, in a little flutter of shy confidence, the words: "Oh, don't let's have green, because it's an unlucky colour." Edward Burden, of course, suppressed her with a hurried whisper as if, in thus giving herself away to me, she must be committing a sin against the house of Burden.

That, naturally, is the Burden tradition: a Burden's wife must possess frailties: but she must feign perfection even to a trusted adviser of the family. She must not confess to superstitions. It was amusing, the small incident, because it was the very first attempt that little Miss Averies has ever made to get near me. God knows what Edward

may have made me appear to her : but I fancy that, whatever Edward may have said, she had pierced through that particular veil : she realises, with her intuition, that I am dangerous. She is alarmed and possibly fascinated because she feels that I am not "straight"—that I might, in fact, be a woman or a poet. Burden, of course, has never got beyond seeing that I dress better than he does and choose a dinner better than his uncle Darlington.

I came, of course, out of the motor-car ordeal with flying colours—on these lines. I lived, in fact, up to my character for being orthodox in the matter of comfort. I even suggested two little mirrors, like those which were so comforting to us all when we sat in hansom cabs. That struck Burden as being the height of ingenuity—and I know it proved to Miss Averies, most finally, that I am dangerous, since no woman ever looks in those little mirrors without some small motive of coquetry. It was just after that that she said to me :

"Don't you think that the little measures on the tops of the new canisters are extravagent for China tea ?"

That, of course, admitted me to the peculiar intimacy that women allow to other women, or to poets, or to dangerous men. Edward, I know, dislikes the drinking of China tea because it is against the principle of supporting the British flag. But Miss Averies in her unequal battle with this youth of the classical features slightly vulgarised, called me in to show a sign of sympathy—to give, at least the flicker of the other side—of the woman, the poet, or the pessimist among men. She asked me, in fact, not to take up the cudgels to the extent of saying that China tea is the thing to drink—that would have been treason to Edward—but she desired that her instinct should be acknowledged to the extent of saying that the measures of canisters should be contrived to suit the one kind of tea as well as the other. In his blind sort of way Edward caught the challenge in the remark and his straight brows lowered a very little.

"If you don't have more than three pounds of China tea in the house in a year it won't matter about the

measures," he said. "We never use more at Shackleton."

"But it makes the tea too strong, Edward."

"Then you need not fill the measure" he answered.

"Oh, I wish," she said to me, "that you'd tell Edward not to make me make tea at all. I dread it. The servants do it so much better."

"So," I asked, "Edward has arranged everything down to the last detail?"

Edward looked to me for approval and applause.

"You see, Annie has had so little experience, and I've had to look after my mother's house for years." His air said: "Yes! You'll see our establishment will be run on the very best lines! Dont you admire the way I'm taming her already?"

I gave him, of course, a significant glance. Heaven knows why: for it is absolutely true that I am tired of appearing reliable—to Edward Burden or anyone else in the world. What I want to do is simply to say to Edward Burden: "No, I don't at all admire your dragging down a little bundle of ideals and sentiments to your own fatted calf's level."

I suppose I have in me something of the poet. I can imagine that if I had to love or to marry this little Averies girl I should try to find out what was her tiny vanity and I should minister to it. In some way I should discover from her that she considered herself charming, or discreet, or tasteful, or frivolous, beyond all her fellows. And, having discovered it, I should bend all my energies to giving her opportunities for displaying her charm, her discreetness or her coquetry. With a woman of larger and finer mould—with you!—I should no doubt bring into play my own idealism. I should invest her with the attributes that I consider the most desirable in the world. But in either case I cannot figure myself dragging her down to my own social or material necessities.

That is what Edward Burden is doing for little Miss Averies. I don't mean to say that he does not idealise her—but he sees her transfigured as the dispenser of his special

brand of tea or the mother of the sort of child that he was. And that seems to me a very valid reason why women, if they were wise, should trust their fortunes cold-bloodedly and of set reason to the class of dangerous men that now allure them and that they flee from.

They flee from them, I am convinced, because they fear for their worldly material fortunes. They fear, that is to say, that the poet is not a stable man of business: they recognise that he is a gambler— and it seems to them that it is folly to trust to a gambler for life-long protection. In that they are perhaps right. But I think that no woman doubts her power to retain a man's affection—so that it is not to the reputation for matrimonial instability that the poet owes his disfacour. A woman lives, in short, to play with this particular fire, since to herself she says: "Here is a man who has broken the hearts of many women. I will essay the adventure of taming him." And, if she considers the adventure a dangerous one, that renders the contest only the more alluring, since at heart every woman, like every poet, is a gambler. In that perhaps she is right.

But it seems to me that women make a great mistake in the value of the stakes they are ready to pay in order to enter this game. They will stake, that is to say, their relatively great coin—their sentimental lives; but they hoard with closed fingers the threepenny bit which is merely the material future.

They prefer, that is to say, to be rendered the mere presiding geniuses of well-loaded boards. It is better to be a lady—which you will remember philologically means a "loaf-cutter"—than to be an Ideal.

And in this they are obviously wrong. If a woman can achieve the obvious miracle of making a dangerous man stable in his affections she may well be confident that she can persuade him to turn his serious attention to the task of keeping a roof over her head. Certainly, I know, if I were a woman, which of the two types of men I would choose. Upon the lowest basis it is better for all purposes

of human contracts to be married to a good liar than to a bad one. For a lie is a figurative truth—and it is the poet who is the master of these illusions. Even in the matter of marital relations it is probable that the poet is as faithful as the Edward Burdens of this world—only the Edward Burdens are more skilful at concealing from the rest of the world their pleasant vices. I doubt whether they are as skilful at concealing them from the woman concerned—from the woman, with her intuition, her power to seize fine shades of coolness and her awakened self-interest. Imagine the wife of Edward Burden saying to him "You have deceived me!" Imagine then the excellent youth, crimsoning, stuttering. He has been taught all his life that truth must prevail though the skies fall—and he stammers: "Yes: I have betrayed you." And that is tragedy, though in the psychological sense—and that is the important one—Edward Burden may have been as faithful as the ravens, who live for fifteen decades with the same mate. He will, in short, blunder into a tragic, false position. And he will make the tragedy only the more tragic in that all the intellectual powers he may possess will be in the direction of perpetuating the dismal position. He will not be able to argue that he has not been unfaithful—but he will be able to find a hundred arguments for the miserable woman prolonging her life with him. Position, money, the interests of the children, the feelings of her family and of his—all these considerations will make him eloquent to urge her to prolong her misery. And probably she will prolong it.

This, of course, is due to the excellent Edward's lack of an instinctive sympathy. The poet, with a truer vision, will in the same case, be able to face his Miss Averies saying "You have deceived me!" with a different assurance. Supposing the deflection to have been of the momentary kind he will able to deny with a good conscience since he will be aware of himself and his feelings. He will at least be able to put the case in its just light. Or, if the deflection be really temperamental, really permanent, he will be unable—it being his business to look at the deeper

verities—to lie himself out of the matter. He will break, strictly and sharply. Or, if he do not, it may be taken as a sign that his Miss Averies is still of value to him—that she, in fact, is still the woman that it is his desire to have for his companion. This is true of course, only in the large sense, since obviously there are poets whose reverence for position, the interest of children or the feelings of their friends and relatives may outweigh their hatred of a false position. These, however, are poets in the sense that they write verse: I am speaking of those who live the poet's life; to such, a false position is too intolerable to be long maintained.

But this again is only one of innumerable side-issues: let me return to my main contention that a dinner of herbs with a dangerous man is better than having to consume the flesh of stalled oxen with Edward Burden. Perhaps that is only a way of saying that you would have done better to entrust yourself to me than to—(But no, your husband is a better man than Edward Burden. He has at least had the courage to revert to his passion. I went this afternoon to your chemists and formally notified them that if they supplied him with more than the exactly prescribed quantity of that stuff, I, as holding your power of attorney, should do all that the law allows me to do against them).

Even to the dullest of men, marrying is for the most part an imaginative act. I mean marrying as a step in life sanctioned by law, custom and that general consent of mankind which is the hall-mark of every irrational institution. By irrational I do not mean wrong or stupid. Marriage is august by the magnitude of the issues it involves, balancing peace and strife on the fine point of a natural impulse refined by the need of a tangible ideal. I am not speaking here of mere domestic peace or strife which for most people that count are a question of manners and a mode of life. And I am thinking of the peace mostly —the peace of the soul which yearns for some sort of certitude in this earth, the peace of the heart which yearns

for conquest, the peace of the senses that dreads deception, the peace of the imaginative faculty which in its restless quest of a high place of rest is spurred on by these great desires and that great fear.

And even Edward Burden's imagination is moved by these very desires and that very fear—or else he would not have dreamt of marrying. I repeat, marriage is an imaginative institution. It's true that his imagination is a poor thing but it is genuine nevertheless. The faculty of which I speak is of one kind in all of us. Not to every one is given that depth of feeling, that faculty of absolute trust which *will not* be deceived, and the exulting masterfulness of the senses which are the mark of a fearless lover. Fearless lovers are rare, if obstinate, and sensual fools are countless as grains of sand by the seashore. I can imagine that correct young man perfectly capable of setting himself deliberately to worry a distracted girl into surrender.

VI

I don't know why; to-night in particular, the fact that I am a dead man occurs to me very insistently. I had forgotten this for two whole days. If anyone very dear to you has ever been *in extremis* at a distance and you have journeyed to be at the last bedside, you will know how possible this is—how for hours at a time the mind will go wandering away from the main fact that is drawing you onwards, till suddenly it comes back: some one is dying at a distance. And I suppose one's I is the nearest friend that one has—and my I is dying at a distance. At the end of a certain number of days is the deathbed towards which I am hurrying—it is a fact which I cannot grasp. But one aspect grows more clear to me every time I return to this subject.

You remember that, when we have discussed suicide, we have agreed that to the man of action death is a solution : to the man of thoughts it is none. For the man of action expresses himself in action and death is the negation of action : the man of thought sees the world only in thoughts

and over thought death exercises no solution of continuity. If one dies one's actions cease, one's problem continues. For that reason it is only in so far as I am a man of action that I shall be dying. You understand what I mean—for I do not mean that it is my actions that have killed me. It is simply because I have taken refuge from my thoughts in action, and because after April 5 that refuge will be closed to me, that I take refuge in a final action which, properly speaking, is neither action nor refuge.

And perhaps I am no man of action at all, since the action in which I have taken refuge is properly speaking no action at all, but merely the expression of a frame of mind. I have gambled, that is to say I have not speculated. For the speculator acts for gain : the gambler in order to interest himself. I have gambled—to escape from you : I have tried to escape from my thoughts of you into divining the undivinable future. For that is what gambling is. You try for a rise : you try for a fall—and the rise or the fall may depend on the momentary madness of a dozen men who declare a war, or upon the rain from heaven which causes so many more stalks of wheat to arise upon so many million square inches of earth. The point is that you make yourself dependent upon caprice—upon the caprice of the weather or upon the movements in the minds of men more insane than yourself.

Today I have entered upon what is the biggest gamble of my whole life. Certain men who believe in me—they are not Edward Burdens, nevertheless they believe in me—have proposed to me to form a corner in a certain article which is indispensable to the daily life of the City. I do not tell you what it is because you will assuredly witness the effects of this inspiration.

You will say that, when this is accomplished, it will be utterly uninteresting. And that is literally true : when it is done it will be uninteresting. But in the multiplicity of things that will have to be done before the whole thing is done—in the waiting for things to take effect, in the failures perhaps more than in the successes, since the

failures will imply new devising—in all the meticulous thought-readings that will be necessary, the interest will lie, and in the men with whom one is brought into contact, the men with whom one struggles, the men whom one must bribe or trick.

And you will say : How can I who am to die in fourteen days embark upon an enterprise that will last many months or many years ? That, I think, is very simple.

It is my protest against being called a man of action, the misconception that I have had to resent all my life. And this is a thought : not an action : a thought made up of an almost infinite number of erring calculations. You have probably forgotten that I have founded two towns, upon the south coast : originated four railways in tropical climates and one in the West of England : and opened up heaven knows how many mines of one kind or another—and upon my soul I had forgotten these things too until I began to cast about in my mind. And now I go to my death unmindful of these glories in so far as they are concrete. In that sense my death is utter : it is a solution. But, in so far as they are my refuges from you they remain problems to which, if my ghost is to escape you, I must return again and again.

In dying I surrender to you and thus, for the inner self of myself, death is no ending but the commencement of who knows what tortures. It is only in the latent hope that death is the negation of consciousness that I shall take my life. For death, though it can very certainly end no problem may at least make us unconscious of how, eventually, the problem solves itself. That, you see, is really the crux of the whole thing—that is why the man of action will take refuge in death : the man of thought, never. But I, I am the man of neither the one nor the other : I am the man of love, which partakes of action and of thought, but which is neither.

The lover is, perhaps, the eternal doubter—simply because there is no certain panacea for love. Travel may cure it—but travel may cause to arise homesickness, which

of all forms of love is the most terrible. To mix with many other men may cure it—but again, to the man who really loves, it may be a cause for still more terrible unrest, since seeing other men and women may set one always comparing the beloved object with the same thing. And, indeed, the form that it takes with me—for with me love takes the form of a desire to discuss—the form which it takes with me renders each thing that I see, each man with whom I speak, the more torturing, since always I desire to adjust my thoughts of them by your thoughts. I went down the other day—before I had begun to write these letters to you and before I knew death impended so nearly over me—to the sea at P—I was trying to get rid of you.. I sat in the moonlight and saw the smacks come home, visible for a minute in the track of the moon and then no more than their lights in the darkness. The fishermen talked of death by drowning mostly : the passage of the boats across that trail of light suggested reflections, no doubt trite. But, without you to set my thoughts by, I could get no more forward : I went round and round in a ring from the corpses fished up in the nets to the track of the moon. And since walking up and down on the parade brought me no nearer to you, I did not even care to move : I neither meditated nor walked, neither thought nor acted. And that is real torture.

It was the next morning that I heard that young Burden desired that his *fiancée's* solicitors should scrutinize the accounts of the Burden Trust — and Death loomed up before me.

You will ask : why Death ? Why not some alternative ? Flight or prison ? Well : prison would be an unendurable travelling through Time, flight an equally unendurable travelling through Time with Space added. Both these things are familiar : Death alone, in spite of all the experience that humanity has had of Death, is the utterly unfamiliar. For a gambler it is a *coup* alluring beyond belief—as we know neither what we stake nor what we stand to win. I, personally, stand to win a great deal,

since Life holds nothing for me and I stake only my life—and what I seek is only forgetfulness of you, or some sort of eventual and incomprehensible union with you. For the union with you that I seek is a queer sort of thing; hardly at all, I think, a union of the body, but a sort of consciousness of our thoughts proceeding onwards together. That we may find in the unending Afterwards. Or we may find the Herb Oblivion.

Either of these things I desire. For, in so far as we can dogmatize about Death we may lay it down that Death is the negation of Action but is powerless against Thought. I do not desire Action : and at the same time I do not fear Thought. For it is not my thoughts of you that I fear : left alone with them I can say : "What is she more than any other material object?" It is my feelings that wear out my brain—my feelings that make me know that you are more than every material object living or still, and more than every faith dead or surviving. For feeling is neither Thought nor Action : it is the very stuff of Life itself. And, if Death be the negation of Life it may well be the end of consciousness.

The worst that Death can do to me is to deliver me up for ever to unsatisfied longings for you. Well, that is all that Life has done, that is all that Life can do, for me.

But Life can do so much more that is worse. Believe me when I say that I dread imprisonment—and believe me when I say that I do not dread disgrace. For you know very well that it is true when I say that I positively chuckle at the thought of the shock my fall would give to all these unawakened intelligences of this world. You know how I despise Edward Burden for trusting in me; you know how I have alays despised other people who trusted in established reputations. I don't mean to say that I should not have liked to keep the game up, certainly I should, since in gambling it is more desirable to win than to lose. And it is more amusing to fool fools than to give them eye-openers. But I think that, in gambling, it is only a shade less desirable, *per se*, to lose than to win.

The main point is the sensation of either ; and the only valid objection to losing is that, if one loses too often one has at last no longer the wherewithal to gamble. Similarly, to give people eye-openers is, *per se*, nearly as desirable as to fool them. It is not quite so desirable as to fool them. It is not quite so desirable, since the game itself *is* the fooling. But the great objection in *my* case is that the eye-opener would once and for all put an end to the chance of my ever fooling them again. That, however, is a very small matter and what I dread is not that. If people no longer trusted in me I could no doubt still find an outlet for my energies with those who sought to take advantage of my abilities trusting to themselves to wrest from me a sufficient share of the plunder that they so ardently desire, that I so really have no use for.

No, I seek in Death a refuge from exposure not because exposure would cripple my energies : it would probably help them : and not because exposure would mean disgrace ; I should probably find ironical satisfaction in it—but simply because it would mean imprisonment. That I dread beyond belief : I clench my fingers when, in conversation, I hear the words : "A long sentence". For that would mean my being delivered up for a long time—for ever—to you. I write "for ever" advisedly and after reflection, since a long subjection, without relief, to that strain would leave upon my brain a wound that must prove ineffaceable. For to be alone and to think—those are my terrors.

One reads that men who have been condemned for long years to solitary imprisonment go mad. But I think that even that sad gift from Omnipotent Fate would not be mine. As I figure the world to myself, Fate is terrible only to those who surrender to her. If I surrendered, to the extent of living to go to prison, then assuredly the future must be uniformly heavy, uniformly doomed, in my eyes. For I would as soon be mad as anything else I can think of. But I should not go mad. Men go mad because of the opportunities they miss : because the world changes

outside their prison walls, or because their children starve. But I have no opportunities to miss or take : the changes of the world to me are nothing and there is no soul between whom and starvation I could stand.

Whilst I am about making this final disposition of my properties—let me tell you finally what I have done in regard to your husband himself. It is a fact—and this I have been keeping up my sleeve as a final surprise for you—that he is almost cured...

But I have just received an incomprehensible note from Edward Burden. He asks me for some particulars as to his confounded estate and whether I can lend him some thousands of pounds at short notice. Heaven knows what new scrape this is that he's in. Of course this may precipitate *my crash*. But whatever happens, I shall find time to write my final words to you—and nothing else really matters...

VII.

I haven't yet discovered what Edward Burden is doing. I have found him a good round sum upon mortgage—the irony of the position being that the money is actually his whilst the mortgage does not actually exist. He says that what he is doing with the money will please me. I suppose that means that he's embarking upon some sort of speculation which he imagines that I would favour. It is odd that he should think that I find gratification in his imitating myself.

But why should I concern myself with this thing at all? Nothing in the world can ever please or displease me any more. For I have taken my resolve : this is my last night upon earth. When I lay down this pen again, I shall never take up any pen more. For I have said all that I can say to you. I am utterly tired out. Tonight I shall make up into a parcel all these letters—I must sit through the night because it is only tomorrow morning that I shall be able to register the parcel to you—and registering it will be my

last act upon the habitable globe. For biting through the glass in the ring will be not an action, but the commencement of a new train of thought. Or perhaps only my final action will come to an end when you read these words in Rome. Or will that be only thought—the part of me that lives—pleading to you to give your thoughts for company. I feel too tired to think the matter out ?

Let me, then, finish with this earth : I told you when I finished writing last night, that Robert is almost cured. I would not have told you this for the sake of arrogating to myself the position of a saviour. But I imagine that you would like the cure to go on and, in the case of some accident after my death, it might go all to pieces once more. Quite simply then : I have been doing two things. In the first place I have persuaded your chemists to reduce very gradually the strength of chloral, so that the bottles contain nearly half water. And Robert perceives no difference. Now of course it is very important that he shall not know of the trick that is being so beneficently played on him—so that, in case he should go away or for one reason or another change his chemists, it must be carefully seen to that instead of pure chloral he obtains the exactly diluted mixture. In this way he may be brought gradually to drinking almost pure water.

But that alone would hardly be satisfactory: a comparatively involuntary cure is of little value in comparison with an effort of the will. You may, conceivably, expel nature with a fork but nothing but a passion will expel a passion. The only point to be proved is whether there exists in your husband any other passion for the sake of which he might abandon his passion for the clearness of vision which he always says his chloral gives him. He has not, of course, the incentives usual to men : you cannot, in fact, "get" him along ordinary lines... But apart from his physical craving for the drug he *has* that passion for clearness of intellect that he says the drug gives him—and it is through that that, at last, I have managed to hit his pride.

For I have put it to him very strongly that one view

of life is just as good as another—no better, no worse, but just the same. And I have put it to him that his use of chloral simply limits for him the number of views of life that he might conceivably have. And, when you come to think of all the rhapsodies of his that we have listened to, I think that that piece of special pleading is sufficiently justified. I do indeed honestly believe that, for what it is worth, he is on the road to salvation. He means to make a struggle—to attempt the great feat of once more seeing life with the eyes that Fate originally gave to him.

This is my legacy to *you*: if you ask me why I have presented you with this man's new identity—since it *will* mean a new identity—I must answer that I simply don't know. Why have we kept him alive all these years? I have done it no doubt because I had nothing to give you. But you? If you have loved me you must have wished him—I won't say dead—but no more there, Yet you have tried too—and I suppose this answer to the riddle is simply the answer to the whole riddle of our life. We have tried to play a supremely difficult game simply because it sanctified our love. For, after all, sanctification arises from difficulties. Well, we have made our way very strait and we have so narrowed the door of entrance that it has vanished altogether. We have never had *any* hope of a solution that could have satisfied us. If we had cared to break the rules of the game, I suppose we could have done it easily enough—and we could have done it the more easily since neither you nor I ever subscribed to those rules. If we have not it was, I think, simply because we sought the difficulty which sanctifies... Has it been a very imbecile proceeding? I am most uncertain. For it is not a thing to be very proud of—to be able to say that for a whole lifetime, one has abstained from that which one most desired. On the other hand, we have won a curious and difficult game. Well—there it is—and there is your legacy. I do not think that there is anything else for me to write about. You will see that, in my will, I have left everything I possess to—Edward Burden. This is not

because I wish to make him reparation, and it's not because I wish to avoid scandal : it is simply because it may show him—one very simple thing. It will show him how very nearly I might have made things come right. I have been balancing my accounts very carefully, and I findthat, reckoning things reasonably against myself, Edward Burden will have a five-pound note with which to buy himself a mourning-ring.

The being forced to attend to my accounts will make him gasp a good deal. It will certainly shake his belief in all accepted reputations — for he will look on the faces of many men each "as solid as the Bank of England", and he will think : "I wonder if you are like—?" His whole world will crumble—not because I have been dishonest, since he is coldblooded enough to believe that all men may be dishonest. But he will tremble because I have been able to be so wildly dishonest and yet to be so successfully respectable. He won't even dare to "expose" me, since, if he did that, half of the shares which he will inherit from me would suffer an eclipse of disreputability, would tumble to nothingness in value—and would damage his poor pocket. He will have to have my estate set down at a high figure ; he will have to be congratulated on his fortunate inheritance, and he will have, sedulously, to compound my felony.

You will wonder how I can be capable of this final cruelty—the most cruel thing that, perhaps, ever one man did to another. I will tell you why it is : it is because I hate all the Edward Burdens of the world—because, being the eternal Haves of the world, they have made their idiotic rules of the game. And you and I suffer : you and I, the eternal Have Nots. And we suffer, not because their rules bind us, but because, being the finer spirits, we are forced to set ourselves rules that are still more strict in order that, in all things, we may be the truly gallant.

But why do I write : "You will wonder how I can be capable of this." You will have understood—you who understand everything.

Eight in the morning.—Well : now we part. I am going to register the parcel containing all these letters to you. We part : and it is as if you were dropping back—the lost Eurydice of the world—into an utter blackness. For, in a minute, you will be no more than part of my past. Well then : goodnight.

VIII

You will have got the telegram I sent you long before you got the parcel of letters : you will have got the note I wrote you by the same post as the letters themselves. If I have taken these three days to myself before again writing to you it has been because I have needed to recover my power of thinking. Now, in a way, I have recovered it—and it is only fair to say that I have devoted all my thoughts to how the new situation affects you—and you in your relations to me.

It places me in your hands—let that be written first and foremost. You have to decree my life or my death. For I take it that now we can never get back again into our old position : I have spoken, you have heard me speak. The singular unity, the silence of our old life is done with for good. There is perhaps no reason why this should not be so : silence is no necessary part of our relationship. But it has seemed to make a rather exquisite bond between us.

It must, if I am to continue to live—it must be replaced by some other bond. In our silence we have seemed to speak in all sorts of strange ways : we have perhaps read each other's thoughts. I have seen words form themselves upon your lips. But now you must—there is no way out of it—you *must* write to me. You must write to me fully : all your thoughts. You must, as I have done, find the means of speech—or I can no longer live...

I am reprieved!

I don't know if, in my note to you, I explained exactly what had happened. It was in this way I was anxious to

be done with my world very early and, as soon as eight o'clock struck, I set out for the post-office at the corner to register that parcel of letters for you. Till the task was accomplished—the last I was to perform on earth—I noticed nothing : I was simply in a hurry. But, having given the little fagot into the hands of a sleepy girl, I said to myself suddenly : "Now I *am* dead!" I began suddenly as they say of young children, to "notice". A weight that I had never felt before seemed to fall away from me. I noticed, precisely, that the girl clerk was sleepy, that, as she reached up one hand to take the parcel over the brass caging, she placed the other over her mouth to hide a yawn.

And out on the pavement it was most curious what had befallen the world. It had lost all interest : but it had become fascinating, vivid. I had not, you see, any senses left, but my eyesight and hearing. Vivid : that is the word. I watched a newsboy throw his papers down an area and it appeared wonderfully interesting to discover that *that* was how one's papers got into the house. I watched a milkman go up some doorsteps to put a can of milk beside a boot-scraper and I was wonderfully interested to see a black cat follow him. They were the clearest moments I have ever spent upon the earth—those when I was dead. They were so clear because nothing else weighed on my attention but just those little things. It was an extraordinary, a luxuriant feeling. That, I imagine, must have been how Adam and Eve felt before they had eaten of the fruit of knowledge.

Supposing I had tacitly arranged with myself that I would die in the street, I think I should still have walked home simply to dally longer with that delightful feeling of sheer curiosity. For it was sheer curiosity to see how this world, which I had never looked at, really performed before utterly unbiassed eyes.

That was why, when I got home, I sent away the messenger that brought to me Edward Burden's letter ; there was to be no answer. Whatever Burden's query might be I was

not going to commit myself to any other act. My last was that of sending off the parcel to you.

My opening Burden's letter when the messenger had gone was simply a part of my general curiosity. I wanted to see how a Burden letter would look when it no longer had any bearings at all for me. It was as if I were going to read a letter from that dear Edward to a man I did not know upon a subject of which I had never heard.

And then I was reprieved!

The good Edward, imagining that I was seriously hurt at his having proposed to allow his wife's solicitors to superintend my stewardship—the good Edward in his concern had positively insisted that all the deeds should be returned to me absolutely unchecked. He said that he had had a hard fight for it and that the few thousands he had borrowed from me had represented his settlement, which he had thus paid in specie...

It chimed in wonderfully with his character, when I come to think of it. Of course he was disciplining Miss Averies' representatives just as he had disciplined herself in the matter of China tea of which I have written to you. And he had imagined that I was seriously hurt! Can you figure to yourself such an imbecile?

But, if you permit me to continue to live, you will be saving the poor fool from the great shock I had prepared for him—the avalanche of discovery, the earthquake of uncertainty. For he says in that so kind way of his that, having thus shown his entire confidence in me—in the fact, that is, that Providence is on the side of all Burdens—he will choose a time in the future, convenient for me, when he will go thoroughly with me into his accounts. And inasmuch as his wedding-tour will take him all round the world I have at least a year in which to set things straight. And of course I can put off his scrutiny indefinitely or deceive him for ever.

I did not think all these things at once. In fact, when I had read his letter, so strong within me was the feeling that it was only a mental phenomenon, a thing that had no

relation with me—the feeling of finality was so strong upon me that I actually found myself sitting in that chair before I realised what had occurred.

What had occurred was that I had become utterly and for good your property.

In that sense only am I reprieved. As far as Edward Burden is concerned I am entirely saved. I stand before you and ask you to turn your thumb up or down. For, having spoken as I have to you, I have given you a right over me. Now that the pressing necessity for my death is over I have to ask you whether I shall plunge into new adventures that will lead me to death or whether I am to find some medium in which we may lead a life of our own, in some way together. I was about to take my life to avoid prison : now prison is no more a part of my scheme of existence. But I must now have some means of working towards you or I must run some new and wild risk to push you out of my thoughts. I don't, as you know, ask you to be my secret mistress, I don't ask you to elope with me. But I say that you *must* belong to me as much in thought as I have, in this parcel of letters, been revealed and given over to you. Otherwise, I must once more gamble—and having tasted of gambling in the shadow of death, I must gamble for ever in that way. I must I mean, feel that I am coming towards you or committing crimes that I may forget you.

My dear, I am a very tired man. If you know what it was to long for you as I have longed for you all these years, you would wonder that I did not, sitting in that chair, put the ring up to my teeth, in spite of Burden's letter, and end it. I have an irresistible longing for rest—or perhaps it is only your support. To think that I must face for ever—or for as long as it lasts—this troublesome excitement of avoiding thoughts of you—that was almost unbearable. I resisted because I had written these letters to you. I love you and I know you love me—yet without them I would have inflicted upon you the wound of my death. Having written them I cannot face the cruelty

to you. I mean that, if I had died without your knowing why, it would have been only a death grievous to you—still it is the duty of humanity and of you with humanity to bear and to forget deaths. But now that you must know, I could not face the cruelty of filling you with the pain of unmerited remorse. For I know that you would have felt remorse, and it would have been unmerited since I gave you no chance or any time to stretch out your hands to me. Now I give it you and wait for your verdict.

For the definite alternatives are these: I will put Burden's estate absolutely clear within the year and work out, in order to make safe money, the new and comparatively sober scheme of which I have written to you : that I will do if you will consent to be mine to the extent of sharing our thoughts alone. Or, if you will not, I will continue to gamble more wildly than ever with the Burden money. And that in the end means death and a refuge from you.

So then, I stand reprieved—and the final verdict is in your hands.

MEMORIES.

by Luke Ionides.

WILLIAM MORRIS AND RICHARD WAGNER.

II.

I always admired William Morris very much. He had a quality which is rare, and I felt that at a time when I was over-burdened with trouble; I would go to him in the depths of misery and after being with him for an hour or two I would leave him feeling absolutely happy. I always compared him with a sea-breeze, which seemed to blow away all one's black vapours. I first knew him in 1865, long before my troubles began. He was then, as he always remained, a great friend of Burne Jones. I may say that until he died I loved and admired him. I have often seen him at his work, designing some ornament, and he seemed as if his whole heart was in it. Though he was a strong man he had the delicate feelings of a tender woman. I one day heard him consoling a friend who had been abandoned by the woman he loved. He said, "Think, old fellow, how much better it is that she should have left you, than that you should have tired of her, and left her." I really think he saved his friend's life through his companionship and his help. He was dining one day with my brother Alecco, who told him that in the afternoon a partner in a firm of great upholsterers had been there, and having seen some of the work designed by Moris had said that he

would willingly give £8000 a year to Mr. Morris if he would agree to work for them only. Moris said, "I don't want his £8000 a year. I've never known a man who hasn't been spoilt by the accession of wealth. I only want enough to pay my butcher and baker and candlestick maker, and to buy an occasional book."

That reminds me that one day I had been to see him, and he showed me a 12th century psalter which he had bought for £700. Then another one for which he had paid £800. Then a third one, which he called his "Seif-El-Noluck", from a story in the Arabian Nights, of a tale which was given to the narrator by a village story-teller, on condition that it was not repeated to any woman or child. Morris treated his psalter in the same way, as he did not consider that any woman or child could appreciate it. He had given £1,000 for it, and when I said to him that I liked the one he had got for £700 better, he answered that of course the £700 one was the better of the two, but that he had had to give £1,000 for the other, as it belonged to a rich man who would not part with it for less ; and he, Morris, had to consider whether he preferred having the £1,000 or the psalter and he chose the psalter.

I have often thought of what he said when I wanted to buy a thing, and generally decided like Morris that I preferred the thing to the money.

Mr. Graham, a patron of the arts, and M. P. for Glasgow, was asked by John Bright to invite him some evening when Morris would be there. Mr. Graham accordingly invited them both, and several others, including B. J.

In the course of the evening B. J. saw the poet and the orator in deep converse, and curious to know that was the subject of conversation, he went near them, and heard Morris say, "Yes, yes, there's no doubt about it. A pike should be eaten with a pudding in its innards," to which John Bright agreed.

Morris once disillusioned two American girls who wished very much to meet him, and who were asked to

breakfast at B. J.'s one Sunday morning when Morris was expected.

Morris is very much read in America and to the two girls he was a poet-hero. When he sat down at table, B. J. told him that he had a fresh ham, he wouldn't call it pork, on which Morris said, "When I lust for pig's flesh, I don't care how it is called," to the surprise of the girls, who expected a poetic answer.

B. J. was very fond of caricaturing Morris. I had a set of caricatures of him doing catherine wheels in Cavendish Square, and another at the Turkish bath, where we had gone together.

Morris once paid me a great compliment—he sent his man to see how my drawing-room was decorated, and he had B. J.'s drawing-room done with the same paper and the same colouring. He decorated the ceilings of my brother Alecco's house in Holland Park, and they were most beautiful small arabesques, painted in gold and other colours. It is sad to think that the tenant of the house, which my sister-in-law sold after my brother's death, had those lovely ceilings white-washed.

His socialistic tendencies, of which so much has been made, were more the dreams of a poet of a very kindly disposition, than of any practical value. He wanted everyone to be happy and imagined that it could be done by giving everybody congenial work, but he had no practical idea as to how such a state of things could be brought about. I once heard him say he had a notion that wealthy people should spend their full incomes, and not hoard.

He was once invited to a noble Duke's house, with a view to his suggesting some decorations. He went there and was silent on the subject of decorations the whole time. After his return he had a letter from the Duke, saying he felt rather hurt that Morris had said nothing about the decorations of the house. In telling the story Morris said, "Everything was so frightfully ugly I didn't know where to begin, and I gave the Duke to understand so, when I answered his letter." He lived himself in

a charming house facing the river at Chiswick, from whence we often saw the boat-race, and met many friends. It was very simply decorated, with his own papers in light colours, and it had a nice garden.

In the year 1876 or '77 the Wagners were in town, staying with my sister Clariclea, and Madame Wagner told me she much wished to meet Morris, as he treated the same subjects that her husband had treated in his music. So I invited them both to dinner. Morris came, and asked if his bag of gala clothes had arrived. I told him it had not, so he said, "How can I sit down with all you people dressed as I am!" and then he showed us his hands which were blue from some experiments in dyeing he had made with indigo. I said all that did not matter, and introduced him to Madame Wagner, who was most charming, and delighted to have him next her at table. I don't think he was equally impressed with her, for he was not a bit susceptible to the charm of women; he was too full of his love for his ordinary work of decoration and design, and his literary work. He had a few men friends who were mostly artists, or people who sympathized with art, but women did not seem to count with him.

I always found Madame Wagner most entertaining. Talking about George Eliot and Lewes, she said, "Ils nagent dans une mer de calme perpétuel, mais nous savons très bien qu'il y a tout autant de requins et de choses pernicieuses dans une mer calme que dans une mer orageuse."

Wagner was a delightful man to talk to. He was a great classic, and always called me "swiftfooted Achilles" as I walked rather fast.

He often complained about his persecution by the Jews. I one day told him that about the year 400 A. D. when Theodosius was Emperor of Constantinople, he had a prime minister who was a eunuch, and became so powerful that some people were mutilated in order to curry favour with him. There was finally a cabal against him, and he took refuge in the church where S. John Chrysostom made that celebrated speech, "Vanity of Vanities all is Vanity,

saith the preacher." "Well," I said to Wagner, "you need not to go to the extreme of those men to gain favour with the Jews. The operation required to assimilate you to them is very small."

Wagner was immensely amused and often referred to my joke.

Wagner and Bulow's wife ran away together while the rehearsals of "Lohengrin" were taking place at, I believe, Mannheim. Bulow, in a rage, followed them, vowing vengeance. As soon as Wagner heard of his arrival at Darmstadt, he rushed out to him and said, "What do you mean by leaving the rehearsals! There's quite as much as you can manage there. Go back at once."

Bulow was so intimidated that he left without a word, and went back to Mannheim.

Wagner's great friend Richter was also a friend of ours. He and Madame Richter were one night engaged to dine at the Beales. He came alone, and on his being asked why Madame had not come too, he answered. "She is lying; when she does not lie she schwindles."

I had to explain to the mystified Beales that "schwindeln" in German means "to faint"!

I knew Morris from the year 1865 to the year 1896 when he died, and we were not only good companions all the time, but he was a consoler and a help when I had many troubles.

DIALOGUE IN A CAB

by Ethel Colburn Mayne.

In the wide, lighted room they were discussing premonitions. Evelyn Archer had been stopping in the country, and she was telling, half in jest but with an undercurrent of conviction, of the strange discomfort she had felt immediately she had arrived, and through the time she stayed there.

"I can be happy anywhere ; or so I used to think till I went there. And it was nothing in the circumstances of my visit—I was with my dearest, oldest friend ; and I was well, so well that Isabel, to whom I never spoke of this, was proud of the improvement in my state. But in myself, as people say, I was so wretched that it felt as if there must be two of me, and one so ill that I could hardly bear it. Yes ; it was a dual life—that best expresses it. No reason. I had never been in Bucks before ; and we are not connected with the shire in any way. Well, my conviction is that some time I shall know the reason. In some way, unknown to me as yet, the place has influenced, or is to influence, my life."

She same across the room from where she had been standing as she spoke. At that end there were drinks ; she had been giving herself one, and now returned to where she had been stitting. She was in the centre of the room when Eliot spoke.

"My wife comes from that county."

A contribution so unmeaning, given forth with sombre gravity, made all the others smile. But Evelyn Archer did not smile. She stood quite still, as though she had

been startled out of all control. No one was watching her. But just as she recovered, Eliot looked up into her face with an intense and piercing gaze. She alone saw it; and she came onward to her chair, not far from his, with a marked nervousness. The others, after his speech, went on as though he had not spoken, There was nothing to be done with such a contribution; everyone had something more significant than that to say.

Evelyn sat down, and for a while said nothing. Eliot, as silent, did not again look at her. By this time, someone else had told of similar experience, and this someone had enjoyed the revelation of which Evelyn spoke—long afterwards it had grown clear to Miss Conroy why she had hated *her* place.

"You are sure to find out why some day, Miss Archer."

"So I have believed," said Evelyn.

"Don't you believe it now?" asked Eliot, again looking at her with the same intensity; and she replied, as though there were some warning in her words: "You mustn't ask me that so sternly! After all, there may have been some circumstance I haven't reckoned with. Miss Conroy's experience is more thrilling. *She* knows why."

He frowned, and did not answer her. The subject soon grew threadbare, and it was getting late—people began to go.

As Evelyn rose, she saw that Eliot had been waiting for her movement to rise too. He was alone this evening—a rare thing with him.

He left the room with her; but she escaped into the cloakroom and delayed there, hoping that she should find him gone when she came out. He had not gone.

"I waited for you—let me drive you home," he said.

Evelyn could not refuse. They bade their host goodnight. A taxi was in waiting. She got in, he followed; and at once said: "You know as well as I do. That's the reason."

Evelyn made no pretence of puzzlement or anger. She replied: "Yes. What then?"

"What then?" he echoed. "Everything."

"Though you have never thought of me until tonight?" Her voice was not so tranquil now.

"To-night's enough," said he; but he did not draw nearer to her.

"Enough for you," she answered. "Not enough for me."

"No. For *you* care," he strangely said.

Again she made no protest, only replied: "You did not know that, till just now?"

"How can I say? The moment you began to tell that thing, I knew the reason for your hatred of the place. Explain that, if you can. I made my statement, which they all thought idiotic—as it was, for everyone but you—because I was determined you should know I knew... Well, isn't that enough?"

"No!" she again replied.

"Then what are we to do?," said Eliot, as it were to himself.

There might have been a vast absurdity in their adventure—midnight lovers in a cab who sat and wondered what they were to do! But in the depth of Evelyn Archer's feeling all absurdity, for her, was swept away; and for the man, the underlying awkwardness of such a situation disappeared in her unflinching frankness. What she felt for him was not to be dishonoured by assumption of an awkwardness that neither recognised.

"We're to do nothing," Evelyn said at last. "I'm equal to my... burden."

"Not a burden!" Eliot cried, as though he pleaded with her.

"More of a burden now," she said.

"Because I know?"

"Rather, I think, because this thing has frightened me a little. Without this, I might have—" But she stopped.

"Got over it?" said he, as bitterly as though he loved her.

And as tenderly as though he loved her, she replied: "No, no... But one had smiled in dreams! *This* seems to threaten me with—keeping wide awake. I haven't

been unhappy ; I should have been ashamed to be. Now I'm afraid that that degrading state may come upon me. Till to-night, it's been enough to—oh, it's beyond my powers of expression. Let us leave it there... But now this thing compels me to acknowledge all I haven't had, and shan't have. Shan't have—*won't* have," she said, turning from him as he now drew nearer to her.

"You are too absolute," said Eliot. "Don't you acknowledge anything for me ? What made me know the reason ?"

"Oh, it must' work' in some way—feeling such as mine. Take anything it gives you ; only don't ask me to take the lesser thing. It's vain ; I never will."

"But you might give," said he.

"I can't give that, without accepting too. No. It's no good."

"Selfish," he murmured. "And most blindly selfish—for you must lose, unless you will accept, whatever this has meant for you. Don't you see that ?"

She uttered a quick sound of fear. All her composure fled. "Why must I lose it ? I shall never—"

"Yes, you will. You'll never dream again, if now you go from me without acceptance."

After a moment : "What does that signify to you ?" she cried, "You, who in every word you say, deny youv need of me ?"

"Need— that's not all," said Eliot. "You don't need me. This is beyond the categories. I comprehend it, if you don't."

"So transcendental," she said bitterly, "that I can only 'comprehend' it by destroying it ?"

"*We* shan't destroy it," he returned. "You may—we shan't."

"But you don't care ! I've not existed for you !"

"All that is nothing. This is what matters. Let me go from you now, and we lose all. We, Evelyn—we, though we should never meet again after to-night."

"Then—" But she could not speak her thought.

"Then do I love you ? No."

Quietly as he said it, she accepted it.

"And since you don't," she said, "how has my life been altered by your marriage? What does this mean, if you're outside it?" It was as though she asked the question of herself, not him.

But he replied: "It means you—you. There, in your 'dual life', this moment was prepared for you. Call it ordeal, anything you like, but leave me as we are now, and you will cease. Someone called by your name will do as others do, but there will be no you."

"And you don't love me! How then—"

Again she stopped.

"How then," said Eliot as before, "can I be as a lover to you?" With a sudden violence he whispered: "Leave that to me."

Evelyn cried out—a stifled cry that answered to his change of tone.

"Ah! Dreaming's over!" Eliot uttered in the same rough voice; and as he spoke, the cab drew up at Evelyn's door.

She looked at him, as he stood on the steps beside her.

"Yes," she said, passing in.

He followed her. Again she stood, regarding him. This time her eyes were lit with tears.

"Good-bye," said Evelyn. "Dreaming's over."

"No. You will dream again to-morrow," Eliot said. "That's what I give you, who are giving me my dream to-night."

"*Your* dream?" she marvelled.

"To know love like yours, and not destroy it."

For another moment she regarded him. Then she went swiftly up the stairs.

Eliot campe up. As he drew near, she murmured: "If you are wrong?"

"Both dreams are done with?" Now from his eyes there looked the stern intensity of passion. "Let them be done with!" Eliot said; and on those words, rather than in his arms, she seemed to be borne onward from the threshold of her room, and of her dream.

AH! QUE D'AMOUR GACHÉ SANS PROFIT POUR PERSONNE!

by Georges Pillement.

PERSONNAGES :

Le poète — *Le danseur nègre*
Le vieil Américain — *Le souteneur*
La petite poule — *Le barman*

La scène se passe dans un bar :

Le barman au comptoir — *Le danseur nègre debout*
La guitariste assise — *Un client sur un tabouret*
Le garçon

Le vieil américain, la petite poule et le poète dînent.

La petite poule

Ah! de la salade, qu'on me donne de la salade!
Et puis, qu'on joue un fox-trott.

Le vieil américain

Petit oiseau, votre épaule sage,
voulez-vous du châteaubriand, n'est-ce pas?

La petite poule

Pas de viande, de la salade,
et puis danser, voulez-vous danser?

LE VIEIL AMÈRICAIN

Non. petit oiseau, votre épaule sage.

LA PETITE POULE

Mon épaule sage dans mon corsage,
je le sais, et vous le poète, danserez-vous ?

LE POÈTE

Moi, Madame, je ne danse jamais pendant mes repas,
ni d'ailleurs entre mes repas.
Mais si vous dansiez toute nue,
Je prendrais un plaisir très grand avec la vue.

LA PETITE POULE

Vous n'en aurez même pas la vue,
vous êtes tous les deux des auvergnats.

LE VIEIL AMÉRICAIN

Moi pas, petit oiseau, ton épaule sage.

LE POÈTE

L'Auvergne est un pays qui danse,
Madame, vous n'avez pas vu ses cartes postales ?

LA PETITE POULE

Ah ! que je me fiche des cartes postales
pourvu que je danse. Danseur venez,
et vous mettez donc vos doigts dans votre nez.

Elle danse.

LE VIEIL AMÉRICAIN

Petit oiseau, cervelle folle et jambes trop vives,
mais, ne croyez-vous pas, mon cher ami, qu'elle est bien douce ?

LE POÈTE

Elle est douce à vos mains qui caressent
comme à nos veux qui ne craignent pas la chasteté.

LE VIEIL AMÉRICAIN

J'aime Paris, ses femmes sont vastes,
vastes et étroites, l'amour y est bon.

LE POÈTE

L'amour couche partout, même sur le trottoir,
mais on passe toujours sans le voir.

LE VIEIL AMÉRICAIN

J'ai dépensé cent mille dollars
et je me suis bien amusé.

LE POÈTE

On voit des étoiles et puis on se figure
qu'on laisse de l'or dans les balayures.

LA PETITE POULE

Mon chéri, donne au bon nègre quelque chose
puisqu'il a dansé avec moi.

LE VIEIL AMÉRICAIN

Un danseur ne se paie pas, il est trop fier
d'avoir eu dans ses bras ta taille fière.

LA PETITE POULE

Il s'en fiche pas mal, comme femmes
il a tout ce qu'il veut : donne-lui vingt francs.

LE VIEIL AMÉRICAIN

Ah je donnerai tout ce qu'on voudra,
l'argent c'est beau quand on le donne.

LE DANSEUR NÈGRE

Thank you, Dear Sir, je vous remercie,
je danse tout ce qui plaît.

LE POÈTE

Où es-tu né, beau danseur nègre ?

LE DANSEUR NÈGRE

A Skamondje dans la Norvège,
mon père était pêcheur de perles.

LE POÈTE

La Norvège est un pays de neige,
et les plus beaux danseurs nègres sont Scandinaves.

LE VIEIL AMÉRICAIN

Deux autres bouteilles Pomery extra dry,
barman, et un verre pour le danseur nègre.

LA PETITE POULE, *au danseur nègre*

Tu es beau, j'aime surtout les nègres,
je coucherai avec toi quand tu voudras, à l'œil.

LE VIEIL AMÉRICAIN

Petit oiseau, ton épaule sage.

LA PETITE POULE

Mes yeux t'adorent,
mais mon corps s'adore,
que je suis heureuse.

LE POÈTE

La volupté consiste à être heureux
d'avoir du bonheur devant les yeux.

LE VIEIL AMÉRICAIN

Maintenant, moi je dors,
dansez encore.

LE POÈTE

Et moi je rêve
à mes devoirs d'élève,
et aux rêves exotiques dans le dortoir.

LA PETITE POULE, *au danseur nègre*

Tu viens dans la chambre ?
on dansera la danse du ventre.

LE DANSEUR NÈGRE

Tu paieras?

LA PETITE POULE

Ce que tu voudras.

LE DANSEUR NÈGRE

Je t'aime déjà.

LA PETITE POULE *au poète*

On reviendra.

Ils sortent.

LE POÈTE

J'irai prendre le dernier métro,
en attendant, j'ai grande envie
de m'endormir sur la banquette
comme ce vieil Américain qui dort si bien.

Entre le Souteneur.

LE SOUTENEUR

Où est la gosse?

LE POÈTE

Elle doit être au lavabo.

LE SOUTENEUR

Et le nègre?

LE POÈTE

Il doit être aussi au lavabo.

LE SOUTENEUR

Eh bien, il va en avoir du beau,
le lavabo,

Il sort.

LE POÈTE

S'il y a un crime dans le lavabo,
que d'amour gâché sans profit pour personne!

LE VIEIL AMÉRICAIN, *se réveillant*

Petit oiseau, son épaule douce,
où donc est le petit oiseau?

LE POÈTE

Il doit être au lavabo.

LE VIEIL AMÉRICAIN

A mon âge, on a de la crainte,
mais j'ai beaucoup d'amour dans le cœur.

LE POÈTE

Pourvu que tout cet amour-là
n'ait pas à s'arrêter là.

On entend des cris.

LE SOUTENEUR

au poète

Elle n'était pas au lavabo, la putain.

au vieil Américain

Elle nous trompait avec le nègre, et le payait,
mais nous sommes vengés, je l'ai tuée,
c'est cinq cents balles.

LE VIEIL AMÉRICAIN, *au poète*

Il faut payer ?

LE POÈTE

Si le travail est bien fait et si vous êtes content
moi je veux bien que tout le monde soit content.

LE VIEIL AMÉRICAIN

Voilà cinq cents francs, mais j'aurai préféré
que vous la laissiez nous tromper comme elle voulait.

LE SOUTENEUR

Moi, le boulot c'est sacré, le travail est bien fait.

au nègre qui apparaît

N'est-ce pas le nègre ?

LE DANSEUR NÈGRE

C'est tout à fait soigné, il n'y paraît pas,
elle a l'air de dormir, elle est toute pâle.

LE SOUTENEUR

Au revoir tout le monde.

Il sort.

LE VIEIL AMÉRICAIN

Pauvre petit oiseau, son épaule sage,
Jamais je n'avais eu tant d'amour,
je savais bien que c'était pour l'argent,
l'argent c'est si beau, pas autant que l'amour,
mais l'on aime toujours ce que l'on a pas.

LE BARMAN

Il faut aller chercher la police.

LE DANSEUR NÈGRE

Voici un agent cycliste.

LE POÈTE

C'est très embêtant, elle était mineure,
ses parents auront leur photo dans le *Petit Parisien*,
et ses petites camarades suivront l'enterrement jusqu'à Pantin,
c'est dommage pour tout l'amour gâché inutilement,
il y a tant de pauvres diables que ça aurait pu rendre contents,
c'est bien triste, mais ça ne pouvait pas finir autrement.

LE VIEIL AMÉRICAIN

Allons nous-en.

RIDEAU

"N. E. P's."

by Lincoln Steffens.

"That's what they call us, "Neps", and you see where they get it, from the initials of the New Economic Policy. It's a term of reproach. They stick it on all private business men and their wives, with contempt and hate. The children throw it at us in the street as if it were mud. Neps! It sounds to me like the German word "Schneppen" or the English word "whores." And you see where they get that, too, don't you? We do business for money, not for love but profit.

"My husband defies them. He says all the world works for money and he says all Russia will some day. Human nature is unchanged; history is the same old story. They have let us start doing business. We are making money and so, he argues, as we increase in number and gain more and more money, we'll buy everything we want: position, power, the Soviet Government, the Communist Party itself, finally. It has always been so, it will be always so. That's what my husband says, and our friends, the other Neps, they laugh together at the Café and they all say the same thing: that business will some day rule here as it does everywhere else. But I am not sure and I think they are not so sure as they pretend. And I'll tell you why. That's my story.

"The State here lets us do business in the old way, yes, but not freely. They spy on us, watch our books, examine us, tax us. The taxes are endless. We hide some profits but not for long; they find us out. Their spies are everywhere, in the shop, in the office, in the café, even sometimes in the home. When they catch us they fine us or put us in prison. Sometimes they close us up. They are terrible then, tyrants, smiling tyrants, who will not listen. They despise us. Their scorn is—it is sincere. You understand?

It's real. Neps! When they let business men begin business, they let the gambling houses open too, and the bourse, the markets, the cabarets, wine, champagne, prostitution. They had to, they said ; these things all go together.

"And we do have all to go together : business men, gamblers, prostitutes. The Communists exclude us from everything decent. We have no vote. All business persons are disfranchised politically, and we can't go—I mean we can't go and be comfortable to the places where they, the Communists, go—public places: theatres, concerts, cafés, lectures. They can spot us on sight, somehow, and they turn away from us as if we were not clean. They look at one another, shrug, smile, and pass on. It brings a Communist under suspicion to be seen talking with us. So we herd together in our own cafés and shows where the plays are not so good, and the music is Jazz.

"We are coming to be what the Jews were in the old days, a Ghetto. And it's Jews that are making it so ; lots of the Communists are Jews. They know what a Ghetto is, they know how terrible it was, and yet I think that they will make a Ghetto for us some day, a district apart for business men and their families, both Jews and Christians, for profiteers and prostitutes, for all Neps.

"But this is not all ; this isn't the worst. The worst is the children. The Bolsheviks count on the children. They say they had to go back to the New Economic Policy of trading, profits and speculation because our generation was brought up in the capitalist system of money-making, competition, bargaining and cheating. We learned that way, we got it into our bones, and we cannot learn any other way of living. "There is no hope in us", they say. "We are not fit for the Kingdom of Heaven". Therefore, Communism has to wait for us to die and for the new generation to grow up and bury us, and our habits, customs, ideas and ideals. And they take care of the new generation. They go after the children. And they get the children.

"That's the worst of it and that is why I think my husband

is wrong. I'm afraid that business, with all its bribery and corruption, will never win back to power here in Russia. The Children! The Communists take our Children away from us.

"No. I don't mean that the State comes and takes away the children ; not just like that ; not bodily. On the contrary, the children of Neps—my boy and my daughter, for example—they have a hard time getting into the Communist ranks. They are under suspicion on account of us, their parents, but they want to join the party. They resent us ; they are ashamed of us. They shew it. The other children make my children rebellious, because, you see, all the children in Russia want to join the party.

"It's the fashion," my husband says, "and fashions change."

"Maybe. I'm not so sure. Some day it may be different, but now—the terrifying thing, the thing that hurts me and my husband, all of us,—is that our children go with the other children and learn to despise us, their parents. And they plan, they plot, they serve—my children have done unheard of services to the Communist cause—to get into the Communist party and so win their chance to work—for nothing ; to fight in the army, to labour in a mill, manage a shop or a railroad or a bank—they don't care what—for nothing. Nothing but the minimum wage and what they call "The Future".

"No, oh no. It isn't as bad as that. I used to cry, a little, sometimes, but—well, the truth is I was once a revolutionist ; before the revolution ; before I married. I was in the underground movement. So I can remember, I remember well, how people, when they are young take joy in dreams. My father and mother suffered over me and I wasn't very considerate of them. I went right on my way, my dangerous, criminal,—happy way. Yes, I was happy then. I was very happy in those days, as my children are now. There is something to be said for it all. Only I can see now that it is hard, it is bitterly hard for the older generation, for parents, for us Neps."

STOCKTAKING

Towards a Re-Valuation of English Literature

by DANIEL CHAUCER

II

AXIOMS AND INTERNATIONALISMS

How much knowledge of imaginative Literature, then does it need to make a proper man? Ah! How many miles to Babylon: and shall we get there by candle light! So we used to sing when we were children.

The answer is not very formidable nor will any student find such of us as are men of good will very forbidding professors. It used to be said that a proper man was one who had built a house, planted a tree, begotten a son, written a book and something else... played in a county cricket match, let us say. At any rate the implication was: a civilised human being should devote a fifth of his time and thoughts to the arts and the humaner letters. The time is really more than enough if the studies should be pursued with intelligence. Eternity shall be insufficient to civilise us if we pursue our slipshod courses. For the question is not: How much have you read; but how have you read? knowledge of books being entirely immaterial, knowledge of writing everything. One man will in fact read twenty books whilst another is reading one and, at the end, know less of his twenty than the other of his one For if you are a decently civilised man you can

tell a whole book from the turn of one phrase as often as not.

And there is no very special virtue in reading : it is an occupation bad for the eyes ; it curbs the shoulders and, if you read too much you may go mad. At any rate there was once a man who did. He had been studying the *Faery Queen* for ten years with the idea of writing a commentary with an emended text. And he had earned golden opinions from his professors. Suddenly he realised that he had never read the *Way of All Flesh* by the late Samuel Butler. So he threw up his job in the University and became a railway guard in order to have time to read novels between stations. But the railway workers threatened to strike if he continued in his employment since he was a non-unionist, so he lost that job. I do not know what has since become of him...

Anyhow it does not matter how much or how little you have read so long as you are acquainted with what we will call the axioms. You are, say a lawyer : you desire to impress your clients with the idea that you are a man of culture : It is not necessary that you should be acquainted with all the late Professor Lazarus' writing on Shakespeare's derivations from Robert of Gloucester : indeed it is very necessary that you should *not*. The Professor's style is so circumlocutory and so contagious : for a time after reading only one of his monographs you will be unable to write a comprehensible letter. But let me explain what an axiom is :

A great many years ago, being in a company fairly mixed and fairly favourable to the work of James McNeill Whistler, I grew irritated with the way my fellow guests went talking on, always non-committally, about the *Nocturnes* and the *Symphonies*. I said at last, rather rudely :

"What's the use of talking about Whistler? Whistler is an axiom!" Some other gentleman afterwards printed that statement. But the aphorism is rather a useful one for my present purpose, so I re-claim it. I do not however accuse the other gentleman of being a plagiarist. That

Whistler was an axiom is a truism and, in those days that sort of saying was much in the air (1).

In the plastic arts, in music, in all foreign literatures there are artists whom one calls axioms—not because they are supremely great by temperament but because they worked supremely along one or other technical line. You may not like Whistler : but you have to accept him as a prototype of a form of art. You may not like Jan van Eyck ; Duerer ; Holbein, Velasquez ; Rubens, Rembrandt ; Ghirlandaio ; Praxiteles or even Raphael but you cannot ignore them even should Hokusai be your own master. Similarly you may not like but cannot ignore Bach and Palestrina.

It is the same, as far as foreigners are concerned, with literature ; no Frenchman can ignore, not the temperaments, but the technical skill, of Chateaubriand, Racine, Villon, Gautier, Musset, Maupassant, Flaubert and a great many other writers from Mallarmé back to Ronsard. Indeed no human being can afford to ignore them—or Heine, Gœthe, Leopardi, Lope da Vega, Turgenev, Chekhov, Dante, Bertran de Born, Boccacio, Catullus, Petronius Arbiter, Apuleius, the Greek Anthologists or the author of the *Song of Solomon*. To be ignorant—to be utterly ignorant—of the *methods* of any one of these writers is to be to that extent ignorant of the ways by which humanity may be approached, cajoled enlightened or moulded into races. To know all the writings of Heine is not necessary ; but not to know how Heine mixed, alternated or employed flippancies and sentiment is to have a blind spot in your knowledge of how a part of humanity may be appealed to. It is true that Heine is detested by a great number of

(1) The Good Lawyer ought to know that J. M. Whistler was a painter who, in the course of a long libel action against the late Mr. Ruskin, made the Law and its practitioners look more grossly, clumsy, barbarous and ignorant than most men have done. Had the then Attorney General had one spark of artistic training or intelligence he would in his long duel with Whistler, have come off a great deal better and Mr. Ruskin to-day might have been a good deal less despised.

Germans—by perhaps all "good Germans" using the words in the sense that "good Americans" is used by inhabitants of the United States. But that does not preclude his being so adored by so large a proportion of all the "bad" ones that his appeal may be called relatively universal. So, if the lawyer have before him in the witness box a witness; the master working in his garden a gardener; the orator before him under the rostrum an audience; or the casual acquaintance beside him at dinner a guest, all of these being of a type susceptible to the Heine-influence, he, lawyer, master, orator or guest will be to that extent a man more or less proper according as his appreciation of the Heine-method is keen or not so keen. And so it will be with a man's knowledge of the methods of all the world's writers who are—axioms!

Now who, of English writers is accepted as thus axiomatic by either the Anglo-Saxon or the foreigner of some culture? You will say in your haste: "But there are *hundreds*!". After cursory reflection you will say: "*But*... there is none!" The name of Shakespeare jumps at once to the lips: but when it comes to the methods of Shakespeare *we* know nothing about them and it is to be doubted if the Germans to whom Shakespeare is far more of a text-book, know any more. And no other name at all jumps or comes ever so reluctantly to the lips. You will think of name after name of English writers—and slowly you will reject them. Dickens? But who to-day will make an essay, either in letters or in social amenities, after the style of Dickens—even in England! Thackeray? Well, in England, just possibly you might try on the Thackerayan manner, but only just possibly; and nowhere else. And it would be a sort of forlorn hope: about the attempt there would be none of that confidence that comes from having behind you an axiom!

Who then? You think of name after name and, like a faint sigh from the Index comes the tragic word "Pulping!"

In your depression you will be eminently unjust: a deep study of English letters with their flux and re-flux across

the Channel will produce for you several names that *have* played a part in the development of the world, a few more that *ought* to have played such a part, and still a few more that probably will! Why have those that have? Why haven't those that haven't? What, if they are prevented, shall prevent those that still might?

Why would our Government never think of spreading broadcast amongst our men in the trenches the works of Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson—or even those of Shakespeare? Why do we not think it essential that our lawyers and medical men should know the works of Meredith at least, if not those of Henry James? You will answer that it is because Anglo-Saxondom—and a very good thing! you will interject—has never suffered its governments to interfere with the arts. But that is not the answer. The Foreigner sees or feels that the national arts are a product of the national voice and no government on the continent of Europe can subsist without paying some attention to that voice. So the German State makes axioms of Schiller and Gœthe; the French Republic produces the plays of Racine and Molière; the Italian Monarchy honours Dante, Tasso and Petrarch, whenever it has an opportunity.

We are accustomed to be told that Anglo-Saxondom would not tolerate Governmental interference with the arts; that it would depose its kings, refuse to re-elect its presidents, revolt, erect barricades if the State had theatres in which Shakespeare, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Robertson and, say, Gœthe were honoured by classical-minded renderings. But Anglo-Saxondom wouldn't: Anglo-Saxondom does not know that it has any arts; does not even know that play-writing is an art. If we did know that we had arts and neglected them, or that the State neglected them we might, we should, revolt, refuse our votes to anti-art candidates and refuse to pay our taxes as did the Paris grocers, drink-shop keepers, paviors and municipal slaughterers when the French Government tried to economise by cutting down the subsidy to the Opera.

But the arts—and particularly the written arts of this country—have been so forced by the "highly refined imaginations of the more select classes" (1), have been so forced out of all contact with or inspiration from the "masses" of Anglo-Saxondom that, inasmuch as any human manifestation that is taken in hand by any coterie or Class of the More Select must speedly die, so literature in Anglo-Saxondom has after growing more and more provincial... died. I do not mean to say that no-one who writes to-day can write: I mean that the best writers of to-day can find only a handful of readers a-piece in the United States, and can find only one handful for all the lot of them in the British Empire—say fourteen thousand! The populations of the British Empire and of the United States are, say, three hundred millions. So that, put mathematically the fraction of readers for the best work of to-day is:

$$\frac{14.000}{300,000,000}$$

It is an inspiring looking figure: it means that in each 100,000 souls five are reasonably civilised...

So that our literature cannot be called a very national or even a very racial affair. A late historian of the world was at some pains to prove that the ancient Athenians were not a highly cultured people: yet every inhabitant of Athens, slaves, helots and all must, in the age of Pericles have had at least a nodding acquaintance with the works of Sophocles, Euripides or Pheidias. Every one of them!

Literature of the imagination, then, in Anglo-Saxondom is not a very thriving national affair because it has lost

(1) This is Shelley and occurs in the preface to *Prometheus Unbound*. The whole sentence is worth quoting since it sounded the death knell of any national Anglo-Saxon literature: "It is a mistake to suppose that I dedicate my poetical compositions solely to the direct enforcement of reform... *My purpose has been simply to familiarise the highly refined imaginations of the more select classes of poetical readers with beautiful idealisms of moral excellence.*"

touch completely with racial life. Let how to get it back be our study.

That will best be effected by going a little into the history of the matter. But, for the moment, let us return to the question of what writers of Anglo-Saxondom are axiomatic.

Of those who are indisputable I can think of only Edgar Allan Poe, he having stood the test of time and had great influence on several Continental writers and schools. You might—I for my part certainly should!—add the names of Stephen Crane, Henry James and O. Henry, though I do not like him. Whitman, for whom also I do not care much, you must also allude to as having profoundly influenced the methods of Continental and American—but not English—verse writers. These are Americans.

When you come to consider writers more questioned—writers whom to a sceptical foreign friend one might advance with some feeling of confidence as deserving and just possibly receiving attention somewhere alongside the world-writers—English figures begin to appear. That any English writers are to-day and indisputably known to all the populations of Anglo-Saxondom whilst having what it is convenient to call distinctively literary gifts might be doubtful enough were it not for Mr. Kipling and Mr. H. G. Wells; and the best work of even these two writers is obscured by party considerations. Still it is probably not too much to say that their names at least are nation-wide in a degree that could not be claimed for any other two writers since the flourishing of Dickens and Thackeray. To assert that every human being in England or America who can read has read something of one or other of these writers might be going too far. Yet, there can be few that have not read, or at least listened to Mr. Kipling's "If" during the last few years, and certain of the newspaper contributions at least of Mr. Wells must have been read, in extracts, by an immense number—by the majority—of the inhabitants of the Western World.

At any rate these two authors are sufficiently widely

known to stand beside most of the other public figures of our day. They are as widely known as Prime Ministers, Chiefs of Cabinets, and their reputations have proved more lasting than those of many celebrated boxers. And few serious critics would deny that the early—the earliest and by now too much obscured—work of Mr. Kipling has the quality of being axiomatic: indisputable. Mr. Wells is more unequal as a craftsman, but few people who consider seriously the methods of writing would deny that the earlier—the earliest and by now too much obscured—work of Mr. Wells has here and there the quality of being axiomatic: indisputable! One may dislike—and indeed one dislikes very heartily—the personality revealed in the later work of Mr. Kipling: one may lament—and indeed one does lament very sincerely—the qualities, the intermittently restless curiosities, that have turned Mr. Wells from an inventor of stories in which he had no rival, into a propagandist like any other except for his frequent changes of ground. But I do not call to mind any English, as apart from American, writer of the last hundred years who remains, at all widely known and yet had creative methods so unassailable as were those of Mr. Kipling when he wrote: *Soldiers Three*, *Under the Deodars* or *the Story of the Gadsbys*; nor with the same qualifications, do I know anyone who could better, for economy of projection, the Mr. Wells of the *Invisible Man*, or the *War of the Worlds* when he was in the mood to write such matchless *contes* as the *Man who could work Miracles*. That either of these writers was more or less "authentic" than the Poe of the *Gold Bug* or the *Cask of Amontillado* is not discussible: authenticity of that type being a quality in no sense to be measured with calipers.

But to distinctively English writers in England, authenticity is never really allowed: the quality is perhaps not known even to exist. There are too many vested interests. In the United States Mark Twain whom in this connection I have by no means forgotten, could finally make headway against the Transcendentalists: Poe could stand, with his

body starved but his mind making its mark. He had to fight many battles against many unscrupulous cliques and in the end his head became both bloody and bowed. But neither he, alive, nor his reputation, he dead, have had to contend with the dead weight of dead, vested interests and merely political disingenuousnesses that have strangled most literary brightnesses in England for a hundred years.

These tendencies work towards a wilderness of thumbs down. It was Landor who first said that every Frenchman takes a personal share in the glory of his poets, whereas every Englishman resents the achievements of his poets because they detract from the success of his own poetry and the remark was extraordinarily profound. So that the English literary world is an immense arena where every spectator is intent on the deaths of most of those awaiting judgment and every gladiator is intent on causing the death of his fellow combatant by smiting him with the corpse of others predeceased. The method—the mania!—is really extraordinary in its operation.

Supposing, having no pet author of your own out of whose entrails you hope to make a living, no political bias, no interest in a firm of publishers who make dividends out of other "classics" you should timidly venture—and how often have I not timidly ventured!—the remark that Trollope, Jane Austen and the Mrs. Gaskell of *Mary Barton* are English Authors authentic in their methods. "*But*" you hear the professional reveiwers all protesting at once : Trollope had not the humour of Dickens ; the irony of Thackeray ; the skill with a plot of Wilkie Collins. Jane Austen had not the wit of Meredith ; the reforming energy of Charles Reade ; the imperial sense of Kingsley ; the tender pathos of the author of *Cranford*. And as for Mrs. Gaskell who wrote *Cranford* : well, she had not the aloofness of Jane Austen. And Christina Rossetti has not the manly optimism of Browning ; and Browning lacked the religious confidence of Christina Rossetti or the serenity of Matthew Arnold. And who was Matthew Arnold? And Landor could not write about

whist and old playbills—like Charles Lamb (*Saint* Charles, Thackeray murmured softly!)

This is to write so epigramatically as to appear to lack gravity, but no-one who has paid any attention at all to official-critical appraisements of English writers can gainsay the moral to be drawn from these instances of depreciation or the truth of the projection itself. Literary figures should of course, as is said of race-horses, be "tried high": but to attach a Derby winner to a stone cart and then to condemn it as a horse because it does not make so much progress as a Clydesdale or a Percheron is to try the animal altogether too high... and not fairly.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRONIQUES

I

Editorial Paris, January.

Our friend from the Right—the almost unimaginably Extreme Right—has left us. Before only suspect, because we deal in printed matter at all, we are now convicted of Red Bolshevism because in this number we print an *aperçu* of Bolshevik conditions in certain aspects. We print it because we find it of interest as a projection of what, if it were not according to its writer the actual, would be the remorselessly logical, outcome of a Communist State. The majority of the human race which loves keeping shop will find it an enormously disagreeable projection, so that to accuse us of being Bolshevists because we make the publication is as reasonable as to accuse a lecturer of medicine of desiring to spread cholera because he describes the symptoms of that disease. All that we commit ourselves to is the suggestion that, should humanity allow Communism to prevail the state of things projected will prevail too.

A frame of mind so dispassionate is usually much disliked. Probably the only man nowadays who is permitted to say: "If you do so and so such and such things will happen to you," is the doctor who has become the almost unreasonably revered tyrant of the social state. Yet the observer passionate and passionately curious is a figure very valuable. Even about Science there might be some finality if Scientists were ever dispassionate. So, having in our last number analysed the international vicissitudes of one of the wings of the British Middle Left and, having thus given publicity to this propaganda for Bolshevism, let us proceed to lend help of the same sort to the Extreme Left of an unfortunate country.

Looking at the matter as dispassionately and soberly as is possible the access to power in Great Britain of the British Extreme Left can mean one only terrible thing. We have received some hostile criticism from friendly writers of the imagination who ask: What interest can British Politics have

for the free poets of the West ? The interest British Politics has for the free poets of the West is that British Politics to-day is the danger spot of the world and in the struggle that shall cover the world if the poets cannot avert it, not California, not Oklahoma, not Salt Lake City itself, shall have a poet left free to incubate free verse. The causes for this danger are neither very subtle nor very intricate in their origins. Setting aside the merely bad, excited or purely instinctive motives that lie at the base of all political ill-feelings there remain the formidable and determined figures who have evolved a great organisation for the influence of public opinion. This organisation though it may have other objects with which we do not concern ourselves can have but one end. Its supporters are found in the left wing of the Liberal party, in the official Labour Party, in the doctrinaire ranks of the Fabian Society and so to the farthest Left.

To what extent the official Labour Party must bear the blame for the outbreak of the late war it is difficult to estimate with exactitude. The late War had obviously many causes ; it was rendered inevitable by many conditions, one of which was a general feeling of fear and distrust that enveloped all the nations of Europe after the Balkan War of 1913. It would be only fair to say that Germany felt herself surrounded and cut of from her commercial future ; that France was very properly apprehensive as to the results that must arise from this state of mind in her gigantic and predatory neighbour whilst British apprehensions had been aroused, rightly or wrongly, by more or less skilful representations in a section of the British Press, (1) and by the universal dread of the German Empire that pervaded the world. To-day has forgotten that dread ; tomorrow may well rue that forgetfulness.

When you have such fears in very unstable equilibrium any one—or several—shocks, may precipitate disaster. The effect of the murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand on the peoples of the Germanic Empires has been much underestimated ; but

(1). The writer was once in Lord Northcliffe's private office, Lord Northcliffe having asked the writer to call on him with a view to his founding a periodical which the writer did not found ! The trend of international politics for which Lord Northcliffe stipulated in the putative journal was cool—but not more than cool !—towards the German Empire. During the conversation the owner of the *Daily Mail* sent for a leader writer and ordered him to write a leader on the then visit of German journalists to London. Lord Northcliffe used the following exact words : "Be polite about them. But not *too* polite ; Look up former leaders on the subject." The writer, at any rate, and for what it is worth, is convinced that at that date Lord Northcliffe was neither working nor wishing for war with Germany.

far more underestimated—if what follows is true—has been the action of the official British Labour Party immediately preceding the outbreak of hostilities. In late 1914, then, the writer was officially informed for purposes of propaganda that in the early days of August 1914 five official leaders of the Labour Party including the late Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald waited on the German Ambassador and informed him that in no circumstances would the British Labour Party which, in the phrase of the writer's informant, was the "tail that wagged the dog'" of his Britannic Majesty's Government permit Great Britain to declare war on Germany. Prince Lichnowsky then telegraphed a report of this interview to the German Emperor adding a strong note of his own to the effect that he was convinced of the inability of the British Labour Party to prevent warlike action on the part of the British Government. According to the writer's informant the report of the interview was communicated to the German Emperor but Prince Lichnowsky's note suppressed by the war camorra that surrounded that sovereign. At six o'clock of the morning following the despatch of that telegram the first German troops crossed the Belgian border near a place called Gemmenich.

Memories of the late war are growing faint now—faint enough to let it be safe for a section of British politicians to contemplate with equanimity the risking of another European conflagration that shall be entirely of their causing and that shall be entered upon for the sake of an economic fantasy bearing no relationship at all to the necessities of humanity. But if the story related above be true—and it was related to the writer with due solemnity by a member of the then British Cabinet, printed publicity by the writer and never contradicted by any member of the alleged deputation—if that story be true the man or woman who supports in any political manner any member, associate or friend of a member of that deputation, takes upon himself a responsibility most terrible to contemplate. It is unthinkable that any member of that band who, for the sake of sheer and relentless vanity, condemned so many of their fellow beings to death and to those agonies that were worse than death it is unthinkable that any one of those men, having above him so terrible a cloud of blood, should ever hold up his head in any public place. But if the story be true that unthinkable has become the actual.

In that case the world knows what it has to face ; for men who have once committed such a crime and have subsequently known success will almost certainly re-commit it with an enhanced lightness of heart. And even were the story untrue the man who would entrust with any shred of power any of the gentlemen who during the war supported in England the Central

Empires would be doing a very bold thing. For, if Labour and Left politicians did not actually go in deputation to the German Ambassador, they had undoubtedly impressed on the world the idea that by international action they had the power to, and would, prevent war. They may have had the power to ; they probably had. They did not do it.

Immediately the war broke out, in each of the combatant countries the same phenomenon was to be observed : all sections of the Left supported, each for its own nation and for material reasons, the most vigourous prosecution of hostilities. The members of the putative deputation to the German Ambassador remained pro-Germans. That may or may not have been a crime, but it was not their principal crime, their principal crime having been that they stated that they had a power that they did not possess. So they precipitated a war, the followers that they, no doubt sincerely, believed themselves to command deserting them as soon as the consequences of their assertion manifested themselves "near a place called Gemmenich."

Looked at from a distance the circumstances of today appear as a horrible parallel to those that prevailed in 1914. Substituting the British Left in power for the Prussian Government of pre-war years you perceive at once that a Northern Power of vastly swollen population with a failing industrial system is determined to bolster up its own form of civilisation by the plunder of a sparsely populated, relatively non-industrial nation lying to the South. That is the sempiternal cause of wars ever since nations have existed. The British Left bolsters up its position in a nation that even yet abhors the thought of war by the assertion of its detestation of the shedding of blood. So did the pre-war Prussian Government ; but, like the Prussian Government, the British Left has for panaceas—the partition of Poland, the absolute subjection of Westphalia and the Rhine to Prussia and the leaving of the territories to the South of Prussia right down to the Mediterranean defenceless and at the mercy of their predatory neighbours ! After a hundred and eight years they are perfecting what Metternich left unfinished. Shade of Owen

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For two things are abhorred by the Left of to-day, the Historic Sense and peasant populations ; one and the other they must at all costs root out, oblivious of the fact that historic crimes ensure a certain Nemesis. Metternich handed Westphalia and the Rhine over to Prussia, a work that the British Left now seeks to consolidate—in the unbelievable and imbecile cunning of his heart imagining that because the Hohenzollerns were a

Protestant house and the Rhenish-Westphalians a Catholic population, these subjects of an alien faith must by their risings weaken their rulers. Similarly he decreed to the Protestant Saxons Catholic rulers. So Austria should remain eternally strong. But where now is Austria ? The Left however decrees that these things must be forgotten. They cannot be. The name of Metternich is still abhorred by a third of the populations of Europe—and if the Hapsburgs have been obliterated it is because the name of Metternich is so abhorred. And there are other obliterable Empires !

And just as Prussia for years prepared for war by means of an obscurantist Press so has our Left : there is no factor missing if you substitute for the patriotic rhetoric of Professor Delbrueck the rhetorico-economic romances of Professor Keynes ; the false news of Left newspaper correspondents for the false news of Bismarck and his successors ; the portentous gravity of Fabian research for the German University system. These great engines of obscurantism have for their end the preservation of the present industrial system in statu quo. One asks oneself why ? What are the great achievements, the great happinesses, that it is desired to preserve for a year or so longer though after them must come the deluge ? There are the great industrial cities ; there are the immense populations of wage-slaves... Well, these last are the "constituents" of our Left Leaders.

Which is the greatest city in the World ? No, it is not Greater New York ; it is not even Timbuctoo ! It is the vast line of appalling streets that spreads, house touching house so that you travel in trams between walls, from mid-Yorkshire to west Lancashire. There is no district in the world more horrible than is this city of thirteen million slaves. Yet it is to preserve intact this city and its system that the British Left labours. For that Poland must once more be dismembered and handed one half over to the Bolsheviks and the other to the successors of the Hohenzollerns. And with the spoils of Poland and other Southern lands the wasteful and incompetent Industrial system of Prussia must be restored.

It is the merest want of imagination. Ordered to write "propaganda" after the Armistice the writer proposed to advocate the dismemberment of the German Empire. He was met by the permanent heads of the British Foreign Office and forbidden to advocate anything of the sort, the article that he did write being suppressed by the simple device of letting it be lost in the post and he being forbidden by a military superior

to write any more. It is by such means that we have been brought to our present passœ. The two permanent heads of the Foreign Office were two very amiable gentlemen; but they were obsessed by the idea that the German Empire must at all costs be preserved in the shape given to it by Bismarck and Moltke and all the other sentimentalised fighters for German unity of the last century. Why? The writer was given the reason that the German Empire must at all costs be preserved—in order to counterbalance Russia and to preserve the European balance of power! It is a fact that that reason was given to the writer by the British Foreign Office in November 1918, he having been called from duties quite other to write propaganda—for the Empire of the Hohenzollerns!

Actually it was easy to observe that those two gentlemen suffered from nothing more than impotence of the imagination. They simply could not imagine an Europe without the German Empire that they and their ancestors had seen in the building and had helped to build. It is the same with our Left of to-day. For them Prussian Industrialism must be restored. Why? Prussian-directed industrialism was, by 1913, already a disastrous failure whose death-throes were European war. Till then it had borne an aspect of success and of efficiency because it was supported by abominably sweated labour, by State subsidies, by preferential reduction of taxes and of rates of every kind so that more and more states of the Empire, like Hessen-Darmstadt were daily verging on bankruptcy. Why then should the British Left be determined to restore to European life this incompetent and horrible ingredient? Compared with their neighbours the true Germans are a relatively non-industrial people and Westphalian coal was largely worked by forced Polish labour. If the British industrial populations are to be kept where they are it is obvious that the European industrial system too must be preserved: but why must that preservation be entrusted to Prussia alone and why must the Zollverein be sacrosanct in its present hands? Why should not the Poles or the industrial organisers of the Pas-de-Calais be allowed to try their hands where Prussian capitalism so egregiously failed? There is no reasonable answer. It is just want of the imagination: the late War was conducted by the more or less Right, against Prussia; so the next, conducted and engineered by the then Outs, the present more or less Left, must be for that country.

This is not merely wanton writing. Human affairs *are* so conducted and for obstinacies no more reasonable men die by the million, breathing upon their lips the great names of liberty and fraternity. To the writer, as to the greater pro-

portion of humanity, it is a matter of the utmost indifference who, in Great Britain, are the Ins and who the Outs. Palace revolutions there must always be and to the victors will belong the spoils. We—those responsible for and those in sympathy with this Review—standing for the finer arts and the humaner letters have absolutely no concern with, are by no possibility interested in, the spoils of office or those battening upon theml But to the aloof observer, swayed only by such biases as are merely hereditary or matter of preference, things are apparent that are hidden from those buried in the sand of the arena. And, aloof as one may be, one could not observe callously the sure approach of danger even to a rabbit. That one should stand by and observe without a note of warning the sure shadow of doom engulfing a civilisation wou d be to display an equanimity passing the power of most men.

No ! This is no mere wantonness of writing nor is the writer inspired by any tinge of party feeling. In the wilderness of cats and monkeys that is modern politics the British Left when it concerns itself with internal matters is probably distinguished by a more lofty idealism than is any other party. And it is not for us as artists and thinkers to decry idealism however impracticable. Without it there can be no practicable world. And most Parties with Power in their grasp modifiy their idealisms and extremenesses. This draught, on approach to office, the Left Coalition has already felt as far as British Home Affairs are concerned ; its Leaders fall over themselves in efforts to assure Great Britain that they will not ruin her trade. But when it comes to foreign affairs no modification is either observable or promised ; on the contrary we have had the extraordinary speech of the leader of the Left in which he asserted that Great Britain under Labour will find itself always arrayed against the strongest of the European Powers—a speech appealing to the worst jingo lownesses of his hearers.

To Europeans this speech can have but one meaning. You can not array yourself against any Power without an adequate armed force for your support. And when a Leader with such an armed force to back him arrays himself obstinately against one power the danger becomes very terrible. Mr. Macdonald may deny that his speech was meant to bear the interpretation that was read into it throughout Europe. He should deny it—"with a publicity as great as was given to the original statement." He may—and we hope he will—deny that he ever went with a deputation to the German Ambassador on the eve of the war, or that any deputation of his party ever, shortly before the war went to that diplomat. If he can, he should deny it with a publicity even greater. For the writer is not the only person

to make the accusation, though as far as he knows he is the only person to make it publicitty and on the strength of official information—and to make it with the intention—the hope even—of extracting a public denial. For, so long as the Left Leader of Great Britain lies under the stigma of having largely contributed to causing the late of war and of appealing for support to Chauvinist appetites that *can* only be satisfied at the cost of further international conflict he is an international danger. But once he could purge himself of these suspicions he would sink into the sphere of a party politician like any other —and better than many !

To the finer, more impracticable ideals of the Lefts of the world—those strains from the fiddle of Nero while Rome burns—we shall return later ; afterwards and always in the belief that the salvation of the world can come only through the humaner letters and the finer arts, we shall devote some attention to the Rights of bodies politic. For the *Transatlantic Review* as a review, we have to make the following announcements :

Owing to a defection on the part of those supplying paper a number of copies of the first number were issued with extremely lamentable covers. Readers taking the trouble to return us such copies (to 29 Quai d'Anjou, Paris) will receive in exchange better bound specimens.

After our next number, because of a proposed enlargement of the Review, the cost of the review will be increased and the rate of annual subscription materially enhanced in the various countries served by the Review.

We publish this month a musical supplement—a Sonata from the M. S. of Mr. George Antheil, an American whose compositions form a storm centre in Paris of to-day—and a duet by Mr. Antheil and Mr. Pound, another Paris storm-centre, also American. So we hope to interest two shores of the Atlantic. Our third is represented by the chronicle, by Mr. Hussey, one of the critics of the *Times*, of new compositions produced in London. His strictures on the Big Six may irritate some Parisians and so the circle would come full.

We regret that owing to the disappearance of three prominent American citizens from Paris our letter from the American point of view in this city cannot this month appear. The air of the city of the Eiffel tower seems to confer a certain splendid gift of irresponsibility on Anglo Saxon visitors. However the adumbration of the activities of Messrs. Pound and Antheil,

the most important American artistic activities of the month in Paris may well atone. Of our other contributors, H. D. and Mr. Lincoln Steffens are Americans too well known to need our introduction ; Mr. Flint's work has done much to relieve the rather dead level of British poetry for many years past ; as far as we know the work of Mr. J. J. Adams that we here print is the first of his to see the light, so he may count to us as a first "discovery." Miss Mayne is one of the most eminent and skilful of British short story writers.

Change of address

On the 1st January 1924 the *Transatlantic Review* moved to more convenient premises at 29 Quai d'Anjou, Paris, (4e), to which all correspondence intended for the main editorial staff should be addressed, addresses in New York and London remaining as before.

CHRONIQUES

II

LETTRE DE PARIS

Paris : Autumn-Early Winter, 1923-24.

Cette tour Eiffel qui à la longue est devenue la marque de fabrique de Paris est utilisée aujourd'hui comme conscience de la France entière. Nous savons grâce à elle le temps qu'il fait à Carpentras, le dernier crime de Bordeaux et l'on nous apprend que Victor Hugo est un grand homme. Je me promenais il y a quelques jours sur les quais et je discutais gravement avec un homme âgé, de la situation économique de l'Empire allemand, quand tout à coup une voix monstrueuse se fit entendre, voix comparable à celle de ces ogres fabuleux que ma nourrice inventait pour moi : « Pasteur, criait-on, Pasteur a prolongé la vie humaine. » C'était un « haut-parleur » dans un café qui reproduisait le discours d'un professeur à l'Université de Santiago. Des ouvriers maçons tout en sifflant une ou deux chopines de blanc et en cassant la croûte écoutaient avec intérêt les louanges du savant popularisé par les timbres poste. J'entrais dans ce petit « bistro » et j'écoutais. On annonça un poème à la gloire du grand homme récité par Madame Lucie-Delarue-Mardrus. Les maçons écoutaient encore. Ils ne se gênaient pas, cependant, pour commenter le poème et l'un d'eux éclata brusquement : « Assez... etc... » Le poème était trop long. Ils parlèrent d'autre chose. Il s'agissait du salon de l'Automobile.

J'abandonnais ce café dont les habitués me semblaient si hostiles à cette poésie dont je suis moi aussi un des messagers. Je dis adieu à mon ami. En me serrant la main il voulut encore une fois prophétiser : « Le franc va « baisser » encore... vous verrez. » La Tour Eiffel répondit : « Cours des sucres... » Je baissais la tête. Il faisait froid et le vent organisait la bataille des feuilles mortes. Le soleil las et fébrile glissait lentement entre les nuages : je pensais, en regardant flotter sur la Seine de pâles rayons, à une chanson très sentimentale.

L'Automne de Paris n'est qu'un paradoxe, c'est l'époque où les jeunes gens se marient, où les enfants naissent en plus grand nombre, où les peintres commencent leurs tableaux,

où les poètes écrivent leurs meilleurs poèmes. C'est la saison des salons-expositions : celui de l'automobile est le dernier où l'on étouffe, celui de l'Automne le dernier où l'on expose de la mauvaise peinture, le dernier où l'on mange. Je n'oublie pas les salons littéraires qui n'existent plus mais qu'on essaie chaque année à l'automne de ressusciter. Quelques littérateurs pour se distraire désirent s'entendre et se voir, mais ils disent tant de mal les uns des autres et réciproquement qu'ils se séparent fâchés pour toute une année, jusqu'à l'automne suivant. Ces salons me font toujours souvenir d'un sport desuet qui était encore à la mode lorsque j'étais enfant : le croquet. Il était impossible de faire une partie sans se disputer : tout le monde trichait et chaque adversaire accusait son partenaire de tricher trop manifestement.

C'est aussi la saison où l'on inaugure chaque soir un nouveau théâtre, un nouveau monument ; où chaque concert annonce un nouveau chef d'orchestre, une première audition.

Les feuilles tombent comme des lettres d'amour puisque c'est aussi la saison où les amants ressuscite leur serment, puisque c'est l'époque des fiancés.

Blaise Cendrars a choisi l'automne pour organiser un ballet intitulé la *Creation au Monde*. Des danseurs suédois pour la plupart jouaient à cache tampon, imitaient les éléphants et les mammouths. Préhistoire, Blaise Cendrars qui est un poète-voyageur puisqu'il possède des souvenirs de tous les continents, collections de vers datés de New-York, de Vladivostok et d'ailleurs veut aussi parcourir le temps et délaisse l'espace. Après avoir écrit ce film étrange et étrangement comique, la *Fin du Monde* où Dieu le père, assis devant son bureau et fumant un gros cigare, organise une grande tournée sur la terre, Cendrars réunit les danseurs et médite sur la création. C'est le poète du mouvement, du choc en retour et de la foule. Il n'aime plus l'automne de Paris : il s'enfuit chaque année comme les oiseaux migrateurs pour un de ces pays dont on ne connaît même pas le nom. Il va partir, j'en suis sûr, tout à l'heure.

Tandis que je regarde couler la Seine sous un pont, le soir tombe très lentement. Je poursuis mon chemin. Les quais sont des couloirs où le vent pousse les promeneurs dans le dos où le froid est un remords. Je croise une petite rue, la plus petite peut-être de Paris : elle se nomme la rue Berton. A cette heure elle est absolument déserte. Un antique lampadère éclaire le pavé et un long mur derrière lequel il se passe quelque chose de mystérieux. Une petite pancarte annonce des « pieux explosifs ». On entend de minute en minute un coup de canon puis un très long gémissement. On construit une immense maison, à ce qu'il semble. La rue Berton conduit devant une grille. On aperçoit à travers les barreaux, à travers le soir un château si calme qu'on imagine aussitôt que le propriétaire est un sourd-muet. Je tire sur la chaîne d'une cloche qui ne répond pas à mon appel. Je passe mon chemin avec discrétion. La rue Berton devient de plus en plus étroite, de plus en plus sombre de plus

en plus froide. Elle tourne à angle droit. Un ruisseau au centre fait un bruit de source.

C'est à cet endroit qu'elle passe devant la maison de Balzac. C'est un pélerinage charmant. Un âne brait dans une cour, une poule frileuse se glisse dans un poulailler. Je grimpe l'escalier de bois : c'est celui que Balzac descendait en toute hâte pour fuir des créanciers tenaces.

Avant la nuit je veux revoir le petit jardin mi-sauvage, mi-cultivé où le lierre pudiquement voile une Vénus de plâtre. Je regarde l'hôtel de Lamballe que Balzac admirait tant. Mais il fait trop froid et je me réfugie dans le cabinet de travail. Il fait presque nuit et je puis imaginer aisément un fantôme. Balzac me reçoit. Il me parle de ses projets, de sesachats futurs. Sur le mur à droite, près de la fenêtre, un cadre vide. « Ici, fait-il, il y aura un Rembrandt... A gauche un crucifix espagnol... » Mais le fantôme me pousse dehors : il faut le laisser travailler. Je m'en vais, craintif, respectueux. Il est tard.

Paris est engourdi. C'est l'heure où chacun rentre chez soi : les uns pour dîner, les autres pour s'habiller. Tout à l'heure Paris va s'allumer comme un grand phare.

De la terrasse du petit jardin, je puis apercevoir dans les salons, sur les trottoirs, les fantômes élégants de Lucien de Rubempré, de Rastignac ou de d'Arthez. Ils portent tous d'autres noms mais leurs ambitions sont restées les mêmes.

C'est dans cette même maison faite cependant pour le silence et pour le travail que les plus turbulents des littérateurs se sont réunis pour fêter le « jubilé » de M. Paul Bourget de l'Académie française, ou plus exactement les noces d'or de cet écrivain et de la littérature.

D'excellents vieillards ont prononcé des discours et couverts de fleurs l'auteur de *Lazarine*. Puis, un brave homme a offert à M. Bourget une médaille d'or ou de bronze. Espérons que ce jubilé sera unique car nous risquerions d'entendre parler chaque jour d'un autre jubilé. Et bientôt, sur les cartes de visites de nos académiciens, on pourrait lire des mentions de cette sorte : "Trois médailles d'or, hors concours, membre du jury" comme sur les prospectus des grands épiciers. On avait, ô ironie, choisi pour cette cérémonie, la maison de Balzac sous prétexte que l'illustre académicien est un balzacien fervent, mais on a oublié que Balzac qui aimait aussi la littérature et qui en est mort, n'a jamais été d'aucune académie, qu'il ne fut jamais honoré de son vivant et que ses visiteurs les plus assidus étaient les créanciers qui ne songèrent pas à lui offrir des médailles d'or, mais seulement des factures et des exploits d'huissiers.

Une voix d'outre-tombe, ce n'était pas celle de Balzac, s'éleva cependant pour inviter les bons amis à un peu de décence. Ce fut celle de Maurice Barrès : « Bourget professe qu'il veut défaire l'œuvre de la Révolution. C'est son idée, mais je ne la vois pas très persuasive, ni même très armée dans ces livres. » Voici le « professeur d'énergie » qui réclame un peu plus de modestie. Jusqu'à la fin de sa vie, Barrès, nous apprit quelque

chose. Cette louange est en même temps une critique. Il enseigna toujours mais ne sut jamais nous émouvoir. Il faudrait étudier plus longuement l'histoire de l'influence réelle plus que bienfaisante que cet anarchiste rangé sut exercer. Mais ce n'est ni le lieu ni l'heure. Barrès qu'on s'était habitué à croire uniquement académicien et parlementaire n'était qu'un anarchiste utilitaire. On n'oublie qu'à une époque, il fit scandale et que les gens « comme il faut » refusaient de le recevoir. Mais plus habile, il sut attendre et le succès aidant, il fut « reçu » et accueilli. Il n'avait cependant pas changé, ni physiquement ni moralement. Cet « ennemi des lois » ne professait aucun respect. Un de ces collègues de l'Académie me racontait quelques jours avant sa mort qu'il ne venait à l'Académie que pour demander quelque chose. Il demandait toujours et ne donnait jamais. Il ne savait pas aimer. C'est peut être là, l'explication de son attitude féroce pendant la guerre, c'est aussi la raison pour laquelle il ne pouvait comprendre les jeunes gens. Je crois même qu'il les détestait.

Il n'en est pas moins vrai qu'il fut un grand écrivain et un cerveau « remarquablement organisé ». Et si l'on avait songé un jour à fêter « ses noces d'or » (ce qu'il n'aurait sans doute jamais permis), il aurait fallu choisir la maison de Balzac ou celle de Stendhal, car il fut un de ces héros, un de ces acteurs de la *Comédie Humaine* ou de *Le Rouge et le Noir*, par cette exceptionnelle volonté, cette froideur romanesque et cette certitude.

A notre tour, puisque nous sommes nous aussi cruels, ne pourrions-nous pas lui dédier cette exclamation : « qualis artifex pereo ! »

Secouons toute cette cendre et promenons-nous encore dans ce Paris de 1923-4 qui cache tant de choses divertissantes. Un scandale vient en effet d'éclater à Montparnasse. Dans ce café de la Rotonde, à la lumière dorée, dans l'établissement concurrent, le Dôme qui lui projette une lumière blanche, les peintres et leurs modèles s'agitent, cassent des verres qu'ils ne paient pas, discutent jusqu'à une heure avancée de la nuit.

Le comité de l'Exposition des Indépendants (ce titre devient ironique) a pris une décision tout au moins regrettable. Dans une des dernières séances, il a été décidé que les peintres, sculpteurs et architectes étrangers seraient séparés de leurs amis et collègues français et parqués dans des salles spéciales. O Indépendance, que de crimes l'on commet en ton nom. Cette mesure draconienne a provoqué des chemins unis retentissants. Celle notamment du peintre Fernand Léger. Cette démission a entraîné à son tour des protestateurs et tout un groupe imposant et par le nombre et par la célébrité a spontanément déclaré qu'il n'exposerait plus au Salon des Indépendants. C'est justice. Il est en effet inadmissible que l'*Association des Artistes indépendants* qui, jusqu'à présent, n'admettait ni jury ni examen, réclame des passeports et des sauf-conduits. Où le nationalisme va-t-il se cacher ? Il faut souhaiter qu'une autre association

se crée sous le titre de groupement des artistes *absolument* indépendants. Nous aurons ainsi un salon de plus.

Montparnasse s'agite et des groupes se forment au *petit Napolitain* et dans ce nouveau cabaret tenu par un américain mélomane, un de ces « ambassadeurs » dont Henry James a fait le portrait, *le Jockey*. C'est un endroit non seulement fort amusant, mais intéressant. Nous pouvons y assister à l'union de l'esprit américain et de l'esprit français. Au son des rags et des chants, on danse sans frénésie mais non sans grace : l'alcool coule avec abondance et on sent toujours une cordialité de bon aloi. On parle beaucoup et sans méchanceté. Tout est tempéré, simple, correct. Lorsqu'un des hôtes se sent fléchir il se hâte de quitter sa table et va se soigner ailleurs. Il y a un grand effort doublé d'une très bonne volonté pour se comprendre et se conseiller.L'atmosphère des restaurants .et des cafés russes qui sont chaque jour plus nombreux à Paris, est absolument différente. Les convives sont surtout des spectateurs et chacun observe son voisin, le garçon ou le pianiste. Il n'y a pas de pénétration. Le spectacle est trop étrange peut-être, les serviteurs trop obséquieux, les attractions trop violentes, on ne sait. Ceux qui fréquentent ces établissements, sont dépaysés. Ils ressemblent à des voyageurs qui, un guide à la main, veulent s'instruire. Et ils boivent de la vodka, croquent des bonbons à la crême, dégustent des soupes à la crême, des légumes à la crème et des pâtisseries (tartes ou beignets) à la crême.

De grandes ombres passent : les russes ne sont pas des ambassadeurs, mais des exilés. C'est là que nous retrouvons les amis de nos amis et les visages fatigués des nocturnes. Ils s'en iront bientôt pour les pays trop connus, pour des cafés habituels. Quelques-uns s'endormiront avec désespoir. Et Paris s'éteindra au lever du jour, dans le froid. Les voitures de maraîchers semeront sur la pavé des carottes ou des choux. On apporte des journaux. C'est le lendemain .

Philippe Soupault.

COMMUNICATIONS

We have several communications from Readers, two of them interesting in themselves but couched in language so extreme that we cannot print them in full. As to the publishing of the one immediately below we were in some hesitation on the score of the dignity of this Organ. But, remembering the pamphlet in the British Museum Library on *The Insomnia of Shakespeare, its Causes and Cure*, by the distinguished Professor Hirnrot, then if we remember aright, of Tuebingen, we venture on the publication. That which is not below the consideration of our masters cannot be too ignoble for ourselves.

Hôtel de Blois,
rue Vavin.
31st Cec. 1924.

The Editor,
The Transatlantic Review

The dread disease of Sleeplessness is mitigable, if not curable by the following means of a purely literary nature. I have put myself to sleep for the last twenty five years by doing no more than analyse the vowel sounds, or the mere vowels and consonants, in verse that I had by heart. I was advised to do this many years ago by an author I met at a literary gathering. The proceeding sounds more formidable than it really is; indeed the more difficult the practiser finds the essay the sooner will he sleep. It may also have its literary uses, tho' I do not know what they are; the most elaborate and lengthy analyses that I have made shewing nothing more than that, whereas the letter "e" is of most frequent occurrence in English verse its supremacy will now and then be challenged by "t": or that, whereas about twenty eight out of every hundred vowel sounds that we pronounce are actually the muted "e's" of horri*ble* for which no printer's letter exists and which is of itself a provincialism grown universal, of official vowel sounds actually used about twenty two per cent are the short "i" sounds that will be heard when we pronounce the words "city" or even "*be*fore."

The method is as follows. You retire to rest taking care by one means or another to assure a comfortable warmness in your feet. You then call to mind and repeat once or twice

about a hundred syllables of verse, the more flowing and sonorous the better ; (I have for the last month been analysing the vowel sounds of the *Walrus and the Carpenter*.) You go over the verses a number of times, with some nicety distinguishing between the all-pervading neutral sound heard twice in Carpenter thus : Cahp^{o}nt^{o}, from the true short "e" sound of "bed" or from the true "ur" sound of "heard". Your verse will by then appear as

"Th^{o} wawlr^{o}s ^{o}nd th^{o} Cahp^{o}nt^{o}
W^{o} wawking hand in hand,
Thay wept like ennything tu see
Such quontitis ^{o}v sand.
'If it w^{o}r only swept ^{o}way'
Thay sed, 'it wood be grand !' "

You will then score your achievement, finding, after many failures during which you will fall asleep that, in the six lines there are employed ten "o's", one real "a", seven short "i's" and so on.

Should in your judgment your readers manifest sufficient interest in this quite sincerely meant prescription I will in a future letter give rules for scoring, contenting myself with saying that the best method is that employed in golf and known as "four over threes."

G. Eckhoud. Ph.D.

Morals & Customs.

We have tried our correspondent's prescription several times since coming across his letter and have found it reasonably efficacious during a period of mild sleeplessness due to overwork. We doubt however whether it would prove sovran against such excitement as is manifested by our correspondent who writes us a too libellous letter under the title given in the cross heading above. The letter—which is signed "Foreigner"—begins with the Question : "Is your hated and disgusting country, then, as hypocritical as is the United States ?" —a question we find hard to answer. But the larger question raised seems to be of serious import and to us and our supporters more than to another. It is simply that of the rights of H.M. Customs Service to seize without reason given, or at the arbitrary allegation of obscenity by the merest subordinate official, any work of letters that may be sent or brought from abroad into the United Kingdoms. In the case of which our correspondent complains the whole English edition of an exceedingly costly work—our correspondent stating the value to be forty pounds sterling per copy and the number of copies five hundred, the total value being thus twenty thousand pounds—is alleged to have been seized by the customs officials of a certain British port. These officials are stated by our correspondent to have refused to return the copies to their country of origin and to

have threatened their owner with a criminal prosecution if he persisted in his claim. If true, this is a very serious allegation. We are aware that stoppages of books and even of newspapers at the hands of the Customs Service are not infrequent and in at least one instance investigated by ourselves some years ago the motive for the seizure was purely political, the Customs seizing all the copies of a very weighty foreign journal on the grounds that it contained a short report of a divorce case or something of the sort. But that property of relatively immense commercial value should be seized by the officials of a very small port and the owner threatened with prosecution if he made a request to have them returned to him outside the jurisdiction of the Crown, the extremely valuable and easily negotiable property thus remaining in the hands of local officials—this seems to establish a new precedent and a very serious one. Interested as we are—for our political opinions are not likely to make us beloved by any party of the British State and any custom-house official is capable of reading something obscene into the word "ov"—we are making enquiries of our own through the usual official channels. In the meantime we should be glad if readers would inform us of any experiences of their own at the hands of the Customs Service.

Another matter as to which we should be glad to hear of our readers' experiences is that of review-copies of books. A correspondent—again his letter seems to us to be too forcible to print—states that he was requested to review certain volumes by a paper for which he was not accustomed to write. He wrote his review and then received a request to return the volumes to the periodical that had asked for the review. On his refusing great pressure—some of it, if the allegation is true, of a singularly odious type—was put upon him to make him return the books. In the course of the correspondence which has been submitted to us the literary editor of the periodical makes the statement that the greatest—or one of the greatest of the literary periodicals of the day now makes it a practice to demand all review copies back from its reviewers. This seems almost incredible. From the point of view of writers the practice seems particularly odious. Authors—and no doubt publishers—are resigned to the serious tax that the sending out of review copies makes upon profits and royalties. But most authors are resigned to the idea that the reviewer, the worst paid of all skilled labourers—of all unskilled labourers for the matter of that !—should add a little to his budget by the sale of the books that he has reviewed. One is even resigned to the idea that a literary editor should add to his income by the sale of copies of books that never get reviewed at all. We knew one editor who paid for all his week-ends at his country cottage by taking a cabful of unreviewed books to what in those days was Holywell Street. Looking back on our own

career we find that, at trade prices and to one journal alone we must have contributed over thirty-seven pounds worth of printed matter saleable to purchasers of review copies. From that journal we have never, until quite lately, received anything but the shortest and the most contemptuous notice. That is the luck of the game: if the sniffing reviewer bought with the proceeds a bottle of port or so and so regarded more genially his next subject—why that is two lucks against one ill-luck. But that it should be becoming the custom that immense and wealthy commerical enterprises should receive thousands of books, few indeed of which receive any notice at all and should then by pressure more or less odious force its servants to give up what by extremely ancient custom is their acknowledged right — that seems to us to be a very serious matter and one with which authors as a body should deal. On enquiry amongst our own staff we find that the practice of reputable English journals in this matter is, if they require say a scientific volume for their staff library, to ask the reviewer if he would care to return the work as against payment at the usual—Holywell Street—rate. That seems entirely unobjectionable.

As to our final Communication we can only ask is not A 1/44 not really—if we may permit ourselves the locution—pulling Mr. Chaucer's leg? Or is it possible that our "hated and disgusting country" really *is* as hypocritical as... oh, say all *that*!

Woodfold
Cowbury
24 Dec. 1923.

The Editor,
The Transatlantic Review.

Dear Sir,

Your contributor, Mr. Chaucer, quotes from a correspondent, a list of edifying books deemed appropriate for the use of prisoners. My own experience was very little better. Usually the librarian at Wormwood Scrubbs left me one or other of the highly moral works of the late Mr. Charles Garvice. Once he brought me a novel by Miss Edna Lyall written in defence of Christianity and containing a most intriguing picture of the villain, Bradlaugh. Besides these I had the Bible and the Prayerbook, which, between them, made me an atheist: and I read works by certain of your contributors. At last, after applying for months in vain, I secured a huge volume of "*Shakespeare's Works*. But the Reforming Spirit had been before me. Someone had removed, with a pair of scissors, the scene in which Falstaff and his companions commit a felony on Gad's Hill.

Yours truly
$\frac{\text{AI}}{44}$

Romance : an Analysis. (1)

Below will be found the analysis of *Romance* by Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Hueffer, a collaboration that has stood its ground better than most collaborations and as to which a curiosity, partly no doubt legitimate, has been rather widely expressed. Any student of literature with an ear for prose will hardly need these underlinings, for Mr. Conrad's definitenesses of statement stand out amongst his collaborator's more English keyings down so that when one of his half sentence bursts into the no doubt suaver prose of the other it is as if the page comes to life and speaks.

Every collaboration is no doubt a contest of temperaments if it be at all thoroughly carried out ; and this collaboration was carried out so thoroughly that, even when the book came to the proof stage, the original publishers, half way through the printing, sent the M.S. back to the authors. They were still making innumerable corrections.

Originally conceived, in the attempt to convey realistically a real story of adventure recorded in a State Trial, as the thin tale of a very old man —and this before the question of collaboration arose—the book contains of its first version only the two opening sentences—and the single other sentence : "And, looking back, we see Romance !" In between lay to say the least of it almost unbelievable labours—a contest of attrition lasting over several years. For insofar as this collaboration was a contest of wills it was a very friendly one ; yet it was the continual attempt on the part of the one collaborator to key up and of the other to key down. And so exhausting was the contest that in the course of the years two definite breakdowns occurred. In the first the robuster writer let the book called the *Inheritors* just go and it remains a monument as it were of silverpoint, delicacies and allusiveness. The second breakdown is recorded in the Fourth Part of *Romance*, sketches for which were written over and over—and then over—again, until the weaker brother, in absolute exhaustion, in turn let it go at that. So, to mark those breaking points, you have the silver-point of the *Inheritors* set against the, let us say, oil-painting of this matchless Fourth Part.

The Nature of a Crime should have become a novel treating of the eternal subject of the undetected criminal—a theme which every writer for once or twice in his life at least contemplates in a world in which the fortunate are so very often the merely not found out. The courage of few writers carries them even beyond the contemplation ; in this case the joint courages of the authors went as far as what you may read.

The passage from the Fifth Part of *Romance* printed below contains the "famous sentence" as to which Mr. Conrad in our last number wrote : "We both exclaimed : 'This is genius'."

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(1) **Joseph Conrad, in Roman ; F. M. Hueffer, in *Italics*.**

The writer will give, by way of souvenir, a small prize—say a copy of *Romance* !—to any reader who shall first identify this sentence—or more properly, this phrase.

Part One : Chapter One.

To yesterday and today I say my polite "vaya usted con dios". What are these days to me ? But that far-off day of my romance, when from between *the blue and white bales in Don Ramon's darkened storeroom, at Kingston*, I saw the door open before the figure of *an old man with the tired, long, white face*, that day I am not likely to forget. I remember *the chilly smell of the typical West Indian store*, the indescribable *smell of damp gloom, of locos, of pimento, of olive oil, of new sugar, of new rum* ; *the glassy double sheen of Ramon's great spectacles, the piercing eyes in the mahogany face*, while the tap, tap, tap of a cane on the flags went on behind the inner door ; *the click of the latch* ; *the stream of light*. The door, petulantly thrust inwards, struck against some barrels. I remember the rattling of the bolts on that door, and *the tall figure* that appeared there, *snuff-box in hand. In that land of white clothes that precise, ancient, Castilian in black was something to remember. The black cane that had made the tap, tap, tap dangled by a silken cord from the hand whose delicate blue-veined, wrinkled wrist ran back into a foam of lawn ruffles*. The other hand paused in the act of conveying a pinch of snuff to the nostrils of the *hooked nose that had, on the skin stretched tight over the bridge, the polish of old ivory* ; *the elbow pressing the black cocked hat against the side* ; *the legs, one bent, the other bowing a little back*—this was the attitude of Seraphina's father.

Having imperiously thrust the door of the inner room open, he remained immovable, with no intention of entering, and called in a harsh, aged voice : "Senor Ramon. Senor Ramon." and then twice : "Seraphina. Seraphina." turning his head back.

Then for the first time I saw Seraphina, looking over her father's shoulder. I remember her face of that day ; *her eyes were grey—the grey of black, not of blue. For a moment they looked me straight in the face, reflectively, unconcerned, and then travelled to the spectacles of old Ramon*.

This glance—remember I was young on that day—had been enough to set me wondering what they were thinking of me ; what they could have seen of me.

"But there he is your Senor Ramon," she said to her father, *as if she were chiding him for a petulance in calling* ; "your sight is not very good, my poor little father—there he is, your Ramon."

The warm reflection of the light behind her, gilding the curve of her face from ear to chin, lost itself in the shadows of black lace falling from dark hair that was not quite black. She spoke

as if the words clung to her lips ; as if she had to put them forth delicately for fear of damaging the frail things.

Part One : Chapter Five.

Macdonald cleared his throat, with a sound resembling the coughing of a defective pump, and a mere trickle of a voice asked :

"*Hwhat evidence have ye of identitee ?*"

I hadn't any at all and began to finger my buttonholes as shamefaced as a pauper before a Board. The certitude dawned upon me suddenly that Carlos, even if he would consent to swear to me would prejudice my chances.

I cannot help thinking that *I came very near to being cast adrift upon the streets of Kingston. To my asseverations Macdonald returned nothing but a series of minute "humblhs." I don't know what overcame his scruples ; he had shown no signs of yielding, but suddenly turning on his heel* made a motion with one of his flabby white hands. I understood it to mean that I was to follow him aft.

The decks were covered with a jabbering turmoil of negree with muscular arms and brawny shoulders. All their shining faces seemed to be momentarily gashed open to show rows of white, and were spotted with inlaid eyeballs. The sounds coming from them were a bewildering noise. They were hauling baggage about aimlessly. *A large soft bundle of bedding nearly took me off my legs.* There wasn't room for emotion. Macdonald laid about him with the handle of the umbrella a few inches from the deck ; but the passage that he made for himself closed behind him.

Suddenly in the pushing and hurrying. I came upon a little clear space beside a pile of boxes. Stooping over them was the angular figure of Nichols, the second mate. He looked up at me, screwing his yellow eyes together.

"*Going ashore,*" *he asked, "long of that Puffing Billy ?*"

"What business is it of yours ?" I mumbled sulkily.

Sudden and intense threatening came into his yellow *eyes.*

"*Don't you ever come to* you know where," *he said ; I don't want no spies on what I do. There's a man there'll crack your little backbone if he catches you. Don't yeh come now. Never.*"

Part Four : Chapter One.

In my anxiety to keep clear of the schooner which, for all I know to this day, may not have been there at all, I had come too close to the sand, so close that I heard soft, rapid footfalls stop short in the fog. A voice to be asking me in a whisper :

"Where, oh, where ?"

Another cried out irresistibly, "I see it."

It was a subdued cry, as if hushed in awe.

My arm swung to and fro ; the turn of my wrist went on imparting the propelling motion of the oar. All the rest of my body was gripped helplessly in the dead expectation of the end, as if in the benumbing seconds of a fall from a towering height. And it was swift, too. I felt a draft at the back of my neck.—a breath of wind. And instantly, as if a battering ram had been let swing past me at many layers of stretched gauze, I beheld, through a tattered deep hole in the fog a roaring vision of flames, borne down and swimming up again ; a dance of purple gleams on the strip of unveiled water, and three coal black figures in the light.

One of them stood high on lank black legs, with long black arms thrown up stiffly above the black shape of a hat. The two others crouched low on the very edge of the water, peering as if from an ambush.

The clearness of this vision was contained by a thick and a fiery atmosphere, into which a soft white rush and swirl of fog fell like a sudden whirl of snow. It closed down and overwhelmed at once the tall flutter of the flames, the black figures, the purple gleams playing round my oar. The hot glare had struck my eyeballs once, and that melted away again into the old, fiery stain on the mended fabric of the fog. But the attitudes of the crouching men left no room for doubt that we had been seen. I expected a sudden uplifting of voices on the shore, answered by cries from the sea, and I screamed excitedly at Castro to lay hold of his car.

He did not stir, and after my shouts, which must have fallen on the scared ears with a wierd and unearthly note, a profound silence attended us—the silence of a superstitious fear : And, instead of howls, I heard, before the boat had travelled its own short length, a voice that seemed to be the voice of fear itself asking, "Did you hear that ?" and a trembling mutter of an invocation to all the saints. Then a strangled throat trying to pronounce firmly, "The soule of the dead Inglez. Crying from pain."

Admiral Rowley's seamen, so miserably thrown away in the ill-conceived attack on the bay, were making a ghostly escort to our escape. Those dead boats'—crews were supposed to haunt the fatal spot, after the manner of spectres that linger in remorse, regret, or revenge, about the gates of departure. I had blundered ; the fog, breaking apart, had betrayed us. But my obscure and vanquished country-men held possession of the outlet by memory of their courage. In this critical moment it was they, I may say, who stood by us.

We, on our part, must have been disclosed, dark, indistinct utterly inexplicable ; completely unexpected ; an apparition of stealthy shades. The painful voice in the fog said :

"Let them be. Answer not. They shall pass on, for none of them died on the shore—all in the water. Yes, all in the water.

Part Five : Chapter One.

"Why have I been brought here your worships ?" I asked with a great deal of firmness.

There were two figures in black, the one beside, the other behind a large black table. I was placed in front of them between two dirty soldiers, in the centre of a large, gaunt room, with bare, dirty walls, and the arms of Spain above the judge's seat.

"You are before the Juez de la Primiera Instanzia," said the man in black beside the table. He wore a large and shadowy tricorn. "Be silent, and respect the procedure."

It was, without doubt, excellent advice. *He whispered some words in the ear of the Judge of the First Instance. It was plain enough to me that the Judge was quite an inferior official, who merely decided whether there was any case against the accused* ; he had, even to his clerk, an air of timidity, of doubt.

I said : "But I insist on knowing..."

The clerk said : "In good time..." And then, in the same tone of disinterested official routine, *he spoke to the Lugareño, who, from beside the door*, rolled very frightened eyes *from the judges and the clerk to myself and the soldiers*—"Advance."

The judge, in a hurried, perfunctory voice, put questions to the Lugareño ; the clerk scratched with a large quill on a sheet of paper.

"Where do you come from ?"

"The town of Rio Medio, excellency."

"Of what occupation ?"

"Excellency—a few goats..."

"Why are you here ?"

"My daughter, excellency, married Pepe of the posada in the Calle..."

The judge said, "Yes, yes," with an unsanguine impatience. The Lugareño's dirty hands jumped nervously on the large rim of his limp hat.

"You lodge a complaint against the senor there."

The clerk pointed the end of his quill towards me.

"I ? God forbid, excellency," the Lugareño bleated. The Alguazil of the Criminal Court instructed me to be watchful..."

Part Five : The End.

A long time after a harsh voice said :

"Your excellency, we retire, of course, from the prosecution."

A different one directed :

"Gentlemen of the jury you will return a verdict of 'Not Guilty'..."

Down below they were cheering uproariously because my life was saved. But it was I that had to face my saved life. I sat there my head bowed into my hands. The old judge was speaking to me in a tone of lofty compassion :

"You have suffered much, as it seems, but suffering is the lot of us men. Rejoice now that your character is cleared ; that here

in this public place you have received the verdict of your countrymen that restores you to the liberties of our country and the affection of your kindred. I rejoice with you who am a very old man at the end of my life..."

It was rather tremendous, his deep voice, his weighted words. Suffering is the lot of us men... The formidable legal array, the great powers of a nation, had stood up to teach me that, and they had taught me that—suffering is the lot of us men!

. . . . . .

It takes long enough to realise that someone is dead at a distance. I had done that. But how long, how long it needs to know that the life of your heart has come back from the dead. For years afterwards I could not bear to have her out of my sight.

Of our first meeting in London all I can remember is a speechlessness that was like the awed hesitation of our overtried souls before the greatness of a change from the verge of despair to the opening of a supreme joy. The whole world, the whole of life, with her return had changed all around me; it enveloped me, it enfolded me so lightly as not to be felt, so suddenly as not to be believed in, so completely that that whole meeting was an embrace, so softly that at last it lapsed into a sense of rest that was like the fall of a beneficent and welcome death.

For suffering is the lot of man, but not inevitable failure or worthless despair which is without end—suffering, the mark of manhood, which bears within its pain a hope of felicity like a jewel set in iron...

Her first words were:

"You broke our compact. You went away from me whilst I was sleeping." Only the deepness of her reproach revealed the depth of her love, and the suffering she too had endured to reach a union that was to be without end—and to forgive.

And, looking back, we see Romance—that subtle thing that is mirage—that is life. It is the goodness of the years we have lived through, of the old time when we did this or that, when we dwelt here or there. Looking back it seems a wonderful enough thing that I who am this and she who is that, commencing so far away a life that, after such sufferings borne together and apart, ended so tranquilly there in a world so stable—that she and I should have passed through so much, good chance and evil chance, sad hours and joyful, all lived down and swept away into the little heap of dust that is life. That, too, is Romance.

SOME DO NOT

A Novel.

by Ford Madox Ford

II

Mrs. Satterthwaite with her French maid, her priest, and her disreputable young man, Mr. Bayliss, were at Lobscheid, an unknown and little-frequented air resort amongst the pine-woods of the Taunus. Mrs. Satterthwaite was ultra-fashionable and consummately indifferent—she only really lost her temper if at her table and under her nose you consumed her famous Black Hamburg grapes without taking their skin and all. Father Consett was out to have an uproarious good time during his three weeks' holiday from the slums of Liverpool; Mr. Bayliss, thin like a skeleton in tight blue serge, golden haired and pink, was so nearly dead of tuberculosis, was so dead penniless, and of tastes so costly that he was ready to keep stone quiet, drink six pints of milk a day and behave himself. On the face of it he was there to write the letters of Mrs. Satterthwaite, but the lady never let him enter her private rooms for fear of infection. He had to content himself with nursing a growing adoration for Father Consett. This priest, with an enormous mouth, high cheek bones, untidy black hair, a broad face that never looked too clean and waving hands that always looked too dirty, never kept still for a moment, and had a brogue such as is seldom heard outside old-fashioned English novels of Irish life. He had a perpetual laugh like the noise made by a steam roundabout. He was, in short, a saint, and Mr. Bayliss knew it, though he didn't know how. Ultimately and with the financial assistance of Mrs. Satterthwaite, Mr. Bayliss became almoner to Father Consett, adopted the rule of St. Vincent de Paul and wrote some very admirable, if decorative, devotional verse.

They proved thus a very happy, innocent party. For Mrs. Satterthwaite interested herself—it was the only interest she had—in handsome, thin and horribly disreputable young

men. She would wait for them, or send her car to wait for them, at the gaol gates. She would bring their usually admirable wardrobes up to date and give them enough money to have a good time. When contrary to all expectations—but it happened more often than not !—they turned out well, she was lazily pleased. Sometimes she sent them away to a gay spot with a priest who needed a holiday ; sometimes she had them down to her place in the west of England.

So they were a pleasant company and all very happy. Lobscheid contained one empty hotel with large verandahs and several square farmhouses, white with grey beams, painted in the gables with bouquets of blue and yellow flowers or with scarlet huntsmen shooting at purple stags. They were like gay cardboard boxes set down in fields of long grass ; then the pinewoods commenced and ran, solemn, brown and geometric for miles up and down hill. The peasant girls wore black velvet waistcoats, white bodices, innumerable petticoats and absurd parti-coloured headdresses of the shape and size of halfpenny buns. They walked about in rows of four to six abreast, with a slow step, protruding white-stockinged feet in dancing pumps, their headdresses nodding solemnly ; young men in blue blouses, knee-breeches and, on Sundays, in threecornered hats, followed behind singing part-songs.

The French maid—whom Mrs. Satterthwaite had borrowed from the Duchesse de Carbon Chateaulherault in exchange for her own maid—was at first inclined to find the place *maussade*. But getting up a tremendous love affair with a fine, tall, blonde young fellow, who included a gun, a gold-mounted hunting knife as long as his arm, a light, grey-green uniform, with gilt badges and buttons, she was reconciled to her lot. When the young Forster tried to shoot her—"*et pour cause*," as she said—she was ravished and Mrs. Satterthwaite lazily amused.

They were sitting playing bridge in the large, shadowy dining-hall of the hotel : Mrs. Satterthwaite, Father Consett, Mr. Bayliss. A young blonde sub-lieutenant of great obsequiousness who was there as a last chance for his right lung and his career, and the bearded Kur-doctor cut in. Father Consett, breathing heavily and looking frequently at his watch, played very fast, exclaiming : "Hurry up now ; it's nearly twelve. Hurry up wid ye ?" Mr. Bayliss being dummy, the Father exclaimed : "Three, no trumps ; I've to make. Get me me whisky and soda quick, and don't drown it as ye did the last." He played his hand with extreme rapidity, threw down his last three cards, exclaimed : "Ach ! Botheranouns an' all ; I'm two down and I've revoked on the top av it," swallowed down his whisky and soda, looked at his watch and exclaimed : "Done it to the minute ! Here, doctor, take my hand and finish the rubber." He was to take the mass next day for the local priest, and mass must be said fasting from midnight, and without cards played. Bridge was his only passion ; a fortnight every

year was what, in his worn-out life, he got of it. On his holiday he rose at ten. At eleven it was: "A four for the Father." From two to four they walked in the forest. At five it was: "A four for the Father." At nine it was: "Father, aren't you coming to your bridge?" And Father Consett grinned all over his face and said: "It's good ye are to a poor ould soggart. It will be paid back to you in Heaven."

The other four played on solemnly. The Father sat himself down behind Mrs. Satterthwaite, his chin in the nape of her neck. At excruciating moments he gripped her shoulders, exclaimed: "Play the *queen*, woman!" and breathed hard down her back. Mrs. Satterthwaite would play the two of diamonds, and the Father, throwing himself back, would groan. She said over her shoulder:

"I want to talk to you to-night, Father," took the last trick of the rubber, collected 17 marks 50 from the doctor and 8 marks from the unter-leutenant. The doctor exclaimed:

"You gan't dake that immense sum from us and then ko off. Now we shall be ropped py Herr Payliss at gutt-throat!"

She drifted, all shadowy black silk, across the shadows of the dining-hall, dropping her winnings into her black satin vanity bag and attended by the priest. Outside the door, beneath the antlers of a royal stag, in an atmosphere of paraffin lamps and varnished pitch-pine, she said:

"Come up to my sitting-room. The prodigal's returned. Sylvia's here."

The Father said:

"I thought I saw her out of the corner of my eye in the bus after dinner. She'll be going back to her husband. It's a poor world."

"She's a wicked devil!" Mrs. Satterthwaite said.

"I've known her myself since she was nine," Father Consett said, "and it's little I've seen in her to hold up to the commendation of my flock." He added: "But maybe i'm made unjust by the shock of it."

They climbed the stairs slowly.

Mrs. Satterthwaite sat herself on the edge of a cane chair She said:

"Well!"

She wore a black hat like a cart-wheel and her dresses appeared always to consist of a great many squares of silk, that might have been thrown on to her. Since she considered that her complexion, which was mat white, had gone slightly violet from twenty years of make up, when she was not made up—as she never was at Lobscheid — she wore bits of puce-coloured satin ribbon stuck here and there, partly to counteract the violet of her complexion, partly to show she was not in mourning. She was very tall and extremely emaciated; her dark eyes that had beneath them dark brown thumb-marks were very tired or very indifferent by turns.

Father Consett walked backwards and forwards, his hands behind his back, his head bent, over the not too well polished floor. There were two candles, lit but dim, in imitation pewter *nouvel art* candlesticks, rather dingy ; a sofa of cheap mahogany with red plush cushions and rests, a table covered with a cheap carpet and an American rolltop desk that had thrown into it a great many papers in scrolls or flat. Mrs. Satterthwaite was extremely indifferent to her surroundings, but she insisted on having a piece of furniture for her papers. She liked also to have a profusion of hot-house, not garden, flowers, but as there were none of these at Lobscheid she did without them. She insisted also, as a rule, on a comfortable chaise longue which she rarely, if ever, used ; but the German Empire of those days did not contain a comfortable chair, so she did without it, lying down on her bed when she was really tired. The walls of the large room were completely covered with pictures of animals in death agonies : capercailzies giving up the ghost with gouts of scarlet blood on the snow ; deer dying with their heads back and eyes glazing, gouts of red blood on their necks ; heads back and eyes glazing, gouts of red blood on their necks ; foxes dying with scarlet blood on green grass. These pictures were frame to frame, representing sport, the hotel having been a former Grand Ducal hunting-box, freshened to suit the taste of the day with varnished pitch-pine, bath-rooms, verandahs, and excessively modern but noisy lavatory arrangements which had been put in for the delight of possible English guests.

Mrs. Satterthwaite sat on the edge of her chair ; she had always the air of being just about to go out somewhere or of having just come in and being on the point of going to take her things off. She said :

"There's been a telegram waiting for her all the afternoon. I knew she was coming."

Father Consett said :

"I saw it in the rack myself. I misdoubted it." He added : "Oh dear, oh dear ! After all we've talked about it ; now it's come."

Mrs. Satterthwaite said :

"I've been a wicked woman myself as these things are measured but..."

Father Consett said :

"Ye have ! It's no doubt from you she gets it, for your husband was a good man. But one wicked woman is enough for my contemplation at a time. I'm no St. Antony... The young man says he will take her back ?"

"On conditions," Mrs. Satterthwaite said. "He is coming here to have an interview."

The priest said :

"Heaven knows, Mrs. Satterthwaite, there are times when to a poor priest the rule of the Church as regards marriage

seems bitter hard and he almost doubts her inscrutable wisdom. He doesn't mind you. But at times I wish that that young man would take what advantage—it's all there is !—that he can of being a Protestant and divorce Sylvia. For I tell you, there are bitter things to see amongst my flock over there..." He made a vague gesture towards the infinite... "And bitter things I've seen, for the heart of man is a wicked place. But never a bitterer than this young man's lot."

"As you say," Mrs. Satterthwaite said, "my husband was a good man. I hated him, but that was as much my fault as his. More ! And the only reason I don't wish Christopher to divorce Sylvia is that it would bring disgrace on my husband's name. At the same time, Father..."

The priest said :

"I've heard near enough."

"There's this to be said for Sylvia," Mrs. Satterthwaite went on. "There are times when a woman hates a man—as Sylvia hates her husband... I tell you I've walked behind a man's back and nearly screamed because of the desire to put my nails into the veins of his neck. It was a fascination. And it's worse with Sylvia. It's a natural antipathy."

"Woman !" Father Consett fulminated, "I've no patience wid ye ! If the woman, as the Church directs, would have children by her husband and live decent, she would have no such feelings. It's unnatural living and unnatural practises that cause these complexes. Don't think I'm an ignoramus, priest if I am."

Mrs. Satterthwaite said :

"But Sylvia's had a child."

Father Consett swung round like a man that has been shot at.

"Whose ?" he asked, and he pointed a dirty finger at his interlocutress. "It was that blackguard Drake's, wasn't it ? I've long suspected that."

"It was probably Drake's," Mrs. Satterthwaite said.

"Then," the priest said, "in the face of the pains of the hereafter how could you let that decent lad in the hotness of his sin ?..."

"Indeed," Mrs. Satterthwaite said, "I shiver sometimes when I think of it. Don't believe that I had anything to do with trepanning him. But I couldn't hinder it. Sylvia's my daughter, and dog doesn't eat dog."

"There are times when it should," Father Consett said contemptuously.

"You don't seriously," Mrs Satterthwaite said, "say that I, a mother, if an indifferent one, with my daughter appearing in trouble, as the kitchenmaids say, by a married man—that I should step in and stop a marriage that was a Godsend..."

"Don't," the priest said, "introduce the sacred name into an affair of Piccadilly bad girls..." He stopped. "Heaven

help me," he said again, "don't ask me to answer the question of what you should or shouldn't have done. You know I loved your husband like a brother, and you know I've loved you and Sylvia ever since she was a tiny. And I thank God that I am not your spiritual adviser, but only your friend in God. For if I had to answer your question I could answer it only in one way." He broke off to ask: "Where is that woman?"

Mrs. Satterthwaite called:

"Sylvia! Sylvia! Come here!"

A door in the shadows opened and light shone from another room behind a tall figure leaning one hand on the handle of the door. A very deep voice said:

"I can't understand, mother, why you live in rooms like a sergeants' mess." And Sylvia Tietjens wavered into the room. She added: "I suppose it doesn't matter. I'm bored."

Father Consett groaned:

"Heaven help us, she's like a picture of Our Lady by Fra Angelico."

Immensely tall, slight and slow in her movements, Sylvia Tietjens wore her reddish, very fair hair in great bandeaux right down over her ears. Her very oval, regular face had an expression of virginal lack of interest such as used to be worn by fashionable Paris courtesans a decade before that time. Sylvia Tietjens considered that, being privileged to go everywhere where one went and to have all men at her feet, she had no need to change her expression or to infuse into it the greater animation that marked the more common beauties of the early twentieth century. She moved slowly from the door and sat languidly on the sofa against the wall.

"There you are, Father," she said. "I'll not ask you to shake hands with me. You probably wouldn't."

"As I am a priest," Father Consett answered, "I could not refuse. But I'd rather not."

"This," Sylvia repeated, "appears to be a boring place."

"You won't say so to-morrow," the priest said. "There's two young fellows... And a sort of policeman to trepan away from your mother's maid!

"That," Sylvia answered, "is meant to be bitter. But it doesn't hurt. I am done with men." She added suddenly: "Mother, didn't you one day, while you were still young, say that you had done with men? Firmly! And mean it?"

Mrs. Satterthwaite said:

"I did."

"And did you keep to it?" Sylvia asked.

Mrs. Satterthwaite said:

"I did."

"And shall I, do you imagine?"

Mrs. Satterthwaite said:

"I imagine you will."

Sylvia said:

"Oh dear !"

The priest said :

"I'd be willing to see your husband's telegram. It makes a difference to see the words on paper."

Sylvia rose effortlessly.

"I don't see why you shouldn't," she said. "It will give you no pleasure." She drifted towards the door.

"If it would give me pleasure," the priest said, "you would not show it me."

"I would not," she said.

A silhouette in the doorway, she halted, drooping, and looked over her shoulder.

"Both you and mother," she said, "sit there scheming to make life bearable for the Ox. I call my husband the Ox. He's repulsive : like a swollen animal. Well... you can't do it." The lighted doorway was vacant. Father Consett sighed.

"I told you this was an evil place," he said. "In the deep forests. She'd not have such evil thoughts in another place."

Mrs. Satterthwaite said :

"I'd rather you didn't say that, Father. Sylvia would have evil thoughts in any place."

"Sometimes," the priest said, "at night I think I hear the claws of evil things scratching on the shutters. This was the last place in Europe to be christianised. Perhaps it wasn't ever even christianised and they're here yet."

Mrs. Satterthwaite said :

"It's all very well to talk like that in the day-time. It makes the place seem romantic. But it must be near one at night. And things are bad enough as it is."

"They are," Father Consett said. "The devil's at work."

Sylvia drifted back into the room with a telegram of several sheets. Father Consett held it close to one of the candles to read, for he was short-sighted.

"All men are repulsive," Sylvia said ; "don't you think so, mother ?"

Mrs. Satterthwaite said :

"I do not. Only a heartless woman would say so."

"Mrs. Vanderdecken," Sylvia went on, "says all men are repulsive and it's woman's disgusting task to live beside them."

"You've been seeing that foul creature ?" Mrs. Satterthwaite said. "She's a Russian agent. And worse !"

"She was at Gosingeux all the time we were," Sylvia said. "You needn't groan. She won't split on us. She's the soul of honour."

"It wasn't because of that I groaned, if I did," Mrs. Satterthwaite answered.

The priest, from over his telegram, exclaimed :

"Mrs. Vanderdecken ! God forbid."

Sylvia's face, as she sat on the sofa, expressed languid and incredulous amusement.

"What do you know of her ?" she asked the Father.

"I know what you know," he answered, "and that's enough."

"Father Consett," Sylvia said to her mother, "has been renewing his social circle."

"It's not," Father Consett said, "amongst the dregs of the people that you must live if you don't want to hear of the dregs of society."

Sylvia stood up. She said:

"You'll keep your tongue off my best friends if you want me to stop and be lectured. But for Mrs. Vanderdecken I should not be here, returned to the fold!"

Father Consett exclaimed:

"Don't say it, child. I'd rather, heaven help me, you had gone on living in open sin."

Sylvia sat down again, her hands listlessly in her lap.

"Have it your own way," she said, and the Father returned to the fourth sheet of the telegram.

"What does this mean?" he asked. He had returned to the first sheet. "This here: '*Accept resumption yoke*'?" he read, breathlessly.

"Sylvia," Mrs. Satterthwaite said, "go and light the spirit lamp for some tea. We shall want it."

"You'd think I was a district messenger boy," Sylvia said as she rose. "Why don't you keep your maid up?" ... "It's a way we had of referring to our... union," she explained to the Father.

"There was sympathy enough between you and him then," he said, "to have bywords for things. It was that I wanted to know. I understood the words."

"They were pretty bitter bywords, as you call them," Sylvia said. "More like curses than kisses."

"It was you that used them then," Mrs. Satterthwaite said. "Christopher never said a bitter thing to you."

An expression like a grin came slowly over Sylvia's face as she turned back to the priest.

"That's mother's tragedy," she said. "My husband's one of her best boys. She adores him. And he can't bear *her*." She drifted behind the wall of the next room and they heard her tinkling the tea-things as the Father read on again beside the candle. His immense shadow began at the centre and ran along the pitchpine ceiling, down the wall and across the floor to join his splay feet in their clumsy boots.

"It's bad," he muttered. He made a sound like "Umbleumbleumble... Worse than I feared... umbleumble... '*accept resumption yoke but on rigid conditions*.' What's this: *esoecially*; it ought to be a 'p', *especially regards child reduce establishment ridiculous our position remake settlements in child's sole interests flat not house entertaining minimum am prepared resign office settle Yorkshire but imagine this not suit you child remain sister Effie open visits both wire if this rough outline prematurely acceptable in that case will express draft general position Monday*

for you and mother reflect upon follow self Tuesday arrive Thursday Lobscheid go Wiesbaden fortnight on social tack discussion Thursday limited solely comma emphasised comma to affairs.'

"That means," Mrs. Satterthwaite said, "that he doesn't mean to reproach her. *Emphasised* applies to the word *solely*..."

"Why d'you take it..." Father Consett asked, "did he spend an immense lot of money on this telegram ? Did he imagine you were in such trepidation..." He broke off. Walking slowly, her long arms extended to carry the tea-tray, over which her wonderfully moving face had a rapt expression of indescribable mystery, Sylvia was coming through the door.

"Oh, child," the Father exclaimed, "whether it's St. Martha or that Mary that made the better choice, not one of them ever looked more virtuous than you. Why aren't ye born to be a good man's help-meet ?"

A little tinkle sounded from the tea-tray and three pieces of sugar fell on to the floor. Mrs. Tietjens hissed with vexation.

"I *knew* that damned thing would slide off the teacups," she said. She dropped the tray from an inch or so of height on to the carpeted table. "I'd made it a matter of luck between myself and myself," she said. Then she faced the priest.

"I'll tell you," she said, "why he sent the telegram. It's because of that dull display of the English gentleman that I detested. He gives himself the solemn airs of the Foreign Minister, but he's only a youngest son at the best. That is why I loathe him."

Mrs. Satterthwaite said :

"That isn't the reason why he sent the telegram."

Her daughter had a gesture of amused, lazy tolerance.

"Of course it isn't," she said. "He sent it out of consideration: the lordly, full dress consideration that drives me distracted. As he would say : "He'd imagine I'd find it convenient to have ample time for reflection." It's like being addressed as if one were a monument and by a herald according to protocol. And partly because he's the soul of truth like a stiff Dutch doll. He wouldn't write a letter because he couldn't without beginning it 'Dear Sylvia' and ending it 'Yours sincerely' or 'truly' or affectionately.'... He's that sort of precise imbecile. I tell you he's so formal he can't do without all the conventions there are and so truthful he can't use half of them."

"Then," Father Consett said, "if ye know him so well, Sylvia Satterthwaite, how is it ye can't get on with him better ? They say : *Tout savoir c'est tout pardonner*."

"It isn't," Sylvia said. "To know everything about a person is to be bored... bored... bored !"

"And how are ye going to answer this telegram of his ? the Father asked. "Or have ye answered it already ?"

"I shall wait until Monday night to keep him as bothered as I can to know whether he's to start on Tuesday. He fusses like a hen over his packing and the exact hours of his move-

ments. On Monday I shall telegraph : 'Righto' and nothing else."

"And why," the Father asked, "will ye telegraph him a vulgar word that you never use, for your language is the one thing about you that isn't vulgar ?"

Sylvia said :

"Thanks !" She curled her legs up under her on the sofa and laid her head back against the wall so that her Gothic arch of a chin bone pointed at the ceiling. She admired her own neck, which was very long and white.

"I know !" Father Consett said. "You're a beautiful woman. Some men would say it was a lucky fellow that lived with you. I don't ignore the fact in my cogitation. He'd imagine all sorts of delights to lurk in the shadow of your beautiful hair. And they wouldn't."

Sylvia brought her gaze down from the ceiling and fixed her brown eyes for a moment on the priest, speculatively.

"It's a great handicap we suffer from," he said.

"I don't know why I selected that word," Sylvia said, "it's one word, so it costs only fifty pfennigs. I couldn't hope really to give a jerk to his pompous self-sufficiency."

"It's great handicaps we priests suffer from," the Father repeated. "However much a priest may be a man of the world—and he has to be to fight the world..."

Mrs. Satterthwaite said :

"Have a cup of tea, Father, while it's just right. I believe Sylvia is the only person in Germany who knows how to make tea."

"There's always behind him the Roman collar and the silk bib, and you don't believe in him," Father Consett went on, "yet he knows ten—a thousand times !—more of human nature than ever you can."

"I don't see," Sylvia said placably, "how you can learn in your slums anything about the the nature of Eunice Vanderdecken or Elizabeth B. or Queenie James, or any of my set." She was on her feet pouring cream into the Father's tea. "I'll admit for the moment that you aren't giving me pi-jaw."

"I'm glad," the priest said, "that ye remember enough of yer schooldays to use the old term."

Sylvia wavered backwards to her sofa and sank down again.

"There you are," she said, "you can't really get away from preachments. Me for the pyore young girl is always at the back of it."

"It isn't," the Father said. "I'm not one to cry for the moon."

"You don't want me to be a pure young girl," Sylvia asked with lazy incredulity.

"I do not !" the Father said, "but I'd wish that at times ye'd remember you once were."

"I don't believe I ever was." Sylvia said, "if the nuns had known I'd have been expelled from the Holy Child."

"You would not," the Father said. "Do stop your boasting. The nuns have too much sense... Anyhow, it isn't a pure young girl I'd have you or behaving like a Protestant deaconess for the craven fear of hell. I'd have ye be a physically healthy, decently honest-with-yourself young devil of a married woman. It's them that are the plague and the salvation of the world."

"You admire mother ?" Mrs. Tietjens asked suddenly. She added in parenthesis : "You see you can't get away from salvation."

"I mean keeping bread and butter in their husband's stomachs" the priest said. "Of course I admire your mother."

Mrs. Satterthwaite moved a hand slightly.

"You're at any rate in league with her against me," Sylvia said. She asked with more interest : "Then would you have me model myself on her and do good works to escape hell fire ? She wears a hair shirt in Lent."

Mrs. Satterthwaite started from her doze on the edge of her chair. She had been trusting the Father's wit to give her daughter's insolence a run for its money, and she imagined that if the priest hit hard enough he might, at least, make Sylvia think a little about some of her ways.

"Hang it, no, Sylvia," she exclaimed more suddenly. "I may not be much, but I'm a sportsman. I'm afraid of hell fire ; horribly, I'll admit. But I don't bargain with the Almighty. I hope He'll let me through ; but I'd go on trying to pick men out of the dirt—I suppose that's what you and Father Consett mean—if I were as certain of going to hell as I am of going to bed to-night. So that's that !"

"'And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest !' " Sylvia jeered softly. "All the same I bet you wouldn't bother to reclaim men if you could not find the young, good-looking, interestingly vicious sort."

"I wouldn't," Mrs. Satterthwaite said. "If they didn't interest me, why should I ?"

Sylvia looked at Father Consett.

"If you're going to trounce me any more," she said, "get a move on. It's late, I've been travelling for thirty-six hours."

"I will," Father Consett said. "It's a good maxim that if you swat flies enough some of them stick to the wall. I'm only trying to make a little mark on your common sense. Don't you see what you're going to ?"

"What ?" Sylvia said indifferently. "Hell ?"

"No," the Father said, "I'm talking of this life. Your confessor must talk to you about the next. But I'll not tell you what you're going to. I've changed my mind. I'll tell your mother after you're gone."

"Tell me," Sylvia said.

"I'll not," Father Consett answered. "Go to the fortune-tellers at the Earl's Court exhibition ; they'll tell ye all about the fair woman you're to beware of."

"There's one of them said to be rather good," Sylvia said. "Di Wilson's told me about her. She said she was going to have a baby... You don't mean that, Father ? For I swear I never will..."

"I daresay not," the priest said. "But let's talk about men."

"There's nothing you can tell me I don't know," Sylvia said.

"I daresay not," the priest answered. "But let's rehearse what you do know. Now suppose you could elope with a new man every week and no questions asked ? Or how often would you want to ?"

Sylvia said :

"Just a moment, Father," and she addressed Mrs. Satterthwaite : "I suppose I shall have to put myself to bed."

"You will," Mrs. Satterthwaite said. "I'll not have any maid kept up after ten in a holiday resort. What's she to do in a place like this ? Except listen for the bogies it's full of ?"

"Always considerate !" Mrs. Tietjens gibed. "And perhaps it's just as well. I'd probably beat that Marie of your's arms to pieces with a hair-brush if she came near me." She added : "You were talking about men, Father..." And then began with sudden animation to her mother :

"I've changed my mind about that telegram. The first thing to-morrow I shall wire : '*Agreed entirely but arrange bring Hullo Central with you*' "

She addressed the priest again :

"I call my maid Hullo Central because she's got a tinny voice like a telephone. I say : "Hullo Central"—when she answers 'Yes, modd'm', you'd swear it was the Exchange speaking... But you were telling me about men."

"I was reminding you !" the Father said. "But I needn't go on. You've caught the drift of my remarks. That is why you are pretending not to listen."

"I assure you, no," Mrs. Tietjens said. "It is simply that if a thing comes into my head I have to say it... You were saying that if one went away with a different man for every week-end..."

"You've shortened the period already," the priest said. "I gave a full week to every man."

"But, of course, one would have to have a home," Sylvia said, "an address. One would have to fill one's mid-week engagements. Really it comes to it that one has to have a husband and a place to store one's maid in. Hullo Central's been on board-wages all the time. But I don't believe she likes it... Let's agree that if I had a different man every week I'd be bored with the arrangement. That's what you're getting at, isn't it ?"

"You'd find," the priest said, "that it whittled down until the only divvy moment was when you stood waiting in the booking-office for the young man to take the tickets. ... And then gradually that wouldn't be divvy any more... And you'd yawn and long to go back to your husband."

"Look here," Mrs. Tietjens said, "you're abusing the secrets of the confessional. That's exactly what Tottie Charles said. She tried it for three months while Freddie Charles was in Madeira. It's *exactly* what she said down to the yawn and the booking-office. *And* the 'divvy.' It's only Tottie Charles who uses it every two words. Most of us prefer ripping ! It *is* more sensible."

"Of course I haven't been abusing the secrets of the confessional," Father Consett said mildly.

"Of course you haven't," Sylvia said with affection. "You're a good old stick and no end of a mimic, and you know us all to the bottom of our hearts."

"Not all that much," the priest said, "there's probably a good deal of good at the bottom of your hearts."

Sylvia said :

"Thanks." She asked suddenly : "Look here. *Was* it what you saw of us—the future mothers of England, you know, and all—at Miss Lampeter's—that made you take to the slums ? Out of disgust and despair ?"

"Oh, let's not make melodrama out of it," the priest answered. "Let's say I wanted a change. I couldn't see that I was doing any good."

"You did us all the good there was done," Sylvia said. "What with Miss Lampeter always drugged to the world, and all the French mistresses as wicked as hell."

"I've heard you say all this before," Mrs. Satterthwaite said. "But it was supposed to be the best finishing school in England. I know it cost enough !"

"Well, say it was we who were a rotten lot," Sylvia concluded ; and then to the Father : "We *were* a lot of rotters, weren't we ?"

The priest answered :

"I don't know. I don't suppose you were—or are—any worse than your mother or grandmother, or the patricianesses of Rome or the worshippers of Ashtaroth. It seems we have to have a governing class and governing classes are subject to special temptations."

"Who's Ashtaroth ?" Sylvia asked. "Astarte ?" and then : "Now, Father, after your experiences would you say the factory girls of Liverpool, or any other slum, are any better women than us that you used to look after ?"

"Astarte Syriaca," the Father said, "was a very powerful devil. There's some that hold she's not dead yet. I don't know that I do myself."

"Well, I've done with her," Sylvia said.

The Father nodded :

"You've had dealings with Mrs. Profumo ?" he asked. "And that loathsome fellow... What's his name ?..."

"Does it shock you ?" Sylvia asked. "I'll admit it was a bit thick... But I've done with it. I prefer to pin my faith to Mrs. Freud Vanderdecken. And, of course,"

The priest nodded his head and said :

"Of course ! Of course..."

But Mrs. Satterthwaite exclaimed, with sudden energy : "Sylvia Tietjens, I don't care what you do or what you read, but if you ever speak another word to that woman, you never do to me !"

Sylvia stretched herself on her sofa. She opened her brown eyes wide and let the lids slowly drop again.

"I've said once," she said, "that I don't like to hear my friends miscalled. Eunice Vanderdecken is a bitterly misjudged woman. She'sareal good pal."

"She's a Russian spy," Mrs. Satterthwaite said :

"Russian grandmother," Sylvia answered. "And if she is, who cares ? She's welcome for me... Listen now, you two. I said to myself when I came in : 'I daresay I've given them both a rotten time.' I know you're both more nuts on me than I deserve. And I said I'd sit and listen to all the pi-jaw you wanted to give me if I sat till dawn. And I will. As a return. But I'd rather you let my friends alone."

Both the elder people were silent. There came from the shuttered windows of the dark room a low, scratching rustle.

"You hear !" the priest said to Mrs. Satterthwaite.

"It's the branches," Mrs. Satterthwaite answered.

The Father answered : "There's no tree within ten yards ! Try bats as an explanation."

"I've said I wish you wouldn't, once," Mrs. Satterthwaite shivered. Sylvia said :

"I don't know what you two are talking about. It sounds like superstition. Mother's rotten with it."

"I don't say that it's devils trying to get in," the Father said. "But it's just as well to remember that devils *are* always trying to get in. And there are especial spots. These deep forests are noted among others." He suddenly turned his back and pointed at the shadowy wall. "Who," he asked, "but a savage possessed by a devil could have conceived of *that* as a decoration ?" He was pointing at a life-sized, coarsely daubed picture of a wild boar dying, its throat cut, and gouts of scarlet blood. Other agonies of animals went away into all the shadows.

"*Sport* !" he hissed. "It's devilry !"

"That's perhaps true," Sylvia said. Mrs. Satterthwaite was crossing herself with great rapidity. The silence remained.

Sylvia said :

"Then if you're both done talking I'll say what I have to say. To begin with..." She stopped and sat rather erect, listening to the rustling from the shutters.

"To begin with," she began again with impetus, "you spared me the catalogue of the defects of age ; I know them. One grows skinny—my sort—the complexion fades, the teeth stick out. And then there is the boredom. I know it ; one is bored...

bored... bored ! You can't tell me anything I don't know about that. I'm thirty. I know what to expect. You'd like to have told me, Father, only you were afraid of taking away from your famous man of the world effect—you'd like to have told me that one can insure against the boredom and the long, skinny teeth by love of husband and child. The home stunt ! I believe it ! I do quite believe it. Only I hate my husband... and I hate... I hate my child."

She paused, waiting for exclamations of dismay or disapprobation from the priest. These did not come.

"Think," she said, "of all the ruin that child has meant for me ; the pain in bearing him and the fear of death."

"Of course," the priest said, "child-bearing is for women a very terrible thing."

"I can't say," Mrs. Tietjens went on, "that this has been a very decent conversation. You get a girl... fresh from open sin, and make her talk about it. Of course you're a priest and mother ; we're *en famille*. But Sister Mary of the Cross at the convent had a maxim : 'Wear velvet gloves in family life.' We seem to be going at it with the gloves off."

Father Consett still didn't say anything.

"You're trying, of course, to draw me," Sylvia said. "I can see that with half an eye... Very well then, you shall..."

She drew a breath.

"You want to know why I hate my husband. I'll tell you ; it's because of his simple, sheer immorality. I don't mean his actions ; his views ! Every speech he utters about everything makes me—I swear it makes me—in spite of myself, want to stick a knife into him, and I can't prove he's wrong, not ever, about the simplest thing. But I can pain him. And I will... He sits about in chairs that fit his back, clumsy, like a rock, not moving for hours... And I can make him wince. Oh, without showing it... He's what you call... oh, loyal... There's an absurd little chit of a fellow... Macmaster... and his mother... whom he persists in a silly, mystical way in calling a saint... a Protestant saint !... And his old nurse, who looks after the child... and the child itself... I tell you I've only got to raise an eyelid... yes, cock an eyelid up a little when anyone of them is mentioned... and it hurts him dreadfully. His eyes roll in a sort of mute anguish... Of course he doesn't say anything. He's an English country gentleman."

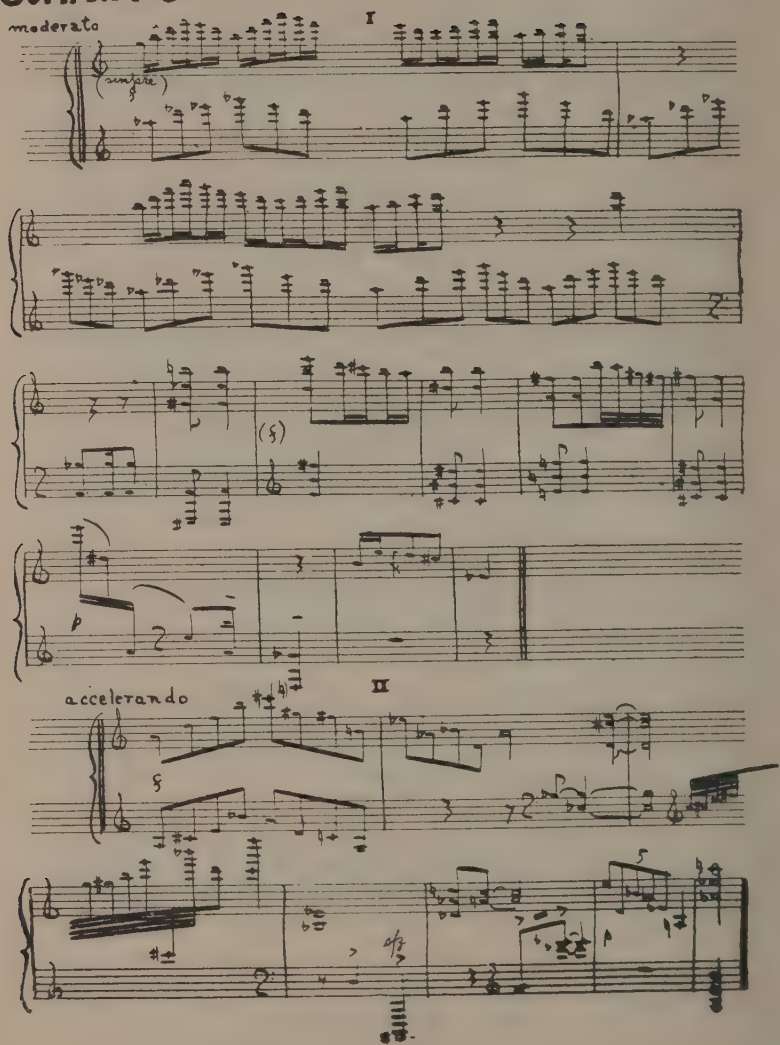
(To be continued)

transatlantic review.

MUSICAL SUPPLEMENT

SONATA 3

GEORGE ANTHEIL



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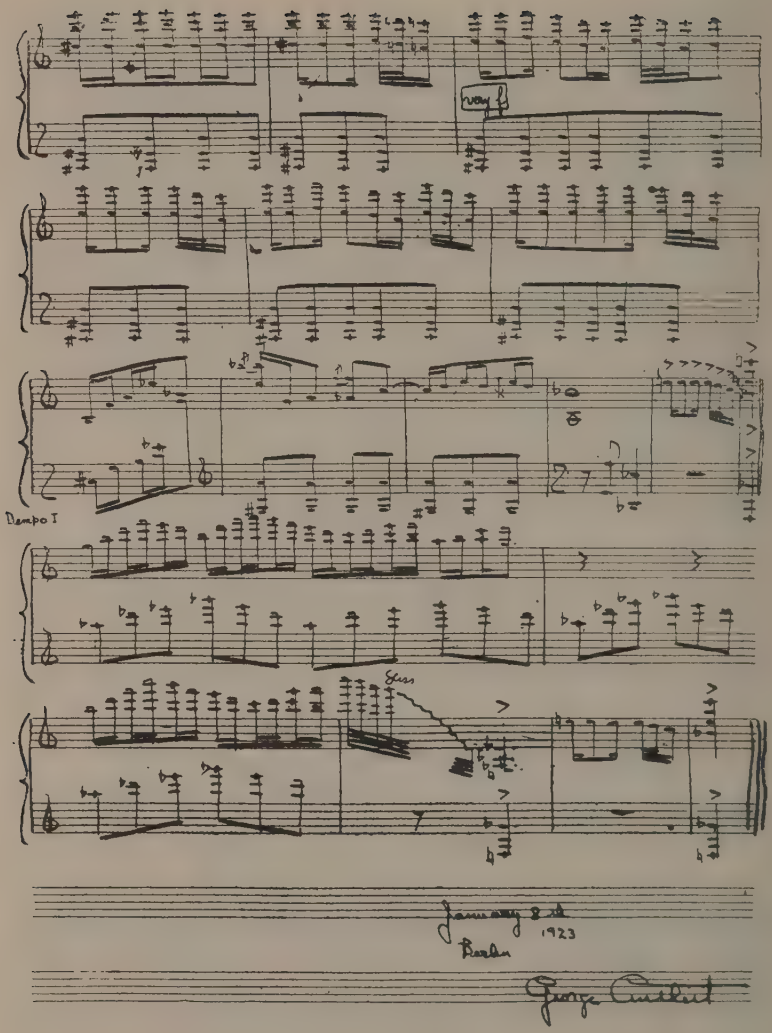
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George Antheil

MUSICAL SUPPLEMENT

NOTES FOR PERFORMERS

Foreword by E. P.

"William Atheling" wrote fortnightly in the *New Age* from 1917-20; he was more a secondary personality than a nom de plume, that is to say he had a definite appearance (bald-headed) and a definite script (crabbed and with an old fashioned slant); he sympathized with Arnold Dolmetsch' opinions, even when not wholly in agreement therewith. That is to say he might very well have thought that music ended with Bach. He existed in order that I might study the actual sounds produced by performing musicians. He wrote in the hope of making it possible or easier for the best performers to do their best work in public rather than their worst or their middling. By this he meant that he liked hearing Moussorgsky, that he preferred Russian bareness to the upholsteries of XIXth century Europe. He liked music with a strong horizontal action, in preference to music which seemed to steam up from the earth. He shared my own interest in the fitting of *motz el son*; the fitting of words and tunes; a subject for which we were both better qualified than we would have been for a discussion of the higher complications of harmony.

He found the Kennedy-Fraser's Hebridean research of great interest, he approved of Le Roi Renaud and French folk-song, if rigorously selected, as late as Le Pauvre Laboureur, and of La Carmagnole. He regretted the lost culture of Henry Lawes. He enjoyed without much audible, though with a good deal of mute, opposition, the writers of Bel Canto, Caldara, Durante, and Carissimi.

In 1922 his marginalia were submitted to a "qualified musician" with the request that any general criticism therein, might be separated from the paragraphs dealing only with the success or failure of particular concerts (à la "Herr Wintergarten im Bechsteinsaal trat auf und wieder ab.", or "At this point the composer has drawn his inspiration from the soda-water font

of Mendelssohn, in fact several cuckoos have laid their eggs in Mr. Elgar's nest, and he has patiently hatched them all", or; "Mr. Mark Hambourg's playing presented no points of interest.")

In 1923 the siftings were submitted to George Antheil with the request that he mark any passages with which he disagreed violently, or which seemed to him too imbecile to be tolerated

GEORGE ANTHEIL

My opinion of George Antheil is due to appear at some length in the April "Criterion". He was born in Trenton N. J., a.d. 1901, parents Polish, of French extraction; he returned to Poland in 1905; returned to America 1914, at which time he was composing fugues and canons; studied with Von Sternberg, and Ernest Bloch; played his own Piano Concerto with the Berlin Philharmonic in 1922. Chief works. Golden Bird, sonata for piano, six sonatas for piano, mechanisms (for pianola) symphony for five instruments, a ballet, two sonatas for violin and piano. His scribblings on the edge of my typescript were intended for my eye alone; but it is sometimes more interesting to know what a man thinks than to know what he thinks prudent to say at a given moment. At any rate both M. Antheil and myself are so fed up with the alleged critics who try ever to appear omniscient, and who work not to express their thoughts but to establish their critical position; that we have preferred this extreme imprudence.

The notes can stay here as a manifesto of our angle of attack. There is the result of my twenty years' work with monolinear verbal rhythms, my study of mediaeval music; and Antheil's solid fugal, contrapuntal, and harmonic training. There are certain forms of musical padding and rhetoric and mushiness with which we are both equally bored.

Atheling's notes are badly written; heaven knows they are in places platitudinous; but this platitude and the necessity for this platitude may be taken as a measure of certain very simple things which contemporary performers, and not by any means the worst of them only, so often, and often so amazingly, do not know.)

E. P.

NOTES FOR PERFORMERS

by William Atheling, with marginalia emitted by George Antheil.

I. *The Piano*, February 1918

Why indeed the Piano ? Apart from bickering over the tempered scale, though one can hardly accept the argument that it is no use bothering over inaccuracy of pitch that only one person in two hundred can perceive, people without absolute and pitch sense do, and do very often, get a certain very definite pleasure from correct playing, even if they are incapable of detecting a single error, or even a series of errors save by a vague dissatisfaction or by an even slighter and more vague diminution of pleasure.

All keyboard instruments tend to make performers of people not born to be musicians ; and the very fact that one can play a keyboard instrument quite correctly without in the least knowing whether a given note is in tune or is correct in itself, tends to obscure the value of true pitch. This perception, the first requisite of any player upon strings is therefore left, perhaps, wholly unconsidered by the piano student. The piano tuner is responsible for all that. His services are inexpensive. This argument might be used also against the earlier keyboard instruments although they were never sufficiently loud to drive out and predominate over the rest of the instruments And they did not fill the building.

From initial carelessness about pitch piano-playing has gradually progressed to a carelessness about actual sound. The attention that was centred in earlier music upon purity of tone, upon sound-quality, has been weakened and weakened till I have seen a composer of no small talent utterly impervious to the quality of the noise he was making.

(I presume the "timbre" is meant. G. A.)

The notes were in the right order ; they followed each other as he intended, he was satisfied.

I long, perhaps not too vainly, for the day when the piano shall be as the hansom, which vehicle it not a little resembles and when the pianist shall be as the cab-driver, so far as the concert hall is concerned. The instrument will abide with

us yet, for there is the pianola attachment, and if for some time it is necessary to train acrobats to play Bach-Busoni for pianola records, surely human invention will lead to, and has already discovered, a means for making the records direct. The future composer will do his work, not with a pen but a punch. "You couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile," says Mr. Kipling, but there is always the gramophone.

(I bow gracefully several years. G. A.)

At least "it took me back twenty years." Have we not all, with the shades of Murger, with the well-known death mask gaping at us, and with the plaster cast of the drowned girl hanging in the other corner, have we not all of us known the charm ? (The Schumann quality that has been read into Chopin by generations of conservatoire young ladies to the obscuring of Chopin's austerity.)

It was the studio "mood" as opposed to the piano of Sir Frederic Leighton and the Leightonians, the instrument at which the very young mother sits with her numerous well-washed, fresh offspring clambering about her, receiving the cultural rudiments. The pianist in this case has merits

I do not say that I am above the studio manner ; that I would not willingly recall the past, forget my bald spot. "Four and forty times would I," as Mr. Kipling has it, listen to the wailful note as the more reserved couple wait until it's time to walk home, and the less reserved, or more "bohemian" couple hold hands under the sofa cushion,—Jugend, Jugend, Jugend ! and the inefficient illustrator (aged sixty) who once hoped to paint like Raphael, looks at the ceiling or the performer.

But what has all this to do with the concert-hall ? A certain crop of female pianists always hoped to produce in the concert-hall the atmosphere of the studio ; to bring to the hoarse old gentleman from the Thames valley and to the large-waisted lady from Roehampton a "breath of the real meaning," to "show them that life..." and sometimes the female pianist succeeded... After the final uncalled for encore, when all but her dearest friends had left the building. Neverthe ess the concert-hall is not the studio. Some musicians may actually play better in studios, they may get force from the "atmosphere", or the company may merely blurr the critical senses, but these things do not concern the concert-hall. The magnetic theory is invalid.

(In fact the concert-hall has nothing at all to do with the studio. It is its enemy, thank God. I prefer the excusable boredom of the classics to the young gentleman who "sketches" Chopin out with the new knowledge of a Cyril Scott. G. A.)

The magnetic theory is invalid. No performer can rely on emotionalising the audience.

(One must try as hard as Brancusi's bird. Finished ! Why worry ? The hysteria is there. G. A.)

Music in a concert-hall must rely on itself and the perfection

of its execution ; it is as it were, under glass, It exists on the other side of the footlights, apart from the audience. With apologies to the language, the audience are spectators, they watch a thing of which they are not part, and that thing must be complete in itself. They may be moved by the contemplation of its beauty, they are not moved—or at least can be moved only in an inferior and irrelevant way—by being merged into the action of the stage.

(Push this a little further and you have my theory of absolutism, ffff *and* pppp *are as sentimental as the insufficient painter muancing up his messes. G. A.)*

I labour this point rather heavily, but it is not a trifle, and hundreds of musical careers have been muddled simply because the performers have not understood how entirely the music must lead its own life :

(My dear E. P. hundreds of musical careers have been ruined because there was no such thing in these people. G. A.)

must have its own separate existence apart from the audience ; how utterly useless it is to try to mix up audience and performance.

(Which all reminds me that I once had a friend who always said "I might have become a great pianist if..." Tommyrot! G. A.)

March 1918

A concert in a concert-hall is a performance, a presentation not an appeal to the sympathies of the audience *(Yes. G. A.)* It is, or should be, as definitely a presentation or exhibition as if the performer were to bring out a painted picture and hang it before the audience *(Yes, yes, why not ? G. A.)* The music must have as much a separate existence as has the painting. It is a malversion of art for the performer to beseech the audience (via the instrument) to sympathise with his or her temperament, however delicate or plaintive or distinguished.

(By the way that reminds me that the emotionalism you speak of is the performer's dramatic disguise. When listening to music why not listen for *music. Musical art assuredly can come only out of the very inmost secrets of musical line. Why not come out and out with it and say that music is no Goddamn circus. G. A.)*

From the "studio" manner (in concert-halls), from the domestic manner,

(Great mistake to confuse it with music. G. A.)

from the rural church manner, and from the national festival manner,

(Ditto. Politics is no field for a music critic. G. A.)

may the surviving deities protect and deliver us ! They have not, they do not, but we do not cease to pray that they may achieve it.

(The studio manner is the kindergarten method for young radical ladies. G. A.)

An era of bad taste probably gathers to itself inferior matter from preceding periods. An indiscriminate rummaging in the past does not help to form a tradition.

(A splendid turn for Mr. Casella, Maliperio, Prokofieff, and the Six. G. A.)

A sense of rhythm covers many defects.

(One might say almost all. G. A.)

The pain caused to the ear by occasional horrid sounds is quickly obliterated in the succeeding flow of the music. Singers hoping for platform success will do well to notice this.

(This is the whole thing in a nutshell, not only of singers, but of all platform artists. Ninety per cent of failures are due to absolute incapability in the primary rudiments of music—rhythm ! How can they hope to be musicians—not even an excuse ! Printed notes laid before them and keyboard instruments. Everything laid out and planned for the unmusical ! Back to the troubadour ! I mean ninety per cent are not musicians, trained, born or anything. G. A.)

A drag, a lack of the wave force, deadens, tires, uterly wears out the audience. Rhythm-sense is not merely a tempo mesure, it is not merely a clock-work of the bar-longths. Measured time is only one form of rhythm ; but a true rhythm-sense assimilates all sorts of uneven pieces of time, and keeps the music alive.

I would point out Lawes as an example of how the words of a poem may be set and enhanced by music. There are different techniques in poetry ; men write to be read, or spoken, or declaimed, or rhapsodised ; and quite differently to be sung...

(By the way, most songs are written for the wrong kind. G. A.)

Words written in the first manners are spoiled by added music ; it is superfluous ; it swells out their unity into confusion.

When skilled men write for music then music can both render their movement, as Lawes does often, tone by tone, and quantity by quantity ; or the musician may apparently change the word-movement with a change that it were better to call a realisation. Music is not speech. Arts attract us because they are different from reality. Emotions shown in actual speech poured out in emotion will not all go into verse. The printed page does not transmit them, nor will musical notation record them phonographically.

(Ha ! The famous Antheil notation to the rescue ! G. A.)

But, for all that, a certain bending of words or of syllables over several notes may give an emotional equivalent.

This is an art by itself, differing from poetry, and from the art of harmony or of counterpoint. Nevertheless, it has occasionally and triumphantly appeared in the world, and is well worth an effort to recover.

(Yes, it is an end to which both arts are struggling. The future is too dark for a prophecy; G. A.)

Lawes was English of the English, he was no obscure man in his day, being a King's musician and a man lauded of poets. He was English of the English, but he did not fall a prey to the pig-headed insularity of the British Association of Musicians; he did not shun foreign competition.

He set a poem of Anacreon's in the Greek, and he set songs in Italian and Latin. He was, for all I know, the last English composer to know Greek. Our decadence may be due to the fact that the educated are now too stupid to participate in the arts. This lack of lineage shows in modern art in all its branches. As a French singer said to me yesterday: "When those people (English artists, composers, etc.) have done (i. e., written, painted, composed) anything, they seem to think that that is the end, and that there is nothing to be done about it."

(To be continued).

MUSIC IN LONDON

THE "NOVELTIES" OF THE AUTUMN SEASON

by Dyneley Hussey.

Of the new works, which have been performed during the past season in London, about a dozen were interesting either as explorations or as the latest products of established composers. of these several may maintain their places in the repertoire ; only one work stands out in retrospect.

These proportions are not so bad as they may appear at first sight—one masterpiece and half-a-dozen good second-raters. One outstanding group need not be discussed. It contains the work of immature composers, who pour out their green-sickness in lugubrious tone-poems written in idioms that were fashionable a decade ago ; and of mature dullards, like Reger, whose *Pianoforte Concerto* must be the longest and most tedious specimen of that ill-famed form. The rest may be, for convenience, divided nationally, into French, German and British.

The French School, with its polyglot adhesions from Russia, Spain and the English peerage, has given us nothing of importance. Prokofief's third *Pianoforte Concerto* has some good ideas, but they are always neglected in favour of the reiteration of insignificant phrases, scored in the two-pence coloured style of the tinsel-and-glitter School. The *Avant-Garde* concert was not, one hopes, really representative. Stravinsky, for one, was misrepresented by an early song in the manner of Moussorgsky and by a pianoforte arrangement of the *Puppets' Dance* in *Petrouchka*. This work in its complete form was one of the greatest successes at the Promenade Concerts. Some songs by Manuel di Falla, who does not really belong to this *côterie* at all, showed up the puerility of the rest, which consisted mainly of commonplace tunes made to sound piquant by accompaniments written quite arbitrarily in unrelated keys... With the accidentals omitted, these pieces might, without harm, be included in the *curriculum* of any girls' school.

The Germans put up a much better show. At one end of the scale there is the colossal *Alpine Symphony* of Strauss ; at the other, Schönberg's dessicated essence of music, called *Le Pierrot Lunaire*. The *Alpine Symphony* had two perfor-

mances under Mr. Aylmer Buest and Sir Thomas Beecham, whose return to the Concert Hall was among the most important events of the season. When he had finished this work, Strauss, who is something of a joker, gave utterance to an unfortunate remark about having composed it "as a cow gives milk". All the paragraphists and not a few critics seized upon that juicy tit-bit. Those who liked the work murmured "Full cream"; those who didn't muttered "condensed." My impression is rather that Strauss collected the discarded material that was littering the floor of his workshop and with amazing skill constructed out of these scraps this huge and hollow structure. As a work of musical engineering it is as admirable as the Eiffel Tower, and about as beautiful. The composer has lost none of his old cunning in strict symphonic form. which is at the same time an accurate representation of a concrete dramatic or poetical idea. But the emotional impulse has died out of him, so that the essential banality of his mind is revealed in all its dreariness. Like one of those conductors who shout the names of public monuments to a char-a-banc load of tourists, he points out all the beauty spots. "On my left, ladies and gentlemen", you hear him say, "is the celebrated waterfall. You will see it better from this side." But, at least, Strauss it true to himself; he is an honest Romantic and does not, as he could so easily do, trick out his ideas with deliberate dissonances, worked out in Academic fashion according to some text-book theory of his own.

That is precisely what Schonberg, who is at heart a thorough-going sentimentalist, has done in the *Pierrot Lunaire*. This work was performed several times by the same group of artists who presented it in Paris. After hearing it twice, I can see in it nothing but a perverse ingenuity. It is definitely ugly to listen to and amounts to nothing more than an essay in the higher mathematics of music. Its algebraic formulae do not "come off" in performance; the *Canon Canchrizans*, for instance which looks so clever on paper, makes no effect whatever on the ear. The performances, even after some hundred rehearsals, were far from perfect; the players did not keep together and the composer's directions, especially in the matter of dynamics, were frequently ignored.Mme. Freund, the vocalist, who had shown herself an admirable interpreter of Schumann, carried out her difficult task of slithering up and down hitherto unheard-of intervals with amazing accuracy and painful result.

We were told in the programme that in the *Pierrot Lunaire* the Romantic spirit satirizes itself and scoffs derisively at its own achivements in a last paroxysm of disillusionment. But while Schönberg, like the naughty gravedigger in "Hamlet," was shovelling his derisive clods upon the corpse of his imagining, its spirit had transmigrated into the body of Ernest von Dohnanyi, who *(pace* the politicians) must be put in the category of German composers. His immediate forebears are Brahms and Liszt.

From the one he has derived a part of his philosophy ; from the other he has learnt to create those large-limbed themes which stride like giants about the stave. But, while he leans upon established traditions, he is not academic or reactionary. He has developed a sense of form which is original and entirely satisfying. The *Violin Concerto*, his latest full-size work, is the best example of this quality. In it the solo-part is not a mere embroidery upon an orchestral background of negative character ; nor does it contend, in the bloody but unbowed manner of Tchaikovsky, in a fight against the fearful odds of trombones and tympani. At first it is an almost unimportant thread in the texture of the music, and only in the last movement does it assume full command of the situation. It emerges gradually from the music like the personality of a man who, having gained mastery over himself, becomes by force of character pre-eminent in his community. This idea is clinched by the repetition, at the end of the last movement, of the opening theme, the balance of parts being altered so that the soloist completely dominates the orchestra. The work, which is in four full-sized movements, is admirably constructed as a whole and easily understood once the key of its poetical idea is in one's possession. Here is that rare phenomenon, a mind that can think on the grand scale and is able to cover the big frame work with live and significant ideas. Dohnanyi has all the modern mastery of instrumentation, but he never wastes his skill upon meretricious effects. Every stroke is carefully considered, for all its spontaneity, and sounds exactly right, The individual characteristics of Dohnanyi's music are, briefly, a sense of humour, which never descends to the horse-play of Strauss's early works, and a kind of fierce poetry, which is the heritage of his Hungarian blood.

The English composers, with two exceptions, have produced little which calls for mention but the revival of Elgar's two Symphonies and the performances of the *London* and *Pastoral* Symphonies of Vaughan Williams should be noted. Elgar's works have at last received general recognition ; and Vaughan Williams has attained to a popularity which, owing to his austerity, even his admirers had hardly expected. Holst's *Planets* are still in the ascendant and he has actually achieved the position, unique in the recent history of British music of being a success from the box-office point of view. Two new compositions by him have been produced—a *Fugal Concerto* for Flute, Oboe and Strings and a setting for Chorus and Orchestra of Walt Whitman's *Ode to Death*. The first, which is cut to the pattern of Bach's *Brandenburg* Concertos, is a wholly delightful miniature, and would be the composer's best ambassador in foreign lands. Though written strictly in the contrapuntal style of Bach, it bears throughout the impress of Holst's individuality. The *Ode to Death* is less satisfactory. It contains some pages of great beauty, but the composer's strangely unso-

phisticated mind has allowed him here, as in the *Perfect Fool* to commit some *naïvetés*, which flaw the work as a whole. Certain passages, too, show that Holst is in danger of becoming mannered in his use of uneven rhythms and of certain harmonic devices. Three *Carols* by Mr. Peter Warlock, which were performed for the first time by the Bach Choir at the same concert, aim at lesser game and bring down their quarry.

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THE PEACE OF GOD

by Selma Lagerlof

Once upon a time there was an old farm, and it was Christmas Eve and the sky was overcast which foretold much snow and a biting north wind. It was just the busiest time in the afternoon and everyone was hurrying to finish his work so that he could go over to the bath house and have a bath. In the bath house it was so hot that the flames came out of the chimney and soot and sparks were blown about by the wind and fell on the snow-covered roofs of the out-houses. And as the flames flew up the bath house chimney and towered above the farm like a column of fire one realized that Christmas was at the door. The maid who knelt in the passage and scrubbed began to hum a song in spite of the water freezing to ice in the bucket at her side. The boy who was in the wood house and chopped the Christmas logs started to cut two logs at a time and swung his axe as heartily as if the work were only a joke! Up from the store house came an old woman

with a large trayful of currant bread on her arm ; she went slowly and carefully across the courtyard and through the big, red painted Guest-House till she got into the best parlour where she set down the loaves on a long bench. Then she spread the cloth on the table and placed the loaves in piles, one large one and one small one for each person. She was a curious, ugly old woman with reddish hair, heavy hanging eye-lids and there was a straight line from mouth to chin, as if the muscles of her face were too tight. But now, this Christmas Eve, she wore such a look of peace and happiness that you did not notice how ugly she was.

Yet there was someone on the farm who was unhappy, and it was the girl whose business it was to bind the bunches of birch twigs that were to be used for the bath. She sat in the chimney corner and, before her on the floor, lay a whole armful of birch twigs. But, the higher the flames flared the more unhappy she became for she knew that, as soon as ever the bath was hot and the bundles of birch twigs were handled, they would break apart and that she would get the blame until next year when they lit a fresh Christmas fire in the chimney corner!

Whilst she was sitting there in a bad temper the one person she was most afraid of entered the room. It was the master himself, Ingmar Ingmarson. Beyond a doubt he had been into the bath house to see if the stove was hot enough, and now he was come to see how the brushes were getting on.

He was old, this same Ingmar Ingmarson, and was proud of being so. Folk had got into bad habits of playing about in the bath house and whipping each other with the birch twigs, and he insisted that everything on his farm should be done properly, really properly. Ingmar Ingmarson wore his old sheepskin coat and leather knickerbockers and his top boots ; he was dirty and unshaved and so slow in his movements that he came so quietly into the room that one might have taken him for a thief. His plain features and looks were very like those of his wife ;

they were relations. The maid servant had felt, ever since she could remember, a holy awe for everyone who had looked like that. Because it was a great thing to belong to this old family of Ingmarson, which had always been renowned in the district. The highest a man could be was just to be Ingmar Ingmarson himself, the richest, cleverest and most powerful person in the whole parish.

Ingmar Ingmarson went up to the maid, bent down for one of the finished bundles and swung it up in the air, and immediately the birch twigs broke apart as she had feared and some fell on the Christmas table and others on the four-poster bed.

"Ho, my girl," old Ingmar said, and laughed, "If you think people can use brushes like that when they take a bath at Ingmarson's you are a very foolish girl!"

As the master did not seem really angry the maid took courage and answered that she would be able to tie the brushes properly if she only had some better willows to bind them with.

Old Ingmar, in a real Christmas mood, replied :"Then, my girl, it seems I must go myself and fetch you some."

He went straight out of the best parlour, strode over the other kneeling maid who was scrubbing, and stood waiting on the threshold to see if he could find someone else to go to the birch grove for the willows. But the boys were cutting the Christmas logs, his son came down from the loft with the straw and the two sons-in-law were busy, dragging the farm cart into the coach house so that the courtyard should be clear for the feast. None of them had time to go away from the farm.

There was no one handy so the old man quietly decided to go himself. He crossed the yard, looked round to see that no one had noticed him, for he was proud, and stole along by the wall of the barn where there was a sort of path up to the forest. He did not consider that he need tell anyone where he was going ; if he did his son and sons-in-law would be sure to beg him to stay at home, and old people like to have their own way.

He followed the path across the fields through the little pine wood and came to the birch grove. Here he left the path and waded into the snow, seeking a young birch tree not more than a year old. At the same moment the wind, having endeavoured the whole day through to loosen the snow from the sky, came driving through the forest with a long trail of snow behind it.

Ingmar Ingmarson had just knelt down to cut a birch sapling when the wind came rushing along full of snow. As the old man raised himself a sheet of snow smote his face. His eyes were full of it and the wind was so boisterous that it whirled him round several times.

The whole trouble came through Ingmarson being old. In his young days he would never have lost his head in a snow storm, but now, everything danced round him and it seemed as though he had been swung round in a Christmas polka. He tried to make for home but he turned the wrong way and went right into the great forest of pines that began close to the birch grove, instead of going down by the open fields. The dark came quickly and, in between the young trees in the forest, the storm howled and whirled round him. The old man could see that he was tearing through the pines but he did not understand that it was in the wrong direction, because pine tress grew also on the road that went to the farm. He got so deep into the forest that he could not even hear the storm, and soon everything was quiet and still, for the trees were high, with thick trunks. When, at last, he saw his mistake he turned round, but he was impatient and vexed to think that he could have made a mistake and, as he stood still in the middle of the unknown forest, he was not clear-headed enough to know which way to take, and went first to one side and them to another. At last it occurred to him to go back on his own footsteps but the darkness came down and he could not see them. The trees round him appeared to become higher and higher and, whichever way he went, he got further and further into the forest. It was pure witchcraft and magic

that he should be hurrying round and round in the forest for the whole afternoon and so arrive too late for the great bath! He arranged his cap and tightened his garters but he knew, all the same, that he was lost...

It became dark and he began to consider that he should have to remain the whole night in the forest. Then he stumbled across the trunk of a pine and stood still to collect himself a little. He knew the forest so well that he ought to have known the place of each tree. He had been there as a boy and looked after the sheep, and set snares and trapped birds. When he had been there to cut down trees he had seen them fall and he had seen them grow...

At last he fancied he did know where he was and was convinced that, if he went in such and such a direction, he would find his way home. But, no matter what path he took, they all led further and further into the forest. Once he felt hard earth under his feet and hoped that he had at last struck a path and he followed it, as all paths must lead somewhere; but no—it led to an open glade in the very middle of the forest where the storm had plenty of scope and there was neither path nor track, nothing but the loose snow! The old man's courage failed: he felt that he was only a poor thing, fit to die in Odemarken. He was weary from trudging through the snow, and from time to time sat down on a stone to rest. But, if he sat it was certain he must fall asleep and he knew that, if he slept, he would freeze to death. Therefore he tried to go on walking, since that was the only thing that could save him. He prayed aloud for strength to withstand the temptation to sit down. He felt that, if only he could rest, he would not care if it cost him his life.

Yes, it did him good to sit still. Thoughts of death did not now trouble him; he took pleasure in thinking that, when he was dead, an account of his life would be read out in church, as was customary. He remembered how beautifully the old Dean had spoken about his father and, certainly, the Dean would say something nice about him, too: how he had inherited the oldest farm in the

country and what a privilege it was to belong to such an honourable family. And then he would talk about responsibility—yes, certainly, there was a good deal of responsibility attached to great possessions—that he had always known. You had to hold out to the end if you were an Ingmarson. And it suddenly struck him that it would not look well if an Ingmarson were found helpless, frozen to death in the wild and desolate forest. He would not like that part of his life to be read aloud in church so he at once got up again and began to walk. He had sat there so long that, when he moved, quite a lot of snow fell off his furs...

A little while later he sat down again and dreamed. His thoughts became still more vivid ; he went over the whole scene of his funeral and gloated over the honours that would be paid to his corpse... He saw the great table spread in the hall above—the Dean and his wife in the seats of honour—the Master of the Ceremonies, with his white order spread across his narrow chest—his own wife in her best clothes with her heavy gold chain wound several times round her neck. He saw all the state rooms draped in white, white curtains to the windows, white cloths over the furniture. He saw fir branches spread on the path all the way from the house door to that of the church. The house would be thoroughly cleaned and there would be killing and brewing and baking for fourteen days before the funeral. The corpse would be laid upon a bier in the innermost chamber, there would be lights in the newly warmed rooms and the whole farm would be full of guests. Hymns would be sung whilst the lid of the coffin was being screwed down and on that a silver plate would be laid and twenty funeral candles would be kept burning fourteen days. The whole country side would be kept busy preparing food for the funeral dinner, all the church hats freshly brushed, all last year's cherry brandy drunk as funeral ale, all the road chock full of people as if for market day...

Again the old man got up ; he imagined he heard them

talk about him while they were drinking the Funeral Beer.

"But, how could he go and get frozen to death like this?" he heard the master of the ceremonies ask. "What was he doing up in the big forest?" And the captain answered that it was because he had partaken too freely of beer and cherry brandy—for the Ingmarsons had always been abstemious and moderate with meat and drink: it should not be said of him that he was fuddled in his last hour! He began to walk again but he was so tired that he could scarcely stand on his legs. He noticed that he had reached a hilly part of the forest where there were great rocks that made the tracks almost impassable and his foot caught between two stones and he could scarcely pull it away. He stood quite still and cried aloud that it was all over with him. Suddenly his foot knocked against a great pile of brushwood and he fell softly on to the snow and the broken branches. He was not hurt but he could not get up again. He wanted nothing more in the world than to sleep; so he pulled the brushwood to one side and crept in under the boughs, as if it were a fur rug. As he pushed his body in under the branches he felt something warm and soft—here, certainly, lies a bear asleep! Indeed, he felt the animal move and heard it snuffle but he lay still, sure that his hour had come and that the bear would eat him. He had not the strength to make a single effort to get away from him. The bear, however, seemed to have no wish to harm the creature who sought the shelter of his lair on such a night as this Christmas Eve was. He merely drew back a little and rolled further into his hole, to make room for his guest, and went off to sleep again, as Ingmarson could tell from his even, snuffling breathing...

In the meanwhile, there was not much Christmas cheer down on the Ingmarson farm. His sons and sons-in-law searched for Ingmarson the whole of the Christmas evening. First, they went round to all the out-lying farm sheds and buildings, looking over them from loft to cellar; then they went to their neighbours' farms and asked after

Ingmar Ingmarson. Then they started to search the open fields and roads. The torch that should have been used for lighting their way to church early on Christmas morning was now lit and carried in the raging snowstorm over road and pathway. But the wind had covered up all tracks and its noise silenced all their voices when they tried to shout and hallo. They were up and about long after midnight when they realised they would have to wait until dawn now before they could have any chance of finding the lost one.

As soon as it was light all the Ingmarsons were up again and ready in the farmyard to drive to the great forest. As they were leaving the old mistress called them into the best parlour and bade them sit down on the long bench. She, herself, sat at the long table with a Bible before her and looked in it for something suitable to read at such a time. And she came upon the story of the man who went from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves. She read slowly, in a low voice, about the unfortunate man who was helped by the good Samaritan. Her sons and sons-in-law, daughters and daughters-in-law sat round her on the bench. They all resembled her, each one tall and awkward, with old fashioned, clever faces. They were all Ingmarsons; they had all reddish hair, freckled skin and light blue eyes with white eyelashes; they could scarcely have been uglier! They all had the straight line from the mouth, stupid eyes and heavy movements, as though they had led hard lives full of endurance. But, ugly and worn as they were, it was easy to see that everyone of them were of the highest rank in the countryside and knew well that they were superior to anyone else.

The Ingmarsons sighed deeply over the reading and they all asked themselves if it were possible that some good Samaritan had found the master and succoured him like the man in the story. Every Ingmarson felt when any misfortune befell their family, that he had lost something of his own soul. The old mistress read on and, just as she came to the question "Who was the neighbour of him

who had fallen among thieves?" the door opened and old Ingmarson himself entered the room.

"Mother, here is Father!" said one of the daughters, and so it happened that she never read the answer that a man's neighbour was the one who had taken pity on him who had fallen on the way.

For, later on Christmas day, the mistress seated herself again in the same place and read her Bible, but alone. The men were having a bear hunt in the great forest, leaving the women to go to church by themselves. As soon as Ingmar Ingmarson had eaten and drunk he had insisted on taking his sons and sons-in-law out with him and showing them the place in the forest where one could be found. It is certainly every man's duty to kill a bear how and when he finds it. You cannot spare a bear because, sooner or later, it will get to like flesh and then will not spare animal or man.

But after they had gone to the hunt on this day of all days the old mistress was so sad and uneasy that she thought she would like to read the Christmas lesson and got as far as "Peace on earth and goodwill towards men." Then she sat quite still staring at these words, sighing heavily and, from time to time, repeating "Peace on earth and good will towards men," in a slow drawling voice.

Just as she happened to be saying these words her eldest son came into the room and said, very quietly, "Mother."

Without taking her eyes off the book she said, "Have you not been with them in the forest?"

He answered, even more quietly, "I have been with them."

"Come up to the table," she said, "so that I can see you." He obeyed, and she saw that he trembled so that he had to take hold of the edge of the table to keep himself still.

She asked: "Have you caught the bear?"

He shook his head, and the old woman did what she had never done since he was a child: she went up to him, laid her hand on his arm, patted his chin and drew him down on to the bench beside her and took his hand in hers.

"Tell me, my son, what has happened."

The young man remembered this gesture of hers that had comforted him thus in the old days, when he was a helpless child and unhappy; it so moved him that he began to cry.

"I believe that your father is hurt," she said, and he sobbed out: "It is worse than that."

"Worse?"

The young man could not control his voice for weeping but he raised his big head and, with his square fingers, pointed to the verse which she had just read, "Peace on earth."

"It is something to do with the verse?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, "something to do with Christmas peace."

"Ah, my son," she said, "you set about to do a bad deed this day!"

He cried out, "Yes, and God has punished us! God has punished us!"

In the end she found out what had happened. Their father had led them straight to the bear's lair and, while they were all standing a few paces away from the pile of brushwood under which he had crept in the night and found shelter, ready to take aim, the bear had come out of his lair and made straight for them. Looking neither to the left nor to the right it had rushed past the place where old Ingmar Ingmarson was standing to take aim and given him a blow on the head that stretched him out on the ground just as though he had been struck by lightning. It took no notice of any of the rest but hurried past into the forest.

That afternoon the widow and son of Ingmar Ingmarson drove to the Deanery and announced the death. The son did the talking, the old mistress sat and listened with a face like a statue.

The Dean sat in his armchair by the table; he had taken his great book out to enter the death in it. He wrote slowly, to gain time to think. This was a strange and most

exceptional affair. Though the son had told him in a very straightforward manner what had happened, the Dean wanted to find out how he himself really felt about the matter, for they were odd people, these Ingmarsons.

When the Dean closed the book, the son said, "We also desired to ask the Dean not to have the story of Father's life read aloud in the church."

The Dean shot his spectacles up on his forehead and looked sharply at the old woman. She still sat silent, crumpling up the handkerchief in her hand a little.

"And we will have him buried on a week day," the son continued.

"Certainly," the Dean said ; it seemed as though everything swam round him. Old Ingmar Ingmarson to be buried without any ceremony, none of the people of the parish to stand by as he was carried to the grave!

The young man went on. "There will be no funeral feast ; we have let people know that so that they will not think of bringing provisions."

"Yes, yes, certainly..." said the Dean again ; he well understood what it meant for people like the Ingmarsons to refrain from giving a funeral feast.

The young man went on. "There will be no procession—only myself and my brothers."

The Dean turned towards the old woman ; was it her wish that her son spoke thus? It must be ; she sat there and let everything go—all that to her must be more precious than silver and gold.

"We will not have the church bells tolled nor a silver plate on the coffin. Mother and I wish it thus. But we are telling the Dean all this so as to know whether, in so doing, we are acting unfairly to father?"

Then the woman also began to speak. "Yes, we want to know whether the Dean considers we are doing father an injustice?"

The Dean remained silent and the woman became more eager. "I must tell you, Reverend Sir, that, had my husband broken the law—gone against the king or the

sheriff—had it even been necessary to cut him down from the gallows, we should still have given him an honourable burial and stately, even as his father before him, because the Ingmarsons are afraid of no man and have to go out of their way for no one. But at Christmas time, God makes peace between man and beast, and while the poor creature kept God's commandment we broke it, so God punished us. Therefore it is not seemly that we should bury him with pomp and a flourish of trumpets."

The Dean got up and went to the woman, saying. "What you say is just and you shall follow your own conscience," adding half to himself: "The Ingmarsons are a great family."

The old woman heard and drew herself up a little. At that moment the Dean saw in her the symbol of the whole race; he understood what century after century had given to these people—the power to be leaders of the whole parish. She said: "It is only right that the Ingmarsons should set the people an example. We have done wrong! It is for us to show that we are penitent and to humble ourselves before God."

Translated from the Swedish
BY GRACE RAINE.

TWO STORIES

by Pierre Hamp.

I.

LE CHARRETIER SALE.

L'estaminet de la Sucrerie, tenu par Mme Courtecuisse, faisait de très bonnes affaires à l'arrachage des betteraves, en novembre. L'usine pesait les chariots pleins à l'entrée, vides à la sortie, mais les cultivateurs n'avaient pas confiance dans sa bascule et pesaient à l'aller et au retour sur celle installée par Mme Courtecuisse devant son estaminet. Cela faisait deux occasions de boire. Pendant les grands charrois de racines, ni l'aiguille de la bascule, ni la pompe à bière n'arrêtaient de fonctionner. Ce n'était pas un métier facile pour Mme Courtecuisse, car tous les rouliers de cette campagne humide avaient les pieds terreux et souillaient vite le sable blanc du parquet. Mme Courtecuisse, solide femme brune de quarante ans, aimait la propreté, mais il faut vivre et si chacun ne faisait que les choses de son goût, le monde irait mal. Comme elle disait : « Il en faut de toutes sortes. » Elle nettoyait tant qu'elle pouvait, mais n'espérait plus avoir une maison propre. Elle voulait la perfection et la netteté et s'en prenait l'été à un grain de poussière, l'hiver à un brin de boue. Pour les gens qui ne savent pas ce que c'est que l'ordre, la salle de son estaminet semblait une merveille. Ils disaient : « On mangerait par terre », car, malgré qu'elle se crût résignée, elle avait

toujours le balai à la main. Cependant, elle était mécontente. Elle ne s'accordait pas facilement sa propre estime. Elle vivait en bons termes avec tout le monde, même les basculeurs de la sucrerie, malgré qu'elle permît de contrôler leurs chiffres de pesée. Mais c'étaient des gens beaucoup plus propres que les boueux charretiers. Ces employés de l'usine, eux aussi, traquaient la terre, non aux pieds des hommes, mais sur les betteraves, où les arracheurs en laissaient beaucoup, afin d'augmenter le poids. Les cultivateurs devaient battre les racines l'une contre l'autre, afin d'en précipiter la glèbe argileuse, bien adhérente par l'humidité de novembre, mais ils avaient les doigts gourds. Des filles en plein champ mettaient souvent leurs mains au chaud entre leurs seins et de petits enfants se soufflaient sur les doigts en gonflant tant qu'ils pouvaient leurs joues rougies par la bise.

Chez Mme Courtecuisse, les comptables de l'usine et les hommes des charrois répétaient toujours la vieille dispute du paysan et du sucrier :

— Il nous faudrait, disaient les vérificateurs de poids, faire du sucre avec de la boue.

Les hommes de la culture répondaient :

— On nous signe un marché pour la betterave et puis on s'arrange de tout pour réduire le prix. Il n'y a pas assez de densité dans la pulpe, ou il y a trop de terre dans le chariot. Faut-il apporter le sucre tout fait ?

Quand les comptables voyaient Mme Courtecuisse balayer son parquet boueux, ils en riaient :

— C'est autant que nous ne paierons pas. Gardez ça pour sucrer leur bistouille.

Il vint un homme aux houseaux tellement enduits de glaise que Mme Courtecuisse leva ses grosses mains vers le plafond avant de tirer sur le levier de la pompe à bière : de la bonne bière fournie par M. Omer Locquart, un brasseur de grande réputation. L'homme arrivait de loin par de mauvais chemins, car les roues de son chariot étaient enduites jusqu'à l'essieu. Les comptables de l'usine le raillèrent :

— C'est encore une malice d'en mettre de la jante jusqu'au moyeu. C'est pesé à l'arrivée, ça tombe en roulant dans les cours et ça ne tare pas à la sortie

L'homme cachait sa confusion derrière sa grande chope et disait :

— Faut-il qu'ils soient voleurs, à c't'heure, pour penser à ça !

Un comptable qui se levait pour partir proclama :

— Plus ou moins, on est tous voleurs.

Le charretier parut frappé par cette parole. Il mit sa joue sur son poing fermé et répéta :

— On l'est peut-être tous. Plus ou moins. C'est vrai. On se fait tort sans le vouloir. Et qui jugera ?

— Cinq pour cent de surcharge de terre, dit le comptable.

L'homme murmura :

— Y a un bon Dieu.

Mme Courtecuisse regardait la place où il posait ses pieds et déjà elle prenait le balai comme il se levait, mais au lieu de sortir il vint au comptoir et y resta appuyé, regardant le dernier comptable, bien lent à finir sa bistouille de café et d'eau-de-vie.

— Vous ne vous en allez point, demanda Mme Courtecuisse ?

Le charretier sale répondit :

— Tout à l'heure. On n'est pas grandement pressé.

Quand il fut enfin seul dans l'estaminet avec la patronne, il se frotta les mains comme s'il était heureux de cela qu'il attendait depuis longtemps. Il fouilla lentement dans sa poche, en sortit dix sous qu'il posa sur le comptoir et dit :

— Voilà. Faut m'excuser. C'est pas de ma faute. La dernière fois, j'ai pas pu repasser par ici.

Mme Courtecuisse ne prit pas les dix sous :

— Vous avez déjà payé votre chope !

— C'est pas pour ma chope, c'est pour ma pesée ! Il y a trois semaines. Vous vous rappelez pas, je vous ai pas payé, puisque je suis pas retourné par ce chemin.

Les charroyeurs de betteraves passaient à plein sur bascule à l'aller et en tarant à vide au retour, payaient le prix de la pesée : cinquante centimes.

— Je ne me rappelle point, dit Mme Courtecuisse. Il en vient tellement ici. Pour la pesée ce doit être sur le livre. Si vous me devez, je prends.

L'homme insista :

— Rappelez-vous bien, je devais aller chercher de la paille ; j'en ai pas trouvé là où je croyais ; alors je suis pas repassé par ici. C'était un jeudi ; il faisait beau temps ; pas tant de boue qu'aujourd'hui dans les chemins. Ça pouvait bien être neuf heures du matin. J'avais mes grosses guêtres comme maintenant. Il y en a pas beaucoup de pareilles.

— Ah ! ça ! dit Mme Courtecuisse.

— Vous vous rappelez pas ! Depuis quinze jours je me demande : « Cette dame qu'est-ce qu'elle doit penser ? » Je viens pas souvent par ce chemin-ci. Vous me connaissiez pas, vous m'avez fait confiance. Aujourd'hui, je me suis dit : Faut que je m'enlève cette idée. Faut que je repasse par là. Ça m'a allongé et embourbé. J'ai eu des ruses dans les chemins. Mais voilà mes dix sous. Je dois plus rien. Ça fait tout de même plaisir quand on doit plus rien. Ça me paraît pas possible que vous vous rappeliez pas. J'avais peur que vous me le disiez devant ces hommes tout à l'heure. Moi je pensais qu'à ça et vous n'y pensiez plus. On en voit de drôles dans la vie. Vous m'én voulez pas ?

Mme Courtecuisse, déjà balayant, suivait l'homme vers la porte :

— Pourquoi que je vous en voudrais ?

— Vous vous rappeliez point, vraiment ? Vous faites semblant. Vous êtes une brave femme. Ça m'a bien tourmenté. Mais y avait pas de ma faute. Allez ! Hue !

Et il roula vers le 5 %.

LE BON HOTELIER

M. Victor Maman, hôtelier de la petite ville bourguignonne, faisait un métier bien tranquille.

Il avait parmi ses clients, M. Oger, qui voyageait pour la chaussure, un article excellent depuis que les paysannes ne portaient plus de sabots.

M. Oger rappelait le temps où des mercières de village mettaient en montre des piles de galoches à semelles de bois et une seule paire de bottines. C'était bien changé. Les fermières n'allaient plus en ville pour se chausser de cuir fin car les bourgs avaient chacun sa cordonnerie bien assortie.

M. Oger racontait cela à M. Maman et lui faisait encore beaucoup d'autres confidences, car il était un vieux fidèle client :

— Voulez-vous que je vous dise une chose : je ne peux pas changer d'hôtel. Il y a trente-cinq ans que je vais au « Chapeau Rouge », à Dijon, et chez le père Anatole, à Montbard.

« Quand il était malade, il demandait tous les matins le nom des clients. Dès qu'il a su que j'étais là,il m'a demandé. Je suis monté le voir. Quatre jours après, il était mort.

« Voulez-vous que je vous dise encore une chose ? Il avait une bonne cave. Il a servi très dignement sa clientèle. Il était pour nous autres voyageurs ce qu'on devrait toujours être entre gens de travail.

« Nous n'avions pas besoin d'envoyer d'avis de passage à nos clients. Il les avertissait, car ils venaient faire la partie chez lui. Il a été bien regretté. »

M. Oger avait une vie ambulante et des goûts sédentaires ;

il conciliait cela en étant en famille dans tous les hôtels où il descendait. Les changements de patrons lui faisaient un grand chagrin.

— J'aime tant, disait-il, voir toujours les mêmes figures aux mêmes endroits. Je n'ai pas un caractère de déserteur. Depuis trente-cinq ans, je vends le même article et je mange aux mêmes tables.

Il était très gourmand et connaissait les bonnes pâtisseries de toutes les villes de France. Il disait où l'on trouvait le meilleur kugloff à Strasbourg, le meilleur calissons à Aix-en-Provence.

Il donnait à M. Maman des conseils pour la cuisine. M. Maman y aidait les jours de coup de feu. Il lui arrivait de s'asseoir dans la cour, son tablier plein de haricots verts et de les épointer, en pliant le fin bout en dedans, le gros bout en dehors, selon la bonne méthode pour enlever les fils.

Ce patron était à toutes mains ; il bridait les chevaux ou épluchait les légumes.

N'ayant jamais de fierté, il augmentait toujours sa science. A quarante-cinq ans, il questionnait encore beaucoup, donnait le coup de main pour entrer les automobiles dans l'ancienne écurie dont il avait fait un garage.

Il se renseignait sur la valeur des marques, dans l'intention d'acheter lui-même pour son trafic une voiture à moteur. Mais il ne se pressait pas. Il aimait la patience. Il ne refusait jamais un brin de conversation, même à qui paraissait mécontent de lui.

M. Oger qui voulait aussi acquérir une voiture automobile hésitait de peur de chagriner sa clientèle :

— Que vont penser, disait-il, mes vieux clients qui, depuis trente-cinq ans me voient venir à pied ? Ils vont croire que je leur ai pris trop cher, puisque je paraîtrai plus riche qu'eux.

M. Maman, plus audacieux, le décida cependant, et M. Oger vint pour sa tournée de printemps dans une voiture fort pimpante dans laquelle il souriait.

Ça lui changeait le caractère. Il paraissait un peu avan-

tageux. M. Maman l'aida à ranger la voiture dans le garage et, là, M. Oger eut une surprise. L'ancienne écurie contenait un corbillard.

— Vous n'en saviez rien ? dit M. Maman. Je ne m'en vante pas auprès des voyageurs ; il y en a que ça chagrine. Mais je ne peux pas le cacher à ceux qui ont des autos.

« L'autre jour, un chauffeur parisien n'a pas voulu garer sa voiture contre mon joli corbillard. Il m'a dit : « Ça fiche la poisse. Touchez du bois. Je ne veux pas partir à 80 à l'heure et revenir au pas dans une « Un chevaux » des Pompes Funèbres.

« Il a été bien content de rester, car il lui aurait fallu rouler jusqu'à Dijon pour trouver un bon repas.

« Je suis la meilleure table de la région. Sans la concession des Pompes Funèbres, je n'aurais pas réussi à fonder ici un bon hôtel. Il y a quinze ans, nous étions deux, l'un luttant contre l'autre, et il fallait que l'un tue l'autre, car il n'y a pas place pour deux établissements dans notre ville.

« Mon concurrent avait mis une belle enseigne et fait repeindre sa salle à manger. Moi, je réfléchissais. Et quand j'eus bien réfléchi, je pris les Pompes Funèbres. Ça fit rire d'abord. On me blagua. On disait que je voulais nourrir mes clients avec du machabé. Tout cela, le touriste qui passe n'en savait rien. Je n'avais qu'à cacher mon corbillard.

« J'ai passé ma vie à tuer mes concurrents. Personne n'a pu tenir contre moi. Quand j'ai eu écœuré le premier, il en est venu un autre avec un courage tout neuf. Un homme têtu. Alors, j'ai pris la correspondance du chemin de fer P.-L.-M. Mon cheval travaillait dur. Je le nourrissais bien. Il transportait les voyageurs, les colis, les cercueils.

« L'année de l'accident de chemin de fer, j'ai pu faire renouveler tout mon matériel. J'ai obtenu une médaille du Touring-Club pour la bonne tenue de mon établissement. Mon concurrent n'avait pas vu la malice. Avec le même cheval qui devait tirer le corbillard, j'allais chercher les parents à la gare. Je les menais à mon hôtel pour le repas de funérailles. A chaque enterrement, je faisais vingt-cinq couverts. En Bourgogne, on est poli avec la

Mort. La tristesse donne de l'appétit. Ma cave a consolé bien des deuils.

« Et puis, on devenait fier dans les campagnes. Il y a dix ans, la famille portait le cercueil à bras jusqu'au cimetière. J'ai donné l'habitude de la première classe. Les enterrements pauvres je les fais avec le corbillard tout nu. On ne voit que du bois. Pour la deuxième classe, j'accroche des broderies blanches. Pour la première classe, je mets des plumets. C'est de l'autruche, comme pour épousseter les meubles vernis. Ce n'est pas du vautour. Les morts n'ont rien à dire. C'est décent.

« Aujourd'hui, on ne porte plus beaucoup de sabots dans les campagnes, vous le savez bien, et on emplume les morts.

« Après le corbillard, j'ai fait le salon particulier. A Paris, cela n'étonne plus personne de faire dîner les gens dans une pièce où il y a un canapé. Mais ici, c'était assez pour couler la meilleure maison, comme mes pompes funèbres qui me ruineraient si je les mettais en enseigne. Sur ma façade, il n'y a pas écrit : « Enterrements et cabinets particuliers. » Ça ne se sait pas et pourtant ça se sait. Alors ça devient honorable, parce que vous rendez service à tout le monde sans compromettre personne.

« Mon concurrent n'avait pas compris ça. Cet homme a beaucoup travaillé. Il a fait tout ce qu'il a pu. Mais il ne comprenait rien à la clientèle. Il faut flatter les gens et les comprendre sans qu'ils s'en aperçoivent. Cet imbécile, quand des personnes de la ville venaient lui demander une chambre, répondait qu'il n'en avait pas, ou bien, s'il en donnait une, c'était en clignant de l'œil.

« N'importe qui, Monsieur, peut venir ici et je ne nomme personne. On sait ce que le client veut avant qu'il ait parlé. Le service est fait à bouche cousue. Autrefois, ces Messieurs du Tribunal ou de la Sous-Préfecture devaient aller à Paris. Aujourd'hui, ils laissent leur argent dans le pays. Il faut être une maison honorable, mais pas trop bête. Par le corbillard et le canapé, j'ai fait ma fortune en quinze ans de lutte contre un homme qui croyait réussir en se faisant

voir tous les dimanches à la messe. Moi aussi, je vais à la messe.

— Et votre concurrent, qu'est-il devenu ?

— Il est mort de chagrin. C'est moi qui l'ai enterré, en première classe. Il méritait bien ça.

— Vous êtes un lapin, dit M. Oger. Les bons commerçants deviennent rares. Moi aussi j'ai tué un concurrent. C'était...

MEMORIES

by Luke Ionides.

III.

I first knew Richard Burton in the year 1869. I had read several of his books and was most pleased to meet him. He was a man with great knowledge on many subjects.

One evening he told us of the various things that were smoked before tobacco was in use. Another evening he told us the stories of all the best-known gems in Europe; among other things I remember he said that the Kohinoor had a fatal reputation for the dynasty that owned it; each successive sovereign who had it was the last of his race; he also told the story of a celebrated diamond in the Russian crown, which had belonged to Charles the Bold, and was found by a peasant after the battle of Granson, and sold for a few pennies.

He was consul at Damascus after we first knew him, and had trouble with the Turkish authorities, so in 1872 he was sent to Trieste as consul.

During his stay at Damascus, he and Lady Burton met the beautiful lady who had been Lady Ellenborough. The story was told that she was out riding one day with a retinue, when they were surprised by the Arabs. She escaped but her retinue was taken prisoner. The next day the Sheikh of the Arabs called on her and told her that he so admired her riding that he would free all her men if she would

marry him, and marry him she did, and remained with him until her death. In 1873 Burton was in England again, and I saw a good deal of him.

Once, at Brighton, he called, and my little girl, a little over a year old, toddled up to him and put her hand on his knee. Then he said that "the last time that a child had caught hold of him, was in Africa, when he had been without food for a week, and a fat, little black child, all circles and dimples came up to him and put its hand on his knee; but his very look sent it back howling to its mother". He had lived for the whole week on tea.

After that I met him occasionally when be came to England. On one occasion something that amused him happened. He had been dining with me, and I had given him a cigar after dinner, when he asked me whether I had not anything stronger. I then remembered I had a few hundred cigars that had been saved from a wreck, and I found them so strong I could not smoke them. So I went and fetched a box, and gave him one. He said it was the best cigar he had smoked for many a long year; upon which I told him I would have the rest of the cigars put into his cab. After he left, I took one from the box which had been opened, smoked it and found it most perfect. The fact of the matter was I had kept the cigars about five years and they had mellowed in that time. A short time after that when I met him, I told him of my discovery, and added that if I had made it sooner, he would not have had the cigars. He was so amused that he never forgot the incident, and until the end of his days, whenever he met me, he used to chaff me about it.

In 1882 he came one day and in the course of conversation he told me that he was making a translation of the Arabian Nights. I said I had just received a copy of the first volume of Payne's translation. He was rather taken aback, and answered that he would now delay the publication of his own work for some years. Some few years later he told me that he was bringing out some additional Eastern stories, and that he found one in French in Paris, of which

he could not trace the Arabic original. He therefore translated the French version back into Arabic, and then from Arabic into English. He knew Arabic as well as English ; he also knew a large number of Eastern languages, including Persian, Turkish, Tamil and others.

He once told us the story of his expedition to Mecca disguised as an Indian pilgrim, as he was afraid that his Arabic might betray him. At one halt he was discovered by a man, who fortunately was found killed the next day. A doctor who was present said, "Oh, Burton, Burton, how do you feel after you've killed a man?" "Quite well, thank you, doctor, how do you?" he retorted.

He told me of rather a ghastly joke. Before starting on his expedition across the South American continent, he asked a lady whom he met at dinner if there were anything she would like him to bring back, and she answered, "Oh, a scalp!" So on his return he asked his former host to place the lady opposite to him at table, and when dinner was over he said to her, "I haven't forgotten what you asked me to bring back from South America," and took from his pocket a parcel and handed it to the lady. On opening it, she discovered it contained a scalp. He brought back four bad wounds from that expedition, but I understood from Lady Burton that he had escaped easily, for he killed his four assailants. Although not a big man, he was extremely powerful, and was one of the best fencers in Europe. I saw him once walk downstairs carrying Swinburne under his arm ; after putting him down on the pavement he called a hansom. Swinburne could not find the step and complained that "hansoms were getting their steps higher and higher every year".

Burton was most entertaining and every now and then scraps from his travels turned up. He was one day in an Arab village where a theft of some money had taken place. Some one appealed to the Kadi, who said that his donkey would find out the culprit, as he would order all the men who had been about, to go into his stable to pull his donkey's tail, when the donkey would discover who had committed

the theft. So they all trooped in one by one, and he observed them as they came out. He caught hold of one man, and said, "You return that money or I shall have you hanged." The man confessed and returned the money. Burton asked the Kadi how he had discovered the guilty man, and the Kadi told him that he had blacked the donkey's tail and he knew that the thief would be afraid to pull the tail, so when be came out with his hands unblacked the Kadi at once knew he was the thief. Burton also told me that he once paid a visit to a man who had the reputation of being a magician. In the far end of the room there were three vases on the floor. The one to the left was filled with water. They all sat down and waited while the magician mumbled a lot, and then the vase that was full of water moved by itself and went and emptied some of its water into the middle vase. "Naturally," Burton said, "we were all hypnotized into seeing it."

One of his experiences in India was of a fakir who said that he could be buried for any length of time, a crop sown over him, and when the crop was gathered, he could be unearthed and brought to life again. So Burton and some friends agreed to try the experiment, and after the fakir had made his preparations, stopped up his nostrils, mouth and ears, he was put into a box, which was hermetically closed and sealed. It was not buried but kept in a room and Burton and his friends kept guard over it in relays. But after some days they got a little nervous for fear the man might die, and opened the box, and the man was brought to life again. They concluded that if he were able to live in a closed box without air for those several days, he might have done so had he been buried and the crop sown over him.

On one occasion, Burton went to the King of Dahomey, having volunteered to go on a quasi-official visit, to ask the King to cease his human sacrifices. The King was much flattered by his coming and sent for one of his subjects and told him, "Look here, here is a white man come from the Great White Queen, and my father never had that honour

paid to him. Go and tell him all about it," on which the man's head was at once cut off. Burton reproached him very much with the deed, and told him that the Great White Queen would be very angry with him, and admonished him severely—upon which the King sent for another of his subjects, and repeated to him what he had said to the other one. He also was decapitated, "as a postscript" Burton said. (The *Times* rebuked him for using such a flippant expression when he wrote an account of the business.) Burton came away with a promise from the King that he would cease from making human sacrifices, but I cannot say whether the promise was kept.

One day we were talking about Livingstone, and he showed me on a map exactly where Stanley would find Livingstone of whom he had started in search, and sure enough there Stanley found him.

Burton maintained that Livingstone had a black attraction there.

He was greatly interested in anything connected with the East. He much enjoyed a story I once told him. One day in 1862 at Costanza on the Black Sea, I went into a café and sat down near the door, and I saw in the remote part of the room my manservant among the Turks. He told me afterwards that there was much discussion as to my nationality when I entered the café. At last it was settled that I must be English, on account of my clothes. Then one of the Turks said, "There are a great number of good people among the English. I remember when a lot of them were here a few years ago." "Yes," said another, "I remember too. But how did it come about?" Then the village oracle, who was in the habit of entertaining them with stories, said, "Listen to me and I will tell you. The King of England has a wife, a very good woman in every way excepting that she was most unpunctual. She never had the coffee ready at the proper time in the morning, and the pilaf was never on the table at the right hour. The King reproved her many times, but she did not mend her ways. So at last he wrote to the Padishah and complained

of his wife. The Padishah wrote her such a letter that she got thoroughly scared, and improved her ways completely. Then after a time, when the Moscovite infidels attacked us, the King of England, to show his gratitude, offered to the Padishah to send some of his men to beat back the Moscovites, and they came here and they also took the Moscovite town of Sebastopol." That is the local story of the origin of the Crimean war!

Sir Henry Irving was a great friend of the Burtons. One day after dinner there was a great discussion about spiritualism, when Sir Henry said he did not believe in it, but he believed in "sympathy". He said he would leave the room and if anyone in sympathy with him touched an object on the table, he would discover it on his return. As I showed him out he whispered in my ear "Sniff". So he made me an accomplice. Lady Burton said, "I feel in sympathy with him, and I will lift up this vase with some flowers." On Irving's return he stretched his long arms over the table until he heard a faint sniff, upon which he at once seized upon the vase, which had been touched by Lady Burton, to the astonishment of all present, and as we both kept the secret, the truth was never discovered.

I often saw Burton to the end of his life in 1890, and I do not believe that there is any truth in the story of his being baptized into the Roman Catholic Church on his death-bed. The religion that most appealed to him was the Mahometan, though I do not know if he ever made the Mahometan profession of faith.

LAST WORDS OF MY GRANDMOTHER

by William Carlos Williams.

She stayed over after
the summer people had gone
at her little shack
on the shore, an old woman

impossible to get on with
unless you left her alone
with her things—among them
the young grandson, nineteen

whom she had raised.
He endured her because
he was too lazy to work
too lazy to think and

had a soft spot for her
in his bright heart, also a
moustache, a girl, bed
and board out of the old lady

the sea before him
and a ukalele—The two
had remained on and on
into the cold weather.

Thanksgiving day
after the heavy dinner
at a good neighbor's table
Death touched the old lady

in her head—Home she must
go leaning heavily on the
boy who put her to bed and
gave her what she wanted—

water and Mother Eddy's
Science and Health and
forgot her for other things.
But she began to rave in the night.

In the morning after frying
an egg for her
he combed his whiskers
picked his pimples

and got busy with
a telegram for help—
Gimme something to eat
Gimme something to eat

I'm starving
they're starving me
was all I got out of
the dazed old woman

There were some dirty plates
and a glass of milk
beside her on a small table
near her stinking bed

Wrinkled and nearly blind
she lay and snored
rousing to cry
with anger in her tones—

They're starving me—
You won't move me
I'm all right—I won't go
to the hospital. No, no, no

Give me something to eat!—
Let me take you
to the hospital, I said,
and after you are well

you can do as you please—
She smiled her old smile:
Yes, you do what you please
first then I can do what I please—

Oh, oh, oh, she cried
as the ambulance men lifted her
to their stretcher on the floor—
Is this what you call

making me comfortable?—
Now her mind was clear
Oh you think you're awfully
smart, you young people,

she said to us, but I'll tell
you you don't know
anything—Then we started.
On the way

we passed a long row
of elms, she looked
a long while out of the
ambulance window and said—

What are all those
fuzzy looking things out there?
Trees? Well, I'm
tired of them.

SURCEASE

by Carlos C. Drake

He was a clerk in an insurance office. Each morning he rose at seven o'clock and ate his breakfast. Each morning after his breakfast he walked to his office whether there was rain in the streets or sunshine. He would work diligently until twelve-thirty at which time he would go to a small restaurant not far distant where he could procure a luncheon for sixty-five cents. Some days he would have corn beef for luncheon. On other days he would have a little pork or a lamb chop. He never allowed himself more than an hour for this repast. And at five o'clock he would walk back to his lodgings where his evenings were uneventfully spent. Occasionally, if it were pleasant weather, he would stroll a long way down the avenue. More often he would sit in the small parlor of his boarding-house and read the newspapers. And there was always his landlady with whom to talk while he smoked his pipe and she knitted.

He had never deviated from this routine. It was his past and his future. He was perfectly content with it. For nothing had ever occurred in his life which might have inspired him with any restive aspiration. He was just a conscientious clerk in the insurance business, faithful, unimaginative.

Only one particular pleasure he afforded himself which proved the single human quality in his reticent nature. At the end of each month he received his salary. With a small portion of it he would go to a large restaurant

downtown where he might hear music and watch lite. He would always prepare very carefully for this occasion. And he would eat a well-cooked dinner there with broiled squab, perhaps ; and to begin with, a relish, like oysters or caviar. It was a small extravagance and it gave him enjoyment. He would sit, and look at the people, and think.

For a long time he had done this ; always dining alone, sitting at the same table, chosen because of its view of the room, and served by the same taciturn waiter.

He would sit and watch the people with their rich clothing, their flushed, happy faces. He would listen to their gay conversation, and their laughter. At first it pleased him to notice these things. Then he commenced to grow envious of them, because he did not wear such clothing and could not laugh and talk as they. And after a while this jealousy became a subtle dislike which burned gently in his mind. It distressed him that there should exist a difference between these people who had wealth and him who did not have wealth, between them who had ambition and promise and him who had no ambition and no promise. It bothered him considerably and disturbed his sleep at night. And more than once there had come to him an impellant desire suddenly to spring from his chair and to scream at them, just to scream wildly at them in defiance of their ways of living which were not his ways. "It would give him great satisfaction," he thought, "to do that one natural thing."

As the years passed this desire grew ever stronger. He felt himself nearing a crest of resolve ; one day, he knew, he would do it. It impressed him as being quite as inevitable as the coming of sunlight in the morning and the going of sunlight in the afternoon. It made him fearful of the approach of this night for dining out. Yet he still went to the restaurant as before ; and he still sat, and watched the people, and thought.

And one evening he knew subsconsciously that the time had come. It was during the second course of his

meal, and the hour was bearing eight when the restaurant was quite filled.

He did not hesitate to consider his action, but rose calmly from his chair, placing one hand upon the table. With his other hand he described a wide arc in the air. And he threw back his head and screamed.

Several people turned horrified eyes in his direction. Everyone in the room instinctively shuddered. The orchestra which had been playing a soft piece stopped abruptly as if it had been turned off, like a faucet. Some few people leaned back in their chairs and stared with their mouths open.

And he stood there and screamed piercing scream after piercing scream till the tears came to his eyes. It was a perfectly ghastly noise that he made.

He could see the headwaiter rushing forward, his neck bulging from beneath his collar, his eyes dilated. Many hands were laid upon him. He felt himself lifted and drawn backward toward the doorway, toward the doorway which led out into his dull little world. And he went with them easily, never essaying a struggle, a smile upon his lips and a droll little joy in his heart that he had done one thing, at least, which counted for pleasure.

UNCLE BERTRAM

by B. M. G. Adams.

Uncle Bertram's smoking-room lay behind the dining-room at Chester Place, a grimed brick wall cutting off light to the left of the window. Leaves of tall plane trees of a disused burying ground cast shadows on the Turkey carpet through the summer months. Rain beat on the sticky paths from autumn until late spring, or sulphurous fog hung over them.

Mrs. Hilton was a theosophist and a magnetic healer. Thin books bound in pale blue cloth and white leather, stamped with a gilt star and triangle lay on her night-table. She and Uncle Bertram had been married a long time, and had no children. If he brought Joan and Margery to the house and she were there, he always rang for tea in the smoking-room. Below the window at the top of the first flight of stairs stood a glass-lidded exhibition case. Its yellowish rolled strips of mummy bandages smelt aromatically. A smell that had lost its sharpness and grown sweet with an undercurrent. There were beads, a henna-dyed plait of a priestess's hair, broken splinters of painted wood, some small blue figures from Egyptian tombs. Uncle Bertram had been present at the unwrapping of the body of Rameses II, and as the toes fell from the feet had managed to secure one and slip it into his pocket. It lay in a cardboard box on cotton wool, a small, hard, black object like a larva that might break out a week, six months, a hundred years ahead. There were mosaic fragments from Troy, and Icelandic

jewellery, and a pair of Chinese shoes. But Egypt smelt strongest.

In the smoking room was a portion of a pierced wooden harem window front, with a small lattice opening in it, bought in the oldest part of Alexandria. Yet it seemed to 'go' with the wide shiny sofa, the leather armchairs in which two children could sit side by side, and the mahogany bookcase kept locked, as though the books were animals that must not be allowed to get out. Uncle Bertram liked everything in its proper place. He showed irritation if a tinfoil chocolate wrapping was thrown into the grate instead of into the waste paper basket. In his seldom open desk, letters and papers were arranged in varying sized packets, clasped by elastic bands. Newspapers, read and unread, were carefully folded and laid always at the same end of a side table. This objection to things "left lying about" was probably why he kept all personal possessions locked up. The keys formed a bunch that jingled whenever he moved, against the coins in his trouser pockets. He looked carefully at the change cabmen gave him, and dismissed a cook worth keeping for being six minutes late with dinner. He was always to the second himself.

One afternoon when Joan and Margery went to tea, Uncle Bertram took down an assegai from the wall, hung a necklace made of lions' claws and horsehair over the grey striped suit in which he had worked during the day at the Colonial office, and showed them how the Zulu witch doctors danced when they smelt out their enemies. The room was so small that he had to push the furniture into the corners before beginning; and the children, crouched on top of the sofa back, were in a semi-hypnotized condition of horror as he leapt finally opposite them, his square teeth bared laughingly under his red moustache, his eyes almost closed, the flat blade of the assegai quiveringly suspended above their ribbon snooded heads. For these moments, and for others spent in his laboratory in the basement, a place full of electric wires, wooden

boxes and glass screens, where he took X ray photographs of their hands, their legs, and their ribs, they did not much care for him. Joan got to the stage of making a face when Uncle Bertram hailed a hansom, to show Margery how much she hated having to sit close up against him.

Still, he was the first person she had met who understood what Margery wanted. At home, besides fairy tales, were volumes of Thackeray and Dickens, many books written on purpose for girls, and the novels her mother got from Mudie's, these just to be looked at standing in the drawing-room, with one ear turned towards the door, ready to replace the volume, closed, in its original position on the table, at the slightest sound. Uncle Bertram gave her "She" and "The World's Desire" by Rider Haggard, and some of Dumas' historical novels, sonnets from Keats, and a Browning. He made her write stories, but was never satisfied with what she showed him. He wrote poetry himself and one day on which Joan had a sore throat, and Margery went to his house alone, read some aloud. She thought it long and dull. When, however, Uncle Bertram pulled her on to his lap on the sofa after he had finished, and stroked up and down the bare skin above her stockinged knees, she minded less than usual, for she was thinking of something else. "Couldn't I write poetry some day?" she asked. "Ursula Hill does," he answered, "and she's only twelve, just a few months older than you are. I'll have you to tea together one afternoon, and you can talk to her about it." But when Margery questioned Mrs. Hill a fortnight later at the dancing class as to when Ursula was going to tea at Chester Place, Mrs. Hill said that she did not know, that Ursula was a silly little girl and had quarrelled with Uncle Bertram. "I've advised her to apologize, and kiss and make it up" she added, "but she won't even tell me what it's about. Her uncle doesn't know why she's annoyed with him. I can't get to the bottom of it."

He talked to the children as though they were his own age. Perhaps because he had no grown-up friends. All

callers at the house came to see Mrs. Hilton. The drawing-room was full of photographs of men and women. But in the smoking-room, beside an engraving of the Empress Eugénie, were only portraits of little girls. There were several, framed, and propped, unframed, against the wall at the back of his desk. Even one of his clerk's two-year-old baby. Uncle Bertram did not care for boys.

Joan liked going to the house because of the Fuller's walnut layer cake, or when there was a children's party. Margery liked to sit on the hearthrug and talk when no one was there, of queer things he had seen in diffreent parts of the world. He told her once of a forest in Brazil into which he had gone as a young man. There was swamp, and snakes, and plants that twisted like them, hanging from the trees. He walked a long way into it, so as to make certain that no one would find him as he was going to shoot himself. When he grew tired, he took the revolver from his pocket, and discovered that he had forgotten to load it. This made him laugh, he said, and he found his way home again, and didn't try the walk a second time. "Why did you do it?" asked Margery. "Because I had no reason", he answered.

She learnt that Uncle Bertram was clever at understanding people, although he saw so few, that he could always guess the moment at which she felt sick and frightened for no reason, when sitting on his knee, and knew that he could put her in a good temper again by giving her something that she liked to smell. In this way, she got a scrap of the linen mummy bandage, a little sandalwood box, a piece of white orris root, and three Tonkin beans that he said the Burmese women's clothes smelt of.

The children decided that the house was haunted. Even on summer afternoons it grew dark at 14, Chester Place earlier than anywhere else. When the wind blew through the landing window, and rattled the bead curtain hanging behind the glass case with the toe, and coil of the priestess' hair, Joan said that she wanted to go down to the kitchen and stay by the fire there, with the cook and

Alice the housemaid. Mrs. Hilton came in one afternoon, and found her sitting on a chair in the hall with scared white face and chattering teeth. "What's the matter, Joan?" she asked. "Where are the others?" "Uncle Bertram hasn't found Margery yet," she answered. "We're playing hide and seek over the house. I hid in the drawing-room. But I don't like being in rooms in this house with the doors shut."

When Uncle Bertram poured out tea, Margery wondered whether underneath the grey suit, his body was like a monkey's, so much reddish hair grew curling down the backs of his hands. Seen from the front he was quite bald, but round the back of his head, the same coloured hair grew in thick, short curls. When he was in a good temper he was grave, but he laughed when he got annoyed. He was always telling them what a lot they had got to learn. "All sorts of things in life that lots of grown-up people are too stupid to trouble to find out about. Remember this, Margery, the only thing that's really wrong, is being unwilling to learn."

"It *must* be haunted, there's that same feeling everywhere,' said Margery to her sister, the next time they were on their way to the house. "Promise, promise solemnly that you won't go out of the room, or leave me at all, the whole time that we're there."

Towards the end of the Christmas holidays, Joan's nerves suddenly went to pieces. Big shadows lay under her eyes, she got hysterical without the slightest provocation. And although the doctor told her mother that she must be taken away from lessons at school for a whole year, it was bad luck in other ways. For she was not allowed to go to parties or theatres either, and got done out of the Drury Lane Pantomime at which Uncle Bertram took a box for himself, Margery and three other little girls.

On the seventeenth of February the *Evening Standard* and the *Westminster Gazette* announced his suicide in a short paragraph.

At the inquest, Uncle Bertram's brother said that there was no financial worry of any kind, that the domestic life of the deceased and his wife had always been of the most happy and harmonious description. Sir Malley Whitworth said Captain Hilton's work had been highly valued at the Colonial Office, and. that his department had suffered a severe loss. The Coroner and jury expressed their sympathy with the widow and family.

DEOSIL

by Mary Butts.

Every day he woke to the desire to take the world by the throat, and choke it. He had no illusion that the world wanted to be saved ; still less that it was ready to be saved by him. Ready!—it was punching at him with agonising blows, to be rid of him, once and for all. He woke up. Even that was not true now. It had been true once, but now the world was getting over any slight alarm he might have caused it. It was leaving him alone, to realise the wounds it had given him. Sometimes it was even tolerant and trying to patch him up.

Oh, God!

He was in the middle of London, in a dull hotel bedroom, stale with travelling from the Shap moors, where two years before he had gone away to think. He had called it thinking, but he had gone there to lick his wounds and dream. He was just intelligent enough to notice that he had not thought, and that what he remembered was certain moments of action. Certainly he did not understand that what he wanted was magic.

He lay, and remembered something about himself : that he was called Dick Tressider, that he was a mystic, and that among the people he met, the word meant a snub, a cliché, an insult, or, very occasionally, a distinction : that he knew a great many people who almost realised his plan, and yet did not : that he was a gentleman. He had not thought of that for a long time. London had reminded him. He damned the place and ordered his bath. He

shaved, and put on his good, worn, country-clothes, his heavy boots, his rain-coat and leather gloves, all without pride in his strength, or tonic from his unconventionality. He ate a country breakfast, and looked up his appointments. He felt that he was held from behind by the short hair on his skull, and cursed the city ; but what he needed was magic.

It is doubtful if he understood the idea of progress, but whether he did or not, he disliked it. It may be certain, but it is obviously slow. He had his immediate reasons too. He had tried every association which tries to speed man's progress ; labour and revolution, agriculture and religion. In each, it was the soundest point in his perception, he had seen one thing and the same thing, which was essential and, at the same time, did not come off. Meanwhile, labour and revolution, agriculture and religion were entirely sick of him. He knew, if any man living knew he knew, that sometimes things were improved, or rather that they were changed, and that in individual action there were moments of a peculiar quality that expressed the state in which he knew the whole earth could live all the time, and settle the hash of time, progress and morality once and for ever. What he wanted to happen was for some man to say a word of power which should evoke this state, everywhere, not by any process, but in the twinkling of an eye. This is magic. Lovers did it, especially his lovers, and saints, when he and one or two men he knew were being saints, with a woman or so about to encourage them, at night, in a smoky room. There were moments too, under the hills, breaking-in horses when it came, the moment of pure being, the co-ordination of power.

But the universal word did not come off. He was over forty now, and he was losing his nerve. He was beginning to spit and sneer and, since he could not find his word, he was beginning to grin, and hope for the world to ruin itself ; and rub his hands, and tell his friends in their moments of pleasure that they were damned, not exactly

because they had not listened to him, but for something rather like it. And, as very often they had listened to him, in reason, they were hurt.

Because he had not mastered the earth, he was beginning to hate it. Hate takes the grace out of of a spiritual man, even his grace of body. As he left the hotel, and walked west through the park, and saw the trees coming he drew in one of his animal breaths that showed the canines under his moustache, bright like a dog. *Grin like a dog, and run about the city*; but then he understood that this was one of his empty days, which might be filled with anything or nothing.

"I must fill it", he said, and he meant that on this day, he must have a revelation and a blessing; which is a difficult thing to get to order. He went on to the grass, in among the trees, which are a proper setting for almost every kind of beauty. Their green displayed his tan and harmonised his dress. Their trunks drew attention to his height, the grass gave distinction to his walk. It was early, and there were no pretty women about to make his eyes turn this way and that, greedily, with vanity, with appeal for pity, but too scornfully for success. The trees went on growing. He looked at them and remembered Daphne, and that she had said once: "Stop fussing Dick. Why can't you let things alone for a bit? Think of trees." "Silly fool of a girl. Wanted me to make love to her, I suppose." He had said that at the time, and he still said it, but he added Daphne to the list of people he was to see that day. Like men of his kind, at cross-purposes with their purpose, there could be nothing fortuitous that happened to him. Everything was a leading, a signature of the reality whose martyr he was, for he could never allow that he had made a fool of himself, and only occasionally that reality had made a fool of him. So he pinned the universe down to a revelation from Daphne, and took a bus to Holborn to get on with the business of the day.

It is much easier for a man to lose his self-consciousness in Holborn than in the female world of South Kensington.

He went first to see a friend who was teaching a kind of Christian anarchism made dramatic by the use of Catholic ritual. He was a good man, patient with Dick, who trusted him. It was one of the things that made Dick uneasy that the works of sanctity and illumination are now distributed through offices, and he saw himself a terror to such places. Eden was out. The typist was a very childish one, with short hair and a chintz over-all, and she did not suggest the Sophia, the Redeemed Virgin, Dick was looking for. He shifted his expectation and saw her as the unredeemed and improbable virgin which is the same thing as the soul of the world, and prepared to treat her for the part. He was hungry by now.

"I'm Dick Tressider", he said, "and I'll wait for Mr. Eden." He dropped his stick, picked it up, lit a cigarette, and walked once or twice up and down the room.

"D'you know about me?"

"I can't say that I do," she said. "So many gentlemen come here for Mr. Eden'"

"D'you know Mr. Eden well? Are you conscious of what he is doing here? I mean that it's an expression of what is happening everywhere, of what is bound to happen everywhere, man's consciousness becoming part of the cosmic consciousness?"

"Mr. Eden never says anything about it."

"D'you know this whole damned earth is going to smash any moment?"

"Mr. Eden says that if there are any more wars we shall starve. He is trying to stop it."

He grinned, and showed his wolf's teeth.

"I tell you. It'll make precious little difference what he does. You look as if you might understand. Come out and have some lunch."

She got up obediently. She remembered that she had heard of Dick, that he had been a soldier of some family and some service. Also he was a tall figure of a man, not like the pale, ecstatic townsmen who came there.

He took her to a restaurant and ordered red wine and

steak. He crammed his food down and asked her what she thought about love. Immediately she was frightened. She was not frightened of seduction or of a scene. It was pure fear. He saw that it would not do, and sulked at her, pouring down his wine.

"I don't want to waste time. I've got to get down to reality. Tell Eden I'll call in later."

He took her out, and left her at the door of the restaurant, without a word.

He walked about London, through the streets round the British Museum, on a cool still afternoon without rain, past the interesting shops and the students, and the great building of stone. He wanted to persuade men that they were only there to illustrate the worth of the land. He did not want to see Eden, who would be busy trying to stop the next war, and getting people to dress up. He knew what war was and how it would stop these games, more power to it. It was all up with the world, and the world didn't know it. He would go to tea with Daphne now. It would be too early but that didn't matter.

At the Museum gates he saw a man he had known, who said: "Is that you, Tressider? I didn't know you were in Town."

"I came up last night."

"Wishing you were back?"

"Wishing I could smash these lumps of stone or get men to see their cosmic significance."

The civilised man winced. The idea might be tolerable, but one should not say it like that.

"I am going into the Museum. Come along?"

"What are you going to do?"

"Look at things."

"Some earth-shaking new cooking-pot?"

"It's not a question of size, is it? Come along."

He had to run beside Dick, who flung himself over the courtyard and up the steps.

"I read a jolly fairy-story about this place," he said. "Some children got a magic amulet and wished the things

home, and they all flew out. Those stone bull things, and all the crocks and necklaces."

"I remember. They found a queen from Babylon, and she said they belonged to her, and wished them all home, and home they went."

Dick looked at him, with a side-ways, ugly stare.

"I know. You like me, don't you, when you think I'm a fairy-boy. A kind of grown-up Puck? You like me to like rot."

"But I do," said his friend. "I like that story myself, and was glad when you recalled it."

"Do you know that the only thing we've said that meant anything was a bit of your talk — 'She said they all belonged to her'. That's the cursed property-sense that keeps this world a hell."

"Oh damn the property sense! I was going to look at the casts from Yucatan, and I always forget the way."

Dick was staring at a case of bronze weapons. He put his hand easily on the man's shoulder.

"Don't you understand that that fairy-story is true? They could all fly away out of here. It's as easy as changing your collar?"

"Do it for us then, Tressider. I'll come along and applaud."

"My God! You people will find a man who can do it for you, and worse things, and soon. Someone you've treated as you treat all people. Take it from me, Brooks."

Madder than ever. Won't think, and can't play. "All right. The room's at the end. Come along."

It is not easy to get on terms with a cast the size of a house, whose close decorations mean nothing to anyone except to an archaeologist or an artist. Dick lounged and stared, and leant up against the central plaster lump.

"What are all these things for? I suppose you think you've done something when you've dug 'em up out of the earth."

It is exceedingly difficult to explain why a thing is useful when you like it.

Dick smote it with his hand.

"A lot of good those'll do you when the world busts up."

But Brooks was thinking what a type was there, leaning on a sacred Maian monster, a fair ruling, fighting, riding man, and what twist of breeding had turned him prophet à la Semite, "sad when he held the harp." And that the harp that once — etc. — was now completely cracked.

"All right," he said, "we'll leave antiquities for the moment. But it's a speculation worth following: where did that civilisation come from, and did it have any contact with Egypt?"

"Egypt? They knew about the soul there, and I don't care where their jim-jam decorations came from. Civilisation's going. The world wants a man whose contact is primeval."

"Oh does it?" said Brooks. "I suppose you mean yourself. You're about as primeval as a card-index. Come and have some tea."

And at tea, Dick asked him sweetly about his children, and sent messages to his wife, and told the story of his uncle's funeral with point and wit, and left Brooks, to go up to Daphne, with his affection intact, and his doubts.

Now it was evening. The 'bus climbed up the side of London, and above the screaming children, and the crowd going home from work; it rolled like an animal ship and from every contact Dick sighed and withdrew himself, till at the five roads at Camden Town, he felt something coming which had come before. "This place is not here," he said. "I can lift myself out of it, in my body. So!" He sank down a little as he said it, and answered himself. "The things you hate are only your body being knocked about by phenomena." Then the place disappeared, especially a public-house with a plaster tower, but there had crept up through them tall, perpendicular folds, which looked like dark grey rubber, which rose and passed in from all sides. But he was free, both of the houses and what had replaced them. He lifted himself like a clean

man out of the sea, and rested in his mind, which was now full of order and peace. He wondered that he had ever minded anything, and at the end of the ride stood several men drinks in a public house, and roared with laughter with them.

Before dinner, he came to Daphne's house, and rang the bell. There was some time before anyone answered it. Then her old nurse came, and looked at him without knowing who he was. He came in, and took off his raincoat before he said: "Is Miss Daphne in?"

"I'll see, sir," she said, and led him into the living room which had tall windows and a balcony on to a garden full of trees. The wind, a new thing, was moving in them. It was almost night. Next door was Daphne's room. He heard the door open and shut several times, and brief voices. The room was very empty. He stumbled over a rug, and saw the shining boards and a gramophone gaping with the lid up, and records on the divan among the cushions. He did not make himself at ease by the fire. He understood that they had been dancing. He walked up and down the room, wondering what they would give him to eat.

It was all right. The peace was there. He would tell Daphne about it. Daphne would give it back to him with assent and vivid words. Perhaps he would take Daphne out to dinner. Her youngest sister came in.

"Please forgive us. We're in such a hurry. We've been dressing Daphne. Would you mind coming to see her in her room?"

He remembered Daphne's room, rows of books and glass balls and Chinese pictures of birds and windows that stepped out into the air. He followed her sister, and as he came in, heard Daphne's cry "Hullo, Dick!" that was like a battle yell. In a minute he was treading into a sea of tissue paper that rustled like snakes. The shutters were closed. All the lights were on. Here was night, suddenly and strongly lit. As Daphne came to meet him, her sister fell on her knees, and followed her over the carpet, pinning something at her hips.

A woman he did not know was sitting on the couch looking at Daphne. The old nurse was somewhere behind him, by the door.

"Shall I ring for a taxi, dearie?"

"In a minute, nurse, I've a few moments to spare." Then he trod on the paper like a man and saw her. She had on a green and white dress, and crystal earrings that touched her shoulders, and a crystal at her waist, slung round her neck with a green cord. Dick remembered enough to know that it was a dress that is not seen in shops, but is shown, 'like an ear of corn reaped in silence' to certain women on certain occasions. He saw her feet in silver sandals, her hair like a black, painted doll's, a curve drawn out over each cheek. On the dressing table, white with powder, there was a bouquet in a frill.

"Dick, I'm going out to have a glorious time." She did not look at him twice to see what his heavy eyes said.

"Val, my dear, is the wet-white even on my back?" Valentine got up and took a powder-puff and dusted her sister's white back. She sat down again at her mirror, and called at him into the glass where she could see him. "Dick, sit down. You know my cousin, Mrs. Lee?" He would not know her, but sat down and stared, and saw that Daphne was like a tree in glory. And that the colour of her mouth was due to art. It was not trying to be anything else. If it was kissed, it would come off so much sticky paint. The room was warm, full of scent and whirling with powder-dust. He tried to hear the wind rising. He wanted to swear at Daphne and hit her.—In the mirror, he saw her little head sink an instant. He knew her. She was thinking, "Oh Dick, don't spoil my pleasure." Well, he would. Then she whipped round and smiled at him, deliberately, brutally, and he knew that he could not.

She was pulling on gloves like curd, picked up her flowers, and moved across the room.

"Nurse, ring for a taxi. Angry, Dick? I'm going to dance all night. Oh, it's good to get into decent clothes —"

He said vulgarly: "It seems to me that you've got out

of them," and she looked at him exactly as she would look at a man of his kind who said a thing like that.

He felt his power drain out of him, his poise, assurance, pride. He had come to tell Daphne about heavenly things.

As he waited and hated her, she forgot even who he was.

"Say you like my dress. I must hear everyone say it."

"I suppose it's fashionable, but I remember you in the shrubberies at Pharrs in a cotton dress. You came for a walk with me."

"Oh yes. I remember Pharrs—that reminds me—"

It had not reminded her of him. She turned and went quickly to the glass again, and spoke to her cousin beside him.

"Trini. I'm not certain, but I think it wants a head-dress." She pulled out a wreath of bright green leaves, and set it on her head.

They were like the leaves of no earthly laurel. He shuddered and called "Daphne!" Her cousin agreed with her. Her taxi came. She said:

"Dick, I'm sorry I've had no time to-night. Can I give you a lift down town?"

She flung on a silver cloak, and he followed her down the steps, into the taxi. The wind was rising, and drummed on the window-glass. They ran in silence down London. It was very cold. He saw where she was going; into a high square house, and down to dinner with a black and white man, down golden stairs.

She looked at him again.

"Cheer up Dick. Don't you like to get back to it all when you come to town?"

She had won. He had not known how to express his disgust, now he did not know if he felt it.

"I suppose I miss it sometimes."

"Look here. We've a party at the Savoy on Saturday, and we want another man. Will you come?"

He would not come. Anything might happen in the world, but he would not come.

"I'm afraid I should be out of place. You would find my change of values too complete."

"Should we indeed! There are several Paradises, Dick. Me for this Paradise."

She had known all the time. He must say something destructive, inimical, quickly. Only she had forgotten him again.

"Oh," she said, "it's cold," and drew in her silver stuff. Without concern he put his oily rough raincoat over the silver, the white and green, the milky back that came off a little. She made a little face, said 'Thank you' and forgot.

The wind roared through the square. She opened the door, two half-crowns in her hand.

"Here's my share. Good-night, Dick. Come and see me some time. Good-night, Dick."

He did not want the taxi any more. He only wanted to meet the wind, and let nature knock the nonsense out of him, and the memories. He took the half-crowns from her, and she was out into the street before he could find his stick. He did not help her. She was gone. The wind went roaring past. He paid the man, and at the last instant before night, saw her run up the steps, and the wind take her cloak and open it. He saw her bend like a full sail, and balance to the wind. He saw her head go down, and her silver shoes run up. The door opened, he saw her run into a tall yellow arch, and the black door immediately close on her again.

STOCKTAKING

Towards a Re-Valuation of English Literature

by DANIEL CHAUCER.

II (*continued*).

During the last century English official criticism has erected as it were a stone-heap, a dead load, of moral qualities: A writer must have optimism, irony—but not mordant or painful irony; a healthy outlook; a middle-class standard of morality; as much religion as, say, St. Paul had; as much Atheism as was possessed by Shelley... and finally, on top of an immense load of self-neutralising moral and social qualities, above all Circumspection! So that, in the end, no English writer according to these standards, can possess authenticity. The formula is this: Thackeray is not Dickens, so Thackeray does not represent English Literature: Dickens is not Thackeray so *he* does not represent English Literature. In the end Literature itself is given up and you have the singular dictum of the doyen of English official literary criticism. Writing a history of English Literature in the Eighteenth Century this gentleman writes—but always rather uncomfortably—of Dryden as divine, of Pope as divine, of Swift as so filthy as to intimidate the self-respecting critic. But when this Historian comes to Pepys his enthusiasm is unbounded. The little, pawky diarist he salutes with an affection, an enthusiasm for his industry, his pawkiness, his thumb-nail sketches. Then he asserts amazingly: "This is scarcely

literature" and continues with panegyrics that leave no doubt that the Critic considers the Diary to be something very much better. Pepys in short, is the crown of the 17-18th Century writers—the one man who makes the not immensely susceptible bosom of the official critic glow; but his achievement is not literature.

The judgment is typically English: the bewildered foreigner could only say: "But if the Diary is all that you assert of it it must be literature; or, if it is not literature it cannot be all that you assert of it." And obviously... Let us now look at the matter from the point of view of internationalism!... this sort of timid official panegyric is not the sort of thing to make the Foreigner read Pepys; nor will the coldly polite ascriptions of "divinity" to Pope and Dryden be much more attractive. And that sort of thing is endless. Glancing by chance last week down the columns of one of our weekly journals that devotes some space to reviewing, you might have seen a notice of the transactions of an obscure English royal society. The "transactions" contained an Anglo-Ecclesiastical plea for Tennyson by the Dean of Westminster: quite the proper thing for a Dean to have written. The Reviewer however fell foul of the Dean not so much because of anything that the Dean had written but, by implication because the Dean had given a friendly lift to Tennyson instead of to another; "Tennyson was verbose, otiose; in his highest flights he never removed very far from the allegorical. How different would his position to-day not have been had his weapon been the "keen dry-point", the scalpel of... Pope!" The gentleman who wrote that sentence has since announced the forthcoming publication of his edition of the *Rape of the Lock* with notes, annotations and a biography founded on some new discoveries as to the more questionable transactions in the life of Pope!

That is English official criticism at its best—at its very best, because it does take some heed of method rather than merely of morality. Tennyson would undoubtedly have been a different writer had his methods been those of Pope.

The assertion cannot be contested. But the criticism is something more for those who can read between literary lines. It appears in a journal—the official journal of a party devoting itself to the abolition of the English Church, the English Throne and the British Empire. So the Reviewer is bound to attack a Dean, any Dean, anywhere. That is all right. Deans are harmless men of business with a great deal to do, but if anyone can make his bread by attacking them there is no reason why it should not be done. Bread must be made—or so it is said.

The trouble—the very great trouble!—that might arise is this: If Tennyson is to be made a Dean-supported person every writer of the Left must attack him: if Pope is to be supported by the Reviewers of the Left Press every writer of Tory persuasions must attack him—and there is another possible English Literary Axiom gone. Because if every Tory writer in England of to-day found it necessary to attack Pope, Pope would certainly be damaged; so would almost any English writer who was attacked by the entire Left Press of these realms.

And this is no very exaggerated view. When it comes to Mr. Kipling it is no exaggeration to say that our entire Left Press, quietly and subtly at work, has for the last twenty years enforced the lesson that Mr. Kipling has none of the serene cosmopolitanism of Matthew Arnold—or let us put it that the laureate of the banjo cannot be a poet. Our Right preachers and moralists, when it comes to Mr. Wells being, as Tories and Deans should be, more blatant, limit themselves to saying that, they would rather see their daughters dead at their feet than reading one of Mr. Wells' later novels; whilst for a decade or so an influential branch of the Left group was accustomed to state—that they intended to and could "ruin" Mr. Wells, his brand of advanced opinion differing from their oun.

These vile parages are in short no place for men of genius. The pity is that men of genius in England are as fatally attracted to that sort of ruin as are sea-birds in the night to the great lanthorns of light-houses. It is true

that Mr. Kipling is distinguished by all the banjo-Jingoism, the "You-bloody-niggerisms"... of Shakespeare! But that does not make him any less national a voice: we Anglo-Saxons have those characteristics and the rendering is authentic. It is equally true that Mr. Wells, whose short stories are as authentic as those of any writer, has a public mission varying with the years. ...And such of the Left as have no personal feuds with Mr. Wells beat all the drums of that side; and the more courageous Tories publicly desire the deaths of their daughters... And the one lot ignore the authentic and wonderful *Country of the Blind*; and the other lot ignore the authentic and wonderful *Invisible Man*; and the daughters reading *Anne Veronica*, get into terrible scrapes and never again have time to read anything else. And there is always a great dust and we may very well have a war with France!

In any case *The Man Who Would be King* and *The Liner She's a Lady* get forgotten and Mr. Kipling forgets how to write such tings. So Literature suffers. And Mr. Wells forgets how to write: and Literature suffers still more. And the years pass and the sort of thing continues and less and less does our sceptical Foreigner believe that our literature is anything other than pettinesses utterly lacking in distinction—provincialisms! For, very comprehensibly, the Foreigner has little or no use for Anglo-Saxon morality; still less —*pace* the Editor of the *Transatlantic Review*— can he admire or awaken in himself any interest for our internal politics...

I once met a Peruvian who had come to London to study English Literature. He said:

"Oh! but your *writers*! They pant and they pant; producing and producing! And then, as the type, the Architype you have... Charles Lamb *On Buttered Toast*!"

I said!:

"Ah! that is because you are not an Englishman!" But I felt it.

It is time then, that we had a re-valuation of the literary assets of Anglo-Saxondom: a re-valuation in which the

style of Trollope shall not be estimated by the morality—or by the latest editor— of Bunyan; a re-valuation in which no political hack and as few Deans as possible: no biographers, bibliographers, emendators of texts or persons commercially interested in the sales of books shall have any say. How that re-valuation is to be brought about does not fall under the heading of this chapter. Why it should—why it must—be brought about is the more immediate matter.

It is because enthusiasms are a necessity for the human being. For the Anglo-Saxon to believe himself wanting in one of the great faculties and resources of humanity is calamitous for the Anglo-Saxon. It forces him to believe that because he is relatively gross and relatively commercial he will best express himself by exaggerating his grossness, his more brutal qualities and his worship of money. So our business men pretend to take pride in the quite false assertion that they have no time for reading books...

And so we remain a blot on the world and our populations are regarded as more and more suspect. That is a misfortune because our writers, hampered as they are by political necessities, by hypocritical and crystallised moralities and by commercial pressures have yet, as it were between the blasts of those storms, produced a great body of beautiful and humane work: in such a sufficiency as to entitle us to occupy a place in the comity of the civilised nations. To bring that about a certain enthusiasm is needed—a certain racial assertiveness which we lack...

Supposing a British Cabinet Minister or an American high politician were asked to stand up in a Walhalla of the nations and claim for our twin civilisations our place in the sun: upon what achievements would he base our claims? He would talk about the steam engine, the spinning jenny, the steam-hammer, the electric telegraph, submarine cables, the gramophone, the "movies", wireless... Being at his point probably coughed down he would hazard, more dubiously a new departure.

He would begin to talk of evolutions of freedoms and moralities : of houses of Representatives, of Congressmen, Commons, County Councils ; of Colonial traditions, ballot boxes ; constitutions ; of the perfecting of the factory system ; of modern industrial life which is nowhere so... as in our favoured lands... the purity of... in our great cit... initiation of legislation against the White Slave Traf... Anti-Alco... Non-Secret Dip...

His voice being drowned, puzzled and irritated, he would cease and in the eventually resulting silence a kindly Scandinavian would be heard to prompt :

"Speak about Mr. Shaw!"

"Oh ! ah yes!" he would grasp at the proffered branch... "There's Shakespeare... and... Shakespeare and... Lord Byron... but perhaps he's a little too... and... Of course Shakespeare... and... Did someone say Herbert Spencer? Yes! Yes!... There are few branches of human activities in which by the temperate employment of non-sectarian religion in social problems our favoured nations....."

And so our cases go by default!

It is not in that way that the rest of the world frames its *apologia*! In the forefront of *Toutes les Gloires de la France* are set not merely the names of Napoleon, the Great Condé, le Roi Soleil, or merely Pasteur, Robespierre, Danton, or Lafayette : it is not by the name merely of Bismarck, Moltke, Marx or Ehrlich that Germany claims pity from Europe ; nor does Italy ask your patience solely because of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Savonarola ; nor Russia only because of Peter the Great, Schuvalof, Bakunin, Kerensky or Lenin... Nor yet is it because of the names of Gianaclis, Thetocopoulos or Venizelos that the name of Greece survives among the nations.

Indeed such great names as those, of thinkers and of men of action in fields purely material are the names that separate Europe into nations... They provide the separate glories of France, of Italy, of the Alemannic peoples, of Greece... But the others, the glorious names of all the imaginative writers and artists : from Homer to the Brothers Grimm ;

from Flaubert back to Apuleius ; from Catullus to Turgenev all these form the glories of Europe, their works going together to make one whole and each work being one stone in a gigantic and imperishable fabric. Outside stand we Anglo-Saxons for want of a little faith.

It is possible that a change might come : in the general re-valuation that is taking place all the commercial considerations, the moral queasinesses, the Professors of Literature, *Vorschungen*, university curricula, honours examinations, all these phenomena commercial at base which stand in the way of the taste for and the honouring of our Literature, may be estimated at their true price. To seek to abolish them is not much good, for they are parts of the essential imbecilities of pompous men—of the highly refined imaginations of the more select classes. They should be left isolated in little towns, but their existence should not be forgotten or they will come creeping in again.

Working in that way one of our peoples may well evolve and re-erect in English a literature that shall be really of the masses, really national, really beloved and really great. It is probably from the United States that that movement will come : at any rate to-day the United States with her awakening consciousness has an opportunity such as she never had before of entering into the great comity of civilised nations. We, for the moment are too tired, too bound down by vested interests, too poor ; bled too white—and of our best blood.

CHRONIQUES

Editorial Paris, February.

De-Capitalisation

In the first number of this Review Mr. Conrad refused to credit the writer with any of the guile of the serpent. Let us however lay claim to a little: we have tried to lay springs to catch mackerel. And with some success. For it was not without a certain pawky guile that we arranged that on the very forehead of this periodical there should appear the poems of Mr. E. E. Cummings—uncapitalled, as if without bathing costume! That the review itself should appear as transatlantic was, we must confess artless enough. In the course of setting up the title '*transatlantic review*' several times the writer, who in matters of printing likes a certain squareness, was struck by the fact that a 'T' and an 'R', sticking a long way up above the other letters of the title were to him at least distasteful. He said to the compositor: 'Try it without any capitals at all! and thought the result rather pretty.

Its success has been startling. Of the distinctively British press notices of the first number of the review that have reached us at the moment of writing forty per cent devote themselves exclusively to the typographical experiments of Mr. Cummings. On that we had calculated. If it is unprofitable it is internally gratifying to prove to the hilt that it is hypocrisy to seek for the person of the Sacred Emperor in a low tea house. On the other hand we—the Staff of this review—were truly startled to find that no less than seventy per cent of our British Reviewers devoted themselves solely to the consideration of Mr. Cummings' experiments plus the want of capitals in *transatlantic review*. It was an unexpected and refreshing gift. Ninety per cent

of our Notices devoted themselves to indignation over the experiments of Mr. Cummings plus sorrow at the state, on our cover of the poor word *transatlantic* plus frantic rage at the poems of Mr. Pound—whose lines do not all begin on the extreme left-hand margin of the page. Nine per cent—in sorrow or in anger, for we do not know which!—contented themselves with chronicling our appearance. One solitary journal called attention to the fact that we were badly printed. We were. But we are trying to amend.

French and American journals have called attention to the cheerfulness of our blue and white colour: (Alas! The booksellers have so objected to the easily dirtied white that now we appear in buff!) to the quality of the literary contents of the review, some being favourable, some unfavourable. Some have speculated on the nature of Mr. Conrad as a collaborator: some on Mr. T. S. Eliot as editor; some have resented our anti-left political standpoint. Great Britain alone, steadfast and bared for the battle, has championed the Capital Letter. One very Left organ devoted quite a large amount of space to this King Charles's head. And thinking deeply on the matter the following sentence occured to us: *Have You in Your Possession the fromtheSunwithProtection endowedHat of the forEarwigTrapsettingGrandfather of the Domain Gardener*?

Capital & Labour!

That explains Everything. In Lands subject to the North-Central Empires, the Capital Letter is a part of Life. In latin countries french is spelt with a small 'f' and the month of décembre as here printed. Further south still the '?' is printed upside down and at the beginning of an interrogative sentence. And we Britons are subject to the North-Central Empires. We are subject, in the first place politically — and then by hypnotism! We Must Have Capitals. So at least the writer gathers from a short visit paid to his native city during which, avoid the matter how he might, he was continually approached.—It was like being a Bait up to which in dim Depths dim Fishes swam!—by one reproachful Thinker after Another. He was reproached with Want of Patriotism by Gentlemen all of whose war records were spotlessly pacific; with Francophilism by Others whose pro-Ally propaganda during the late period of Strife had been almost epileptic—and of course with Bolshevism, though with a Bolshevism purely literary! And finally we were approached by an Individual who at the price of our becoming a propagandist organ of our labour Government on the continent of Europe offered us... CAPITAL!

In our haste to eject this person we neglected to enquire as to his testimonials. We imagine him to have had none,

though he seems actually to have organised a Labour Press in one of the British Colonies. But the matter is unimportant except for its comicality. The press of the Left in England is so formidably organised, drilled and efficient that its desire to spread its tentacles over the Continent seems merely logical, Mr. Macdonald's singularly ill-judged interview granted to the *Quotidien* being no doubt a mere preliminary. (A British Prime Minister should not identify himself with any extremist organ of a neighbouring state.) But if we were inclined to become a propagandist organ it would not be in the interests of Labour, nor would it be in the interests of Conservatism as now practised, nor yet in that of Coalitionism as lately practised. As far as we can see the late Conservative party represented nothing that was conservative except the so-called conservative banking interests whilst the late Coalition, if it were allied with anything, represented a coalescence of the great Discounting Houses.

And the complete extinction of these two parties as operative political factors might well be consoling: it represents a first sign that the Great Financial Interests cannot for ever rule by means of monied wire-pulling, and the late victory of Labour may well be welcomed as a purification, as a triumph of the intellectual factor in public life. So that, except in its international aspects, we cannot decry that achievement. It is a victory of an immense press organisation, of information supplied to innumerable local societies by a central department of research, of countless small periodicals, pamphlets, leaflets, and orations. And it is at last a demonstration that the pen is at least as mighty as the purse. So that if there were no affairs international and if we were inclined to propagandise, in this organ we would propagandise for the party whose power rests on the pen as willingly as for any other party. But alas, there are international affairs and, in those the prevalence of the British Left can only spell world disaster.

From that you cannot get away, look where you may. The first official act of Mr. Macdonald—for we presume the interview granted to the French Extreme-Left journal may count as unofficial—was the informal recognition of the Soviet Government. The time has perhaps come for that recognition—but the informality is a disaster. Every step should have been measured and de-limited... in the interests of Peace. For the most incontestably successful attempt at organisation made by the Soviet Government has been the evolution of an immensely efficient, of an irresistible, Red Army. The skies fell in but the Red Army stood. If then the Soviets be recognised without attempt made to limit the Russian armaments; if Russian credit

be established with unlimited power to purchase the wares of Armstrongs, Armament Trusts and the rest—what is the only possible outcome? It is an irruption South—into Poland.

Or again: The only international ideal of Mr. Macdonald's party is the re-establishment of Prussia in the commercial hegemony of Germany. The sole incontestably successful attempts at organisation that have been made by Prussia down the ages have been the evolution of immensely efficient raiding armies that, every fifty years during recorded history, have plundered lands more southerly. If then Mr. Macdonald and his Government render Prussia once more opulent at the expense of her German tributary nations; if Mr. Macdonald re-inforce with the products of Anglo-Saxon Arm Trusts the yoke of Prussia over wealthy and unwarlike countries like the Rhinelands and Rhenish Westphalia—what is the only possible outcome? It is an irruption South East —into Poland; and after that the deluge. For it is the great misfortune of the world that world-peace turns upon the wealth of Poland; that the military organisations of Russia and Prussia cannot continue without the pickings of the wealth of Poland; that Mr. Macdonald's party are willing to sacrifice Poland, the Rhinelands and Rhenish Westphalia on the altars of the military organisations of Russia and Prussia—and that for the rest of the world the cause of Poland is a sacred cause. Freedom did shriek when Kosciusko fell.

Most British parties ignore not only the historical sense but the historical sentiments of nations; that was amply enough demonstrated in our genuine British puzzlement at the emotions of a pampered, over-indulged Ireland that yet hated us with the hate of Hell—because the great-great grandmother of almost every Irishman had been murdered, if not worse, by the Redcoats during the 98. But it is left to the British Left alone to be almost sufficiently educated to understand that historical sentiments exist, continue and are dominant factors in international relationships. The British Left, in its evangelising idealism, considers that this should not be so. Perhaps it should not. No doubt in an ideal state the Pole should welcome the Red Armies and lie down before the Prussian or Russian capitalist that shall expropriate his fields, extinguish his language and hang his bishops before their cathedrals; and the inhabitants of the Rhinelands and of Rhenish Westphalia should welcome vast hordes of Prussian officials, tax-gatherers and Hohenzollern-propagandists intent on the provision of cannon fodder. And *Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas*, say Mr. Macdonald and his cabinet—remembering no doubt that those words formed the first official pronouncement of the last Hohenzollern ruler whom they shall restore. So telling Poland that it is

ethically unrighteous to resist they will proceed once more to the partition of Poland; and the uneducated Poles will resist and all Southern and South Eastern Europe will be there to help them because of the strength of ancient sentiments. And how shall the United States keep out—or China, or Cathay? And there we shall all be again.

In short, if we had to propagandise, remembering that our interests are the interests of the arts and of tranquillity, we could only pray that the reign of the British Left should be only a short breather with, to follow it, a long period in the shades of opposition where they may learn that historic sentiments are still more powerful than any international proletarianisms and that if you and your friends have murdered a man's remote ancestor that man and his descendants will go on disliking you for generations in spite of all the labours of all your Research Departments. And, if there were a bright spot on the horizon it would lie in the fact that the domination of the present Labour Party will be a short one and that then Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey will come into power. That is a humiliating aspiration for hard-shell Tories to have to own to. But, having from a distance, from near at hand, in alternations aloof and minute, inspected the British political field, we can arrive at no other conclusion than that Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey are the only British party leaders who possess a spark of European consciousness or who could have any hope of being *personæ gratæ* to European nations. They and their last ministry at any rate raised Great Britain to a great height as an image of a nation acting with some self-sacrifice, some consistency, some consciousness of right—and with some serenity. By her direct enemies she was reasonably hated; but she earned a certain measure of respect in many lands. At such a height she has never stood since the last Asquith ministry fell.

And that a nation—any nation—should be so distrusted as Great Britain has been since the advent of Mr. Lloyd George is a calamity not merely for that nation but for the world. A room that contains a tergiversating, mendacious, financially untrustworthy and eternally voluble individual can never be a restful room, the one individual lowering the tone of the company. And, as with rooms, so with nations. The tone of a comity will be apt to become in a moment that of the lowest constituent of the assembly. And that such a fate should have overtaken Great Britain is at once unfortunate for the world and unjust. For, in the bulk the English are kindly, honourable, capable of loyalties, of sacrifices for the sake of an ideal; and the one desire of this nation is to live at peace with her neighbours and to go slumbrously down the ages. If she cannot do this

the fault lies with her politicians, on the one hand the Academics, on the other the Opportunist ; so that we have in alien eyes aspects of duplicity, ignorance, fatuousness and greed such as must astonish us if we ever awakened. But one goes on ; the years pass and the monstrous image is built up, the enemy being still *l'or de la perfide Albion.*

And there is a curious persistency about national characteristics viewed from the outside. To the writer, to read the indictment of modern German Art by Miss Boské Markus of Budapesth which in this number the *Transatlantic Review* provides is to be carried a great many years back and to hear again the voice of one of the original founders of PreRaffaelism in England denouncing the German PreRaffaelism of that day for its sentimentality, its Moral Purpose, its Christianism. Yet probably the modern German painter would imagine himself infinite poles apart from Cornelius or Overbeck. But it is with a certain internationally revelatory purpose that this number of the review has been put together. Dropping for the time its usually introductory sheaf of verses—no verse very strikingly unorthodox or very orthodoxly consummate having come to hand—in the creative-literary section of the review we have printed a collection of what it is convenient to call short stories that we offer as being fairly representative of what is being done in this mode in a number of countries. For it is the function of a Review to review. So you have the gloomy *màrchen* spirit of the northern woodlands in the *Peace of God*—a spirit that depends less for its reflection on literary methods than any other ; and against it the two stories of M. Hamp which represent fairly well the artless-consummate compte-rendu towards which French writing is gradually tending, M. Hamp being one of its most distinguished exponents. The two American studies are typical too : those of Mr. William Carlos Williams and Mr. Carlos Drake. They get their "atmospheres" with an extreme economy of method which is alien indeed to the as if dispassionate formlessness of the two English short story writers. Both Miss Butts and Mrs. Adams are representative of the newer school in English writing—of a school that has been profoundly influenced by Dostoieffsky.

Our Art Supplement shews a little of what is being done in Paris—and bought by the United States!—at this moment. M. Brissière, himself an admirable artist, whom we hope soon to present to the reader speaks for M. Braque ; M. Léger speaks for himself ; Mr. Bertram chronicles the activities of London. Mr. Cedric Morris is one of the younger English painters practising in Paris ; Mr. Man Ray, well known in New York, has, in his own words, adopted photography as a means of expressing

contemporary ideas. He is also a talented designer. We repr duce one of his glass-prints as well as one of his very characteristic photographs. Miss Gwen John, one of the most respected workers in Paris is an artist whose works it is very difficult to see. We reproduce her drawings with extreme pleasure. The reproduction of two woodcuts by Latapie are taken from a volume called "La Princesse de Babylone" de Voltaire, which will be published on May 15th by Jonquières, Paris

CHRONIQUE

II

LETTRE DE PARIS

Paris, February.

Un Poète Espagnol contemporain : Antonio Machado.

Antonio Machado est né à Séville, dans le Palais des Dueñas, en 1875. Il a vécu à Madrid. En 1905, il est professeur de français à Soria.

« Là, je me suis marié, explique-t-il, quand on lui demande sa biographie ; là ma femme est morte, dont le souvenir m'accompagne toujours. Puis je me suis installé à Baeza. Mes plaisirs favoris sont la promenade et la lecture. »

Aujourd'hui, Machado est à Ségovie. Le jour que j'allai le voir, c'était la rentrée des classes à l'*Instituto*. Don Antonio, dans sa robe de professeur et parmi ses collègues, prêtres pour la plupart, avait, lui aussi, un aspect sacerdotal. Le soir il me promena dans la ville qui m'était encore étrangère, et, comme pour me la rendre encore plus inquiétante ou pour mieux la faire ressembler à un de ses poèmes, toutes les lumières s'éteignirent, et Don Antonio me montra des patios à la lueur d'une allumette. Puis il me conduisit à une terrasse où nous attendîmes que la lune se levât sur la campagne de Castille.

Antonio Machado est grand, courbé, enfoncé en lui-même et se déplace à travers un air épais. Il parle toujours pour lui seul, d'une voix sans timbre et martelée. Ses yeux et son grand front ont été brouillés par la main d'une sibylle.

L'œuvre d'Antonio Machado tient jusqu'ici en un volume de vers aux titres bien castillans : *Solitudes*, *Galeries*... Courts poèmes, instantanés de la pensée et du rêve dont le charme est presque incommunicable. Antonio Machado est un poète très profond : j'entends que tous les éléments qui font la beauté de ses poèmes sont cachés et comme autant d'impénétrables mystères. La musique en est sourde, le dessin effacé. Antonio Machado n'a rien qui flatte ou qui subjugue. Il n'offre aucune surface; je répète que c'est un poète tout en profondeur. On peut

disséquer une phrase de Cervantès sans arriver à découvrir ce par quoi elle enchante ; une phrase de Cervantès peut être plus ou moins bien faite, peu importe ! Mais certains esprits trouvent dans cette sobriété cordiale et chaude, dans cette façon robuste et noble de s'exprimer une rare délectation. De même, il faut, d'âme à âme, goûter ce que dit Machado.

Andalou conquis par la Castille, il porte un nom qui vient du Portugal, zone de fleurs et de mélancolie, extrême halo, écume au-delà de quoi notre monde se perd dans les ténèbres cimmériennes. On peut aussi analyser une musique jusqu'à laisser à nu ce qui ne s'explique plus. Les poèmes de Machado ne sont absolument que cette dernière substance, les corps simples de la poésie.

Poésie immobile, comme l'existence du poète. Les seuls mouvements dont elle frémit sont des appels, des regrets, un cri parfois vers des héroïsmes et des sentimentalités impossibles. La jeunesse du poète n'a pas été vécue, et « la pauvre louve » hurle.

Il n'est d'aventures et de découvertes que celles que fait le poète dans la nuit de son monde intérieur. Là il retrouve les fées silencieuses qui, dans son enfance, l'ont pris dans leurs bras, l'ont mené à une belle fête sur la place de sa petite ville provinciale. Là il traduit la chanson des fontaines amies, dans le désert des patios, au pied des citronniers poussiéreux. Là il se recueille, dans ce fond commun aux grands poètes tristes, avec Verlaine, avec son frère Rubén Darío. Aussi celui-ci a-t-il pu lui dédier ce grave poème où il disait de lui :

Mystérieux et silencieux,
Il allait et revenait.
Son regard était si profond
Qu'on le pouvait voir à peine,
Quand il parlait, il avait un air
De timidité et d'orgueil...
...Il chantait en vers profonds
Dont le secret était à lui.
Monté sur un Pégase étrange,
Un jour vers l'impossible il s'en fut.
Je prie nos dieux pour Antoine
Qu'ils le gardent toujours. Amen

Ces dieux immortels inspirent l'art le plus dépouillé, le plus sobre et le plus magique. Antonio Machado est aussi descendu au royaume des Parques et sa bouche est amère d'avoir savouré de la cendre.

L'âpre goût de la mort est dans ses vers comme dans les tableaux de Valdes Leal ou comme dans ces poèmes de Bécquer où l'on sent le frisson humide des cathédrales rêvées en 1830. Rumeurs funèbres, retours des enfers, connaissance du néant, désespoir de ne pouvoir soulever la dalle du sommeil et saisir ce reflet de miroir, cette main de femme, cette tunique flottante

qui passent à travers le songe ; on pourrait de ces thèmes épars dans l'œuvre de Machado composer un discours bizarre. Mais nous nous sentons mieux convaincus par ces vagues débris du cœur, ce scintillement prêt à s'éteindre, ces derniers souffles, cette poussière de poésie.

Un trait de couleur, souvent, fixe un décor : un éclat de balcon, une lumière, une fleur écrasée sous le soleil, un cri d'été, un visage de jeune fille. C'est la corde de guitare qui se brise on ne sait pourquoi, dans le silence et sans que personne y ait touché.

Vagabond comme Verlaine, mais non à travers d'aussi fiers orages, plus humblement, plus près de nous, Antonio Machado tourne en rond dans les rues nocturnes d'une petite ville fantôme. Ses amis ont été plus loin : celui-ci, « le cher frère », qui est revenu d'un long voyage et qu'on accueille dans un tel calme qu'on entend le tic-tac de l'horloge, et cet autre qu'on a porté en terre au moment de l'été le plus dur et le plus cru. Mais il faut vivre, s'ennuyer et ne rien faire.

Depuis ses derniers poèmes, Antonio Machado paraît avoir perdu cet accent de rêve et d'inexprimable. Un nouveau soleil s'est levé, soleil de sagesse, et sans mirages. Le vent a balayé les fées du paysage. Les oliviers sont gris, les norias grincent, la lumière brûle les routes où des ânes passent sans illusions. C'est la vieille Castille, plus vieille que jamais, pareille aux litanies monotones du vieux poète Berceo. Des vers de Machado se sont faits nets et sans musique : voici des dictons populaires, des épigrammes, des blasphèmes tranquilles, toute une douloureuse poésie gnomique. Cette tristesse, nous la reconnaissons : réveil limpide, désenchantement, austérité, calme d'une plaie qui saigne, c'est la tristesse de Don Quichotte à son lit de mort.

Cette terre desséchée, implacable, a mangé bien d'autres folies. Terre ingrate, terre jalouse qui donne soif, exalte l'imagination, pousse à l'aventure, puis brusquement reprend l'élan qu'elle a suscité, le ravale, démembré. Terre de sang coagulé, ossuaire.

Ce désert morne et lumineux est l'ironie de l'Espagne. Il la défend contre le mauvais goût sentimental, les parades, les gestes faux. Une clarté subite dévoile l'erreur, fait apparaître le sérieux des choses, l'inutilité des phrases. A son vrai jour on examine l'or qui coûta tant de peine et qui s'évanouit en une éclatante misère, et la chimère née dans une nuit de printemps et que le lourd été flétrit.

Aussi les hommes de cette terre ont-ils mis tant de gravité dans le geste de la mort, sachant qu'au bout du compte il était le seul nécessaire.

L'*ici*,
le *là-bas*,
caballero,
se voit sur ton visage fané,
l'infini :
zéro, zéro.

Oh! les joues sèches,
jaunes
et les paupières de cire,
et le crâne fin
sur l'oreiller du lit!

Où sont les oranges de l'enfance, la romance, le jet d'eau, la chance d'être un Rodrigue ou un Don Juan? Où sont les bienfaits de la paresse et la mélancolie de dormir? Les deux sœurs qui cousaient derrière la vitre, les chevaux de bois qui tournaient, et ce bruit de chaînes entendu en rêve, cette voix, cet insaisissable frôlement? Où est l'ombre de l'amour? Où Dulcinée?

Ces émois étaient si purs qu'ils paraissent intraduisibles. A présent, il ne reste plus non plus que des vertèbres de poèmes. Dans sa jeunesse comme aujourd'hui, Antonio Machado a fait en poésie ce qu'a fait en musique Manuel de Falla.

Jean Cassou.

CHRONIQUES

III

AND FROM THE UNITED STATES

To the inveterate New Englander, like myself, it is possible to feel that one has come into a genuine, valid world in Marseilles, which I for one can never quite be sure of on the Riviera. The thin strip of land between the mountains and the sea stretching from Toulon through Cannes and Nice to Monte Carlo and Menton can hardly be characterized by its amazing fertility. There are plenty of palm trees, some olive and orange orchards, and quite a few splendid colorful rocks. Here and there a solitary cow appears to be gathering a somewhat meagre existence from a pasture land more blessed by the sun than by the soil. Of factories and industrial plants you see practically none. In spite of the artist colonies in towns such as Vance and St. Paul, like the Mexican jumping-bean stimulated to activity by the sun, I could never feel that the Riviera was a place in which to work. It is drenched in money, unreal money that comes out of the intangible processes of our modern economic life. On the surface it is calm and serene and beautiful; but underneath I feel a tension, the tension of a pretty but fantastic dream.

Now in Marseilles all this is changed, and you get back again into a real world—which is the reason, I suppose, that your modern resort specialist shuns it as he would the pestilence which is mythically reported to fester in the old "isolated" quarter of the city and now and then to lick with revengeful fire the surrounding respectable communities that hedge it in. And to the Parisian I should suppose that the reality of Marseilles, though felt quickly enough, would be a trifle disconcerting. Your true citizen can hardly wait to tell you that he is really not French, and it has only been a few years since that the French language has been made obligatory in all the communal schools. He is a Marseillais, a man with a city and traditions of his own, quite unlike any other city or any other traditions. How many centuries has Marseilles been a port? I do not know, but during almost all of that long time it is amazing how the city has managed to keep off wars, revolutions, bom-

bardments, and religious and racial riots. It has gone steadily on its own way, which first and foremost has been to be a port for all the world. There is something of a subtle rebuke to sentimental factionalism in the quiet but effective pacifism and the open unashamed internationalism of Marseilles. The quarrels in which nations seem determined to involve themselves appear a bit ridiculous when contrasted with this main business of life, taking cargoes and men from the sea and sending cargoes and men out again. It is ironical that Marseilles should be the logical entrance to that artificial playground, the Riviera, but it can afford to smile about it.

And it does smile. The city smiles with the contented air of a man who has a place and a job in the world, who is successfully filling that place and doing that job, but who at the same time has not forgotten that the chief business of life is to live it. If you speak of Paris pleasures, your auditor will agree politely yet with a certain deprecatory air. You can see that in his heart he does not believe that Parisians really know how to enjoy themselves They are too far away, too Northern, not to possess what at the most courteous might be called vestigial barbarism. They do not even play "boule" well in Paris, and their life is far too nervous, with too little repose. The Marseillais will tell you this with a perfectly straight face, while at the same time, outside the café, the din of taxi and automobile sirens makes even the bedlam of Paris boulevards seem mild in comparison. Yet after all it is a friendly sort of din, as if all the drivers were simply letting you know at considerable effort to themselves that you had better be warned of the fact that each and every one of them intended to go just where he liked, as fast as he liked, when he liked—and that he confidently expected all other drivers to be guided by the same individualistic motives. They certainly all appeared to be so guided, and the more I saw of the citizens, the more I observed that this seemed to be quite a general trait. The art of letting people alone—the greatest of all the French arts—has been carried in Marseilles to a higher degree than anywhere in France.

How I wish I could give all American reformers, meddlers, sin-finders, and forward lookers just a month or two months' residence in Marseilles! But Marseilles is a very old city, and it makes me sad to reflect that they might not even understand it. What is really tragic, however, is this—they might not really like it.

Harold E. Stearns

When we return. New York, Early Winter

We of New England pastures north of Boston, or of the Atlantic seaboard, or of middle-western cornfields and far western plains, must leave our America in order to find it.

When we return from our little tours, whatever the truth it lies under the surface of things, it blazes up suddenly before our eyes. We have left behind us the land where the silver grey earth is impregnated with the light of the sky, we have left behind us long fingers of sunlight slanting upon Tuscan hills in a land that must be a measure of beauty for all others. When we close our eyes upon the retentive retina of immediate memory vine leaves no longer wreath themselves between clusters of shining grapes that hang above the gleam of reaching brown hands; upon the docks awaiting the return voyage, we have been seized with nostalgia for all that we were leaving behind, and for the duration of the voyage, fallen into the ship-coma of the well-filled-python type of returning traveller... and this until we are aroused at a cold hour of the morning by a familiar clatter:

B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r The winches!

Land lies ahead, our own, our own land... We repeat the words steadying our minds against evil remembrance as a swimmer treading water steadies himself against the current. Of course it must be *our own land,* where we shall find men and women who are "clear spirits in a troubled age". The basket bringing up the baggage swings out of the hold and dumps its load of trunks on a mist-wet deck. We yield to curiosity and look out, for we always wondered just what travellers send down into the bowels of the ship. We ourselves have never had any "hold" baggage. Then we deploy to our berth. After all it *is* three-thirty in the morning. We may be pushing up Ambrose Channel, but we will not get up for Ambrose Channel. At Quarantine... peut-être... peut-être... Our berth is warm and comfortable. *Green grow the rushes O*!

Light snowflakes sweeping out in flurries from between square towers, over bridges, out of black canyons of shadow, across blue cloud arabesques shifting upon creamy walls. Ships going out to sea, snowflakes following them, rushing out in light skittering swirls from the canyons of an orgy in stone and mortar, from a city more unreal, more fantastic at first sight from the Bay than fabled pleasure domes of Kubla Khan. Around the blunt fish-nose end of Manhattan, beat the sharp edges of Atlantic waves softened by their progress up the Bay. And beyond, inland? East, west, north, south? Rocky shores, pointed firs, dunes, palms, cotton fields, rice fields, magnolias, cornfields, red lilies on the prairies. The lilies are faded now, there are snow flakes in the air; the cornfields are brown. Green veils of ice hang from grey mountains; the snowflakes are flying over the deserts, over the sage, purple sage, melting upon yucca bloom, melting upon cactus blossoms, upon scarlet

stars hanging upon black crucifixes of cactus, melting upon trees that were old when Christ came to Bethlehem, upon twisted cedars under green jasper skies, under red jasper sunsets... ... We have come home.

Riding uptown in New York City freshly sensitized to impressions, one feels the immense monotony. The reverberation of the street noise is narcotic, it shuts out thought. It is one with the monotony of people in the street, duplicate beetles scurrying up and down precarious runways. Black beetles, tawny beetles, golden beetles. Long slugs of trains crawling over the bridges with beetles in prim rows in their bellies. The beetles are of a different kind and color in different places but the monotony of Hester Street is the monotony of Fifth Avenue. We had escaped this ruck for a time. Must it engulf us again? Has life in America been raised to such a high level of physical comfort for all that no sharp inequalities can ever come into being to break down the mechanistic equilibrium that is a moribund pull down to indifference and the death of the spirit? Is what the freed emigrant knows as "expanding and growing" to be the doom of the native stock?

In reply to a letter to the publishers of a small English magazine asking for current numbers, we were told that the publication had been discontinued because of lack of support. The Editor said in substance: First, that new periodicals were coming into existence almost weekly and that several of them were of a nature to interfere with his publication; secondly, that the dearth of literary material became from week to week more obvious. There is less matter of any real merit than there ever was before in this century and yet paradoxically more periodicals in circulation". This is true also of the literary situation in the United States. Never before in the history of magazine editing has there been such a deluge of manuscripts poured upon the desks of patient searching editors, manuscripts mostly worthless. It is the same story over again if one goes to the galleries. Everybody is writing, and if by chance someone is not writing, he or she is painting or sculping. Owing perhaps in part to the aftermath of the War and in part to our present political and international complications—even as in England—we are becalmed between two generations. "One of which has finished its writing, while the mind of the other is too bewildered to work out a new theory of art". An American writer of the middle generation phrased it briefly the other day in an interview. "We have no Walter Paters to-day. We have no substance to-day. We have very little to-day". (1)

(1) We violently disagree. [Ed.]

The Bok Peace Plan has fallen flat. The careful shepherds of political and humanitarian flocks will hardly hurry to the doors of their respective sheepfolds to admit the wandering ewe lamb in such haste again. The Bok Plan—the author's name is not published at this date—reminds one of a mixture in a chemical laboratory where a solvent is needed to precipitate crystalization in a mixture seething in the retort. The loyal adherents of the League of Nations seem to have chosen the Bok Plan as the proper solvent for the mixture that has long been simmering in the retort of American politics. Once in, the mixture bids fair to set in the retort before it can be cast into the mould of a national policy. The men who might shape an actual working "Plan" that would satisfy supporters of the League and non-supporters, do not seem to have been among the actual competitors. To use another figure, the Bok Plan seems to have been an effort to find out which way the wind was blowing when it had not settled in any one direction but was still veering from one point of the compass to another. The whole thing is another American Messianic cry on a large scale. Usually our political Messianism is nipped in the bud and new gospels are rarefied and poured into channels of Art and Literature. There is always the urge to evangelism on the side of the water a persistent and deeply engrained desire to better mankind whether mankind wants or need the betterment. We have need to remember that evangelism has a deplorable way of becoming an obsession, and that "some of the greatest tyrants were perverted evangelists".

Mr. George Bernard Shaw's play, *Saint Joan*, at the Garrick Theater, brings us a Shavian Joan. She is a super-flapper, a pert hoyden, who skips about and calls the Dauphin "Charley" and Dunois the Bastard of Orleans, "Jack". The play is tedious and loquaious, a mere historical scaffolding upon which the dramatist drapes the old Shavian gonfalons of wit and skilful lampoonery. Humanity, insists the amiable G. B. S., was the same in Domrémy as in any village today; militarism—that is always the same; the English, well they never were anything anyway and they haven't changed; the Talkers—they will talk on forever; and as for St. Joan, surely her conduct needs explanation: we will begin with the "Voices". So Mr. G. B. S. puts the saints into bells. When Joan hears the churchbells ring, she hears the "Voices". And they have set speeches, one for the hour, another for the quarter and a different one for the half hour. Poor Joan! She hasn't a chance so far as the play goes and she is acted at The Garrick by a very young and wholly inadequate Irish-American actress, who is never for a single thrilling instant either the peasant maid of Domrémy, or the *Maid*. This Joan never heard Ste. Catherine, Saint Margaret and the archangel Michael

speaking to her out of the green branches over her head; she was never the Maid glorious in white armour on her black charger leading her men to battle, crowning the Dauphin at Rheims, dying amid the flames at Rouen. We cannot even think of this "flapper" as the Joan of Bastien Lepage. Neither the splendid production given the play by the Theater Guild, nor the notable cast, can galvanize it into life. If Mr. Shaw, the protagonist of Shavianism, had been willing to sink the protagonist in Mr. G. B. S., the artist, while he wrote *Saint Joan*, the result might have been as satisfying on the boards as Chesterton's life of St. Francis of Assisi is between boards. Many critics have praised the play but a few have been honest and cried loudly like wise children: "The king is naked".

Much is made in the play of the fact that Joan wears men's clothing. What she actually wears resembles a rather modest Coney Island bathing suit. The epilogue brings Joan back to the Dauphin in a dream or vision twenty-five years after the flames of Rouen. One by one her old friends and enemies drift back into the bedchamber of the Dauphin where Joan has appeared. Some are still in the flesh, others are out of it. The last to appear is a man pulled by a Shavian time-machine out of the future, the year 1920. He tells Joan that she has been canonized. Since she is a saint and can perform miracles, she offers to come back to earth in the flesh. Her offer is not well received. Warwick goes; the Bishop of Beauvais goes; Dunois goes; one by one they all slink away. The soldier who had given her the sticks tied together for a cross on the day of her burning stays awhile. Then he is startled by the chime of the clock and is snatched away to hell. The Dauphin turns his back upon Joan and goes to sleep. Mr. Shaw means to tell us doubtless, that if the Maid came back today she would suffer martyrdom again; that there is no green island or quiet valley of this savage planet that is yet ready to receive saints and angels in mortal flesh.

Jeanne Foster.

COMMUNICATIONS

It is one of the penalties of Internationalism that we are condemned to go to press with Number III before Number II is actually in circulation in either the United States or England. Thus we have received practically no communications as to various hares started in our February number. If sufferers from Sleeplessness have cause for gratitude to us we have not yet heard from them, neither have any aggrieved Reviewers unburdened to us their sorrows. We have however received from a firm of publishers one of whose consignments of books has been, as far as we can tell, quite arbitrarily stopped at a British Customs House, a copy of a letter addressed to them by a subordinate Officer of Customs and Excise. We reproduce this as a curiosity. No Pope could speak with greater assurance of Infallibility than the 'I' of this document. Yet we are given to understand that the work seized is one regarded as a literary classic. On enquiry into the matter of the seizure and the disposal of the—very commercially valuable—works in question we were personally—and no doubt quite justibiably!—refused any information and, since the British Parliament is not sitting at the moment of writing, we have been unable to have a question asked in the House. The impression would seem therefore to remain that any gentleman in the blue uniform of an Exciseman may, at his pleasure, seize and detain any work of art. In China the Art of Music is a branch of the Customs service. The letter of the Officer of Customs and Excise runs as follows :

Notice of Seizure of Goods prohibited to be imported under Section 42 of the Customs Consolidation Act 1867.

Port. Station, Custom House Floors.

Date : February 14th, 1923.

Pursuant to Section 207 of the Customs Consolidation Act, 1876, I hereby give you notice that, by virtue of the powers conferred upon me by the Customs Act and enactments amending and extending those acts, I have seized the undermentioned goods as forfeited on the ground that they have been imported into the United Kingdom in contravention of section 42 of the Customs Consolidation Act 1876 in that they are indecent

articles. If you claim or intend to claim the goods you should within one calendar month from the date of this notice give notice of your claim or intended claim in accordance with the provisions of the said section 207 and in default of such notice the goods will be deemed to have been lawfully condemned and will be liable to be disposed of as the Commissioners of Customs and excise may direct. If you give such notice within the time aforesaid legal proceedings will be taken for the forfeiture and condemnation of the goods.

(Signed),

Officer of Customs and Excise.

We have received by way of Communications the following *Theory of Harmony* as worked out by Mr. Pound. We are assured by competent musicians that this communication is of great value. In addition we have the curious paper on *Copyright* from Mr. William Bird. We almost think that Mr. Bird must be a publisher.

TREATISE ON HARMONY

by Ezra Pound

Chapter One

I

"What, mon élève, is the element grossly omitted from all treatises on HARMONY..."

at this point the élève looks up brightly...

"except the treatise now being composed"...?

the élève continues to regard me brightly... and blankly. No answer is offered me.

The answer, mon élève, is :

"The element most grossly omitted from treatises on harmony up to the present is the element of TIME. The question of the time-interval that must elapse between one sound and another if the two sounds are to produce a pleasing consonance or an *interesting* relation has been avoided.

AND YET the simplest consideration of the physics of the matter, by almost the simplest mathematician, should lead to equations showing that

A SOUND OF ANY PITCH, or ANY COMBINATION OF SUCH SOUNDS, MAY BE FOLLOWED BY A SOUND OF ANY OTHER PITCH, OR ANY COMBINATION OF SUCH SOUNDS, providing the time interval between them is properly gauged; and this is true for ANY SERIES OF SOUNDS, CHORDS OR ARPEGGIOS,

II

The limits for the practical purposes of music depend solely on our capacity to produce a sound that will last long enough, i.e. remain audible long enough, for the succeeding sound or sounds to catch up, traverse, intersect it.

III

WHY IS THIS QUESTION OF TIME-INTERVALS omitted from all other treatises on harmony?

Parenthesis for historic survey.

1. Musical theoricians are exceedingly conventional, for centuries they went on quoting Franco of Cologne instead of listening to sound.

2. Harmony in Bach's time was a vigorous and interesting matter.

Why?

The answer to this question and to the main question of this section, is:

The early students of harmony were so accustomed to think of music as something with a strong lateral or horizontal motion that they never imagined any one, ANY ONE could be stupid enough to think of it as static; it never entered their heads that people would make music like steam ascending from a morass.

They thought of music as travelling rhythm going through points or barriers of pitch and pitch-combinations.

They had this concept in their blood, as the oriental has his raga and his tala. It simply never occurred to them that people would start with static harmony and stick in that stationary position.

IV

Hence it has arrived that the term "Harmony" is applied to the science of chords that can be struck simultaneously; and the directions for modulations have been worked out for chords that can follow each other without demanding a strict or even interesting time-interval between their emission.

In short, Mr. Joseph Corfe produced his

THOROUGHBASS

simplified

and laid open to the meanest capacity;

he did that over a century ago, and no one detected the fact till this year (a.d. 1923).

I am told that even Mr. Corfe's work contains errors.

But far be it, far, afar from me to contradict Mr. Corfe, or that still more illustrious professor, Dr. Schonberg. All that they have said is, or may be true, and lacking in interest.

Ernst Friederich Richter has said:

"Pure theory can not and should not concern itself with practice, for it has as sole aim

the definition of the nature of the divers constituent elements of the art, without ever treating the special and particular cases which result from the employment of personal procedures."

Observation :

Aristotle was not a pure theorist.

Sauzay

"Il faut se borner à penser que J.-S. Bach écrivait la musique par certains procédés dont la loi générale nous échappe."

[Sauzay "Le Violon Harmonique" p. 217.]

The secret or part of it probably is that Bach, consciously or unconsciously, never thought of using two chords except as parts, integral parts, of a progression, a rhythmic progression.

CREDO

I believe in an absolute rhythm. E. P. 1910 with explanations.

In 1910 I was working with monolinear verbal rhythm but one had already an adumbration that the bits of rhythm used in verse were capable of being used in musical structure, even with other dimensions.

Treatises on harmony give you all sorts of recipes for getting from one chord to another (this is more or less reduced to a few simple mechanisms) they do not stop to enquire whether the transit by these means is interesting, or, in a given situation, expressive.

That is supposed to be a matter of creative genius. It is.

V

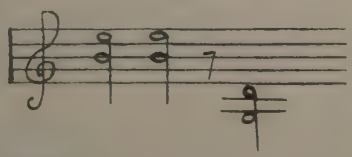
Any series of chords can follow any other, provided the righe time-interval is discovered. The interesting sequences art probably those that DEMAND very set and definite intervals.

That is probably all we have to say in this chapter.

Chapter Second

I

Given proper approach, the progression



is probably perfectly sound. I mean from the point of view of mathematics.

II

Fortunately this theory of harmony can never be reduced to an academicism. At least it seems unlikely that any mathematician will bother. The mathematics of the case might prove discouraging.

You can reduce the line composition of *La Nascita di Venere* to trigonometric equations; it would make a long charming series. The results might be interesting but they would not help you to draw.

Question

"How did you find those four notes?" said X... in undisguised admiration. "Gee, I wish I had found those four notes."

Answer: By listening to the sound that they made, a thing no pyanist has ever done.

That is perhaps all we have to say in this chapter.

Chapter Third

And possibly the last; for we have probably said about all we have to say. The former treatises on harmony dealt with static harmony, they may have defined harmony as "simultaneous melody" or they may have sought some other définition, but they did not consider that the lateral motion, the horizontal motion, and the time interval between succeeding sounds MUST affect the human ear, and not only the ear but the absolute physics of the matter. The question of where one wave—node meets another, or where it banks against the course of another wave to strengthen or weaken its action, must be considered.

I

The harmony for one instrument is BY NO MEANS necessarily the harmony for another. Good players have always "GOT THE MOST OUT OF" the compositions they played by their subtle seizing of this gaya scienca, and we have said "he has a sense of rhythm" or she "has a sense of rhythm".

II

And again Sauzay: Le fameux Durante, qui a fait tant d'élèves célèbres, ne leur donnait jamais des règles qu'il formulait.

Naturally. When Harmony was alive it was merely a personal give away, it was a bundle of tricks of the trade, the fruit of personal experience, it was *A* way of getting over a difficulty or managing a turn of expression; it wasn't intended to cramp anyone's style: It was pragmatic, it worked, and each school

worked its trade secrets to death with the magnificence of Bel Canto, of music up to Johann Sebastien. The mechanism was a plus thing, it worked in an open field.

The mess came when it was set up as a fence, and everyone tried to walk on the rails or climb over it.

They rotted their melodies by trying to find schemes which "harmonize" according to a concept of "harmony" in which the tendency to lifelessness was inherent.

Chapter Fourth; corollaries and complications.

Continuing, mon élève; you will probably have noticed by now a glaring omission on my part.

A SOUND OF ANY PITCH etc...

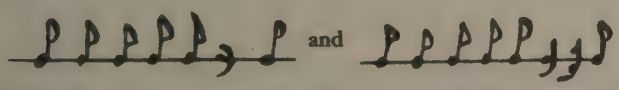
any chord may be followed by any other provided the right time interval be placed between them.

The duration of the resolving chord must also be considered; and the duration of the various chords in a sequence will be subject to mathematical computations, if people prefer mathematics to judging the sounds by ear.

THE HARMONY FOR ONE INSTRUMENT MAY NOT BE THE HARMONY FOR ANOTHER.

Again the competent mathematician could show us that the vibrations of a' cello where the sound is steadily produced by a drawn bow will combine in a different way from those of a horn, a plucked string or an instrument of percussion.

Everybody knows this; but the time is over when we can give more reverence to a person who can detect slight variations of pitch, than to one who can detect the difference between



It will make a difference what instrument the sounds are played on; it will make a difference if one note or several notes are played louder in the chord; it will make a difference if the next chord strikes the precedent chord while that chord is still being propelled from the instruments or if the second chord strike the other chord as it fades;

and all these things are really in the domain of harmony, that is of active, not static, harmony;

and as for the workings of the latter; this time element may upset them or reinforce them in given circumstance.

The so called "laws" of harmony were useful when they were a bag of handy tools; but if one tries to carry the whole machine shop, one's mobility will probably suffer.

WHETHER COPYRIGHT LAWS ARE DESIRABLE.

To the Editor, *Transatlantic Review.*

Dear Sir,

It is proposed to examine the above question from a single point of view; namely whether copyright laws further the production and dissemination of literature.

It has been sufficiently demonstrated that copyright laws further the business of businesslike publishers, and of businesslike writers. What remains to be seen is whether they ever did, ever do, or ever can encourage the writing or the publishing of a work of literary merit.

First, what is a copyright law? It is a guarantee given by the State that the writer or publisher or both of a new writing shall have undisputed right to exploit the gainful possibilities of the said work for a period of years after publication. (This right, in most countries, can be ceded or bequeathed.)

It is argued that, although probably very few (if any) literary artists of consequence would but for their royalties abandon writing, the law is especially valuable as it affects the publisher. Publishing books, it is said, is a risky business; few books show a profit, and it is only in virtue of the exclusivity bestowed by the copyright laws that the occasional big seller is made to pay the way of the failures. In other words, without copyright laws good books would still be written, but they would not be published. In still other words, it is the occasional big sellers that make publishing profitable and that enable the publisher to go on printing most of his books at a loss. And if we repeal the copyright laws we take all the profit out of the big sellers, since they would instantly be reprinted by competitive publishers.

Such reasoning is pure nonsense. Book-publishing is a commerce like any other, and it is as absurd to suppose it cannot thrive without protection as to imagine that but for patent laws we should still be lighted by candles. People will want books, copyright laws or none; and the want will be supplied, in one way or another. It remains to be seen whether without the copyright laws it would be better supplied.

Let us look at the business possibilities of book-publishing under a régime of liberty.

It is to be assumed that immediately on repeal of the copyright law there would be a rush to reprint the latest popular

successes, as well as the works of older writers, steady sellers, whose copyright had not yet expired. There would be a flood of ten-cent, or 5d., editions of books heretofore sold at $2 or 7/6. And no doubt the bargain-hunting public would rise handsomely to the occasion.

But that game would soon be played out. The business of making cheap reprints would, if precedents be taken from other businesses, become the specialty of a few large publishing houses, equipped to do the thing economically. Reprinting the newer books would become approximately the same thing that reprinting the "classics" now is.

There might be during this period of feverish pirating, a momentary lull in the business of producing novelties, but when the public had been stuffed to satiety with reprints it would begin looking for something new, and a moderately intelligent publisher would of course perceive the chances of profit in offering new books instead of attempting to maintain the break-neck pace in the competitive reprint field. It is fair to assume, then, that he would begin a hunt for new manuscripts.

Then, as now, being a publisher and not a philanthropist, his first preoccupation must be with gain. He must find manuscripts that it will *pay* him to publish. Big sellers, then? Books that may be expected to run into several editions? No; for it is certain that the big seller will shortly be pirated by the specialists in that line. Well, then, what?

Rather puzzling! But just suppose our intelligent publisher should have a super-intelligent idea; suppose he should say, Why, I will publish something that in my judgment and that of my literary advisers will advance the reputation of my house! I am no longer constrained to a nerve-racking gamble for big sellers. There is no longer the possibility that I will awake to-morrow morning to find that I have published another *Main Street*. I am now in a sound, competitive business, like baking or cobbling. I will bake and cobble the best books that I can, and then—we shall see! My fountain pen:

"ORDERS TO READERS.

"*From to-day forth you will please not consider the sales possibilities of any MS. Abandon trying to guess whether the public will like it or not. A bonus to the first man who turns up something really first-rate.*

"*President.*"

A super-intelligent idea, no doubt, and possibly the only sound beginning for a respectable publishing business under a free régime. There would no doubt be still a market for trash; it would find its proper place, as much ot it does now, in the popular advertising booklets called magazines, or else in flimsy editions printed "on grey paper with blunt type," in huge quantities and so cheaply that no competition would be possible.

Of course the price of books would come down, and the sales would be larger in consequence. It is not generally realized that a two-dollar novel can be manufactured to sell at ten cents. Put the price at a shilling or a "quarter", and the profits are handsome. At two shillings or fifty cents a really sumptuous volume can be produced with a margin of profit that, under a sane merchandising system, should amply content both author and publisher.

And to come to the author—what about him? No royalties of course. Does he get nothing?

On the contrary, he sells his manuscript outright. To the highest bidder. It would probably work out that each publisher would have a fixed scale of prices. So much for a novel, so much for a book of poems. The author takes his merchandise to the buyer of such goods. He does not get his remuneration on a contingent basis, as now. He is paid in cash, a fixed sum, as if he were selling potatoes.

For it seems to be as true as it is paradoxical that the nearer the art of letters approaches to a trade, the more chance it has of developing as an art.

Another advantage that might come from repeal of the copyright laws would be the sudden demise or at any rate the demasking of the self-styled "literary" reviews. It is astonishing how many otherwise perspicacious people regard these papers with consideration and even respect, when a moment's reflection would tell them that they are and can be little but vehicles for "copyright" book-advertising. It seems unlikely that with competition in book-publishing, the advertising of serious literary works in this fashion could continue. Publishers with a literary reputation, having nothing to gain from a *réclame tapageuse*, would probably desist, leaving these "reviews" to choose between becoming frankly anti-literary media and suspending publication.

For it is these reviews, aided and abetted by the advertising of the "copyright" publishers, that do more than all else to stifle the literary art. Books of their advertisers are "reviewed" —others are ignored. The self-flattered public that reads such papers is persuaded that its literary education is in safe hands, since all the books that are advertised are painstakingly examined through the reviewer's reducing-glass.

I am aware of having neglected one possible objection to my proposal. Somebody may say : Very good, let us grant that letters will benefit from a repeal of the copyright laws. But is it right, is it just, that an author whose book chances to be an immense popular success should be deprived of the fruits which the laws give him now? And is it just that a publisher who has taken the initial risk of producing such a book, should see his possible gains disappear into the pockets of pirates?

No, it is not just to do this. It is not just to do this, and it is not just to close up a gambling-house from which a widow and her six children, unaware of the source, draw their living. It is not just to discharge a consumptive workman, on the ground that he may contaminate others. It is not just to take honey away from the bees, nor for express trains to run over grasshoppers. No, it is not just.

William Bird.

SOME DO NOT

A Novel.

by Ford Madox Ford

II *(contd.)*

Father Consett said :

"This immorality you talk about in your husband... I've never noticed it. I saw a good deal of him when I stayed with you for the week before your child was born. I talked with him a great deal. Except in matters of the two communions—and even in these I don't know that we differed so much—I found him perfectly sound."

"Sound !" Mrs. Satterthwaite said with sudden emphasis ; "of course he's sound. It isn't even the word. He's the best ever. There was your father, for a good man... and him. That's an end of them."

"Ah," Sylvia said, "you don't know... Look here. Try and be just. Suppose I'm looking at the *Times* at breakfast and say, not having spoken to him for a week : 'It's wonderful what the doctors are doing. Have you seen the latest ?' And at once he'll be on his high-horse—he knows everything !—and he'll prove... *prove*... that all unhealthy children must be lethal-chambered or the world will go to pieces. And it's like being hypnotised ; you can't think of what to answer him. Or he'll reduce you to speechless rage by proving that murderers ought not to be executed. And then I'll ask, casually, if children ought to be lethal-chambered for being constipated. Because Marchant—that's the nurse—is always whining that the child's bowels aren't regular and the dreadful diseases that leads to. Of course *that* hurts him. For he's perfectly soppy about that child, though he half knows it isn't his own... But that's what I mean by immorality. He'll profess that murderers ought to be preserved in order to breed from because they're bold fellows, and innocent little children executed because they're sick... And he'll almost make you believe it, though you're on the point of retching at the ideas."

"You wouldn't now," Father Consett began, and almost coaxingly, "think of going into retreat for a month or two."

"I wouldn't," Sylvia said. "How could I ?"

"There's a convent of female Premonstratensians near Birkenhead, many ladies go there," the Father went on. "They cook very well, and you can have your own furniture and your own maid if ye don't like nuns to wait on you."

"It can't be done," Sylvia said, "you can see for yourself. It would make people smell a rat at once. Christopher wouldn't hear of it..."

"No, I'm afraid it can't be done, Father," Mrs. Satterthwaite interrupted finally. "I've hidden here for four months to cover Sylvia's tracks. I've got Wateman's to look after. My new land steward's coming in next week."

"Still," the Father urged, with a sort of tremulous eagerness, "if only for a month... If only for a fortnight... So many Catholic ladies do it... Ye might think of it."

"I see what you're aiming at," Sylvia said with sudden anger ; "you're revolted at the idea of my going straight from one man's arms to another."

"I'd be better pleased if there could be an interval," the Father said. "It's what's called bad form."

Sylvia became electrically rigid on her sofa.

"Bad form !" she exclaimed. "You accuse me of bad form."

The Father slightly bowed his head like a man facing a wind.

"I do," he said. "It's disgraceful. It's unnatural. I'd travel a bit at least."

She placed her hand on her long throat.

"I know what you mean," she said, "you want to spare Christopher... the humiliation. The... the nausea. No doubt he'll feel nauseated. I've reckoned on that. It will give me a little of my own back."

The Father said :

"That's enough, woman. I'll hear no more."

Sylvia said :

"You will then. Listen here... I've always got this to look forward to : I'll settle down by that man's side. I'll be as virtuous as any woman. I've made up my mind to it and I'll be it. And I'll be bored stiff for the rest of my life. Except for one thing. I can torment that man. And I'll do it. Do you understand how I'll do it ? There are many ways. But if the worst comes to the worst, I can always drive him silly... by corrupting the child !..." She was panting a little, and round her brown eyes the whites showed. "I'll get even with him. I can. I know how, you see. And with you, through him, for tormenting me. I've come all the way from Brittany without stopping. I haven't slept... But I can..."

Father Consett put his hand beneath the tail of his coat.

"Sylvia Tietjens," he said, "in my pistol pocket I've a little bottle of holy water which I carry for such occasions. What

if I was to throw two drops of it over you and cry: *Exorciso te Ashtaroth in nomine* ?...

She erected her body above her skirts on the sofa, stiffened like a snake's neck above its coils. Her face was quite pallid, her eyes staring out.

"You... you *daren't*," she said. "To me... an outrage!" Her feet slid slowly to the floor; she measured the distance to the doorway with her eyes. "You *daren't*," she said again; "I'd denounce you to the Bishop...."

"It's little the Bishop would help you with them burning into your skin," the priest said. "Go away, I bid you, and say a Hail Mary or two. Ye need them. Ye'll not talk of corrupting a little child before me again."

"I won't," Sylvia said. "I shouldn't have..."

Her black figure showed in silhouette against the open doorway.

When the door was closed upon them, Mrs. Satterthwaite said:

"Was it necessary to threaten her with that? You know best, of course. It seems rather strong to me."

"It's a hair from the dog that's bit her," the priest said. "She's a silly girl. She's been playing at black masses along with that Mrs. Profumo and the fellow who's name I can't remember. You could tell that. They cut the throat of a white kid ands plash its blood about... That was at the back of her mind... It's not very serious. A parcel of silly, idle girls. It's not much more than palmistry or fortune-telling to them if one has to weigh it, for all it's ugliness, as a sin. As far as their volition goes, and it's volition that's the essence of prayer, black or white... But it was at the back of her mind, and she won't forget to-night."

"Of course, that's your affair, Father," Mrs. Satterthwaite said lazily. "You hit her pretty hard. I don't suppose she's ever been hit so hard. What was it you wouldn't tell her?"

"Only," the priest said, "I wouldn't tell her because the thought's best not put in her head... But her hell on earth will come when her husband goes running, blind, head down, mad after another woman."

Mrs. Satterthwaite looked at nothing; then she nodded.

"Yes," she said; "I hadn't thought of it... But will he? He *is* a very sound fellow, isn't he?"

"What's to stop it?" the priest asked. "*What* in the world but the grace of our blessed Lord, which he hasn't got and doesn't ask for? And then... He's a young man, full-blooded, and they won't be living... *maritalement*. Not if I know him. And then... *Then* she'll tear the house down. The world will echo with her wrongs."

"Do you mean to say," Mrs. Satterthwaite said, "that Sylvia would do anything vulgar?"

"Doesn't every woman who's had a man to torture for years when she loses him?" the priest asked. "The more she's

made an occupation of torturing him the less right she thinks she has to lose him."

Mrs. Satterthwaite looked gloomily into the dusk.

"That poor devil..." she said. "Will he get any peace anywhere ?... What's the matter, Father ?"

The Father said :

"I've just remembered she gave me tea and cream and I drank it. Now I can't take mass for Father Reinhardt. I'll have to go and knock up his curate, who lives away in the forest."

At the door, holding the candle, he said :

"I'd have you not get up to-day nor yet to-morrow, if ye can stand it. Have a headache and let Sylvia nurse you... You'll have to tell how she nursed you when you get back to London. And I'd rather ye didn't lie more out and out than ye need, if it's to please me... Besides, if ye watch Sylvia nursing you, you might hit on a characteristic touch to make it seem more truthful... How her sleeves brushed the medicine bottles and irritated you, maybe... or—*you'll* know ! If we can save scandal to the congregation, we may as well."

He ran downstairs.

III

At the slight creaking made by Macmaster in pushing open his door, Tietjens started violently. He was sitting in a smoking-jacket, playing patience engrossedly in a sort of garret bedroom. It had a sloping roof outlined by black oak beams, which cut into squares the cream coloured patent distemper of the walls. The room contained also a four-post bedstead, a corner cupboard in black oak, and many rush mats on a polished oak floor of very irregular planking. Tietjens, who hated these disinterred and waxed relics of the past, sat in the centre of the room at a flimsy card-table beneath a white-shaded electric light of a brilliance that, in those surroundings, appeared unreasonable. This was one of those restored old groups of cottages that it was at that date the fashion to convert into hostelries. To it Macmaster, who was in search of the inspiration of the past, had preferred to come. Tietjens, not desiring to interfere with his friend's culture, had accepted the quarters, though he would have preferred to go to a comfortable modern hotel as being less affected and cheaper. Accustomed to what he called the grown oldnesses of a morose, rambling Yorkshire manor house, he disliked being among collected and rather pitiful bits which, he said, made him feel ridiculous, as if he were trying to behave seriously at a fancy-dress ball. Macmaster, on the other hand, with gratification and a serious air, would run his finger tips along the bevellings of a darkened piece of furniture, and would declare it genuine 'Chippendale' or 'Jacobean oak', as the case might be. And he seemed to gain an added seriousness and weight of manner with each

piece of ancient furniture that down the years he thus touched. But Tietjens would declare that you could tell the beastly thing was a fake by just cocking an eye at it and, if the matter happened to fall under the test of professional dealers in old furniture, Tietjens was the more often in the right of it.

Tietjens swore with the extreme vehemence of a man who has been made, but who much dislikes being seen, to start.

Macmaster—in evening dress he looked extremely miniature ! —said :

"I'm sorry, old man, I know how much you dislike being interrupted. But the General is in a terrible temper."

Tietjens rose stiffly, lurched over to an eighteenth century rosewood folding washstand, took from its top a glass of flat whisky and soda, and gulped down a large quantity. He looked about uncertainly, perceived a notebook on a "Chippendale" bureau, made a short calculation in pencil and looked at his friend momentarily.

Macmaster said again :

"I'm sorry old man. I must have interrupted one of your immense calculations."

Tietjens said :

"You haven't. I was only thinking. I'm just as glad you've come. What did you say ?"

Macmaster repeated :

"I said, the General is in a terrible temper. It's just as well you didn't come up to dinner."

Tietjens said :

"He isn't... He isn't in a temper. He's as pleased as punch at not having to have these women up before him."

Macmaster said :

"He says he's got the police scouring the whole county for them, and that you'd better leave by the first train to-morrow."

Tietjens said :

"I won't. I can't. I've got to wait here for a wire from Sylvia."

Macmaster groaned :

"Oh dear ! Oh dear !" Then he said hopefully : "But we could have it forwarded to Hythe."

Tietjens said with some vehemence :

"I tell you I won't leave here. I tell you I've settled it with the police and that swine of a Cabinet Minister. I've mended the leg of the canary of the wife of the police-constable. Sit down and be reasonable. The police don't touch people like us."

Macmaster said :

"I don't believe you realise the public feeling there is..."

"Of course I do, amongst people like Sandbach," Tietjens said. "Sit down I tell you... Have some whisky..." He filled himself out another long tumbler and holding it, dropped into a too low-seated, reddish wicker armchair that had cretonne

fixings. Beneath his weight the chair sagged a good deal and his dress-shirt front bulged up to his chin.

Macmaster said :

"What s the matter with you ?" Tietjens, eyes were bloodshot.

"I tell you," Tietjens said, "I'm waiting for a wire from Sylvia."

Macmaster said :

"Oh !" And then : "It can't come to-night, it's getting on for one."

"It can," Tietjens said, "I've fixed it up with the postmaster—all the way up to Town ! It probably won't come because Sylvia won't send it until the last moment, to bother me. None the less I'm waiting for a wire from Sylvia, and this is what I look like."

Macmaster said :

"That woman's the cruellest beast..."

"You might," Tietjens interrupted, "remember that you're talking about my wife."

"I don't see," Macmaster said, "how one can talk about Sylvia without..."

"The line is a perfectly simple one to draw," Tietjens said. "You can relate a lady's actions if you know them and are asked to. You mustn't comment. In this case you don't know the lady's actions even, so you may as well hold your tongue." He sat looking straight in front of him.

Macmaster sighed from deep in his chest. He asked himself : if this was what sixteen hours waiting had done for his friend, what were all the remaining hours going to do ?

Tietjens said :

"I shall be fit to talk about Sylvia after two more whiskies... Let's settle your other perturbations first... The fair girl is called Wannop : Valentine Wannop."

"That's the Professor's name," Macmaster said.

"She's the late Professor Wannop's daughter," Tietjens said. "She's also the daughter of the novelist."

Macmaster interjected :

"But..."

"She supported herself for a year after the Professor's death as a domestic servant," Tietjens said. "Now she's housemaid for her mother, the novelist, in an inexpensive cottage. I should imagine the two experiences would make her desire to better the lot of her sex."

Macmaster again interjected a "But..."

"I got that information from the policeman whilst I was putting his wife's canary's leg in splints."

Macmaster said :

"The policeman you knocked down ?" His eyes expressed unreasoning surprise. He added : "He knew Miss... eh... Wannop then !"

"You would not expect much intelligence from the police of Sussex," Tietjens said. "But you would be wrong. P. C. Finn is clever enough to recognise the young lady who for several years past has managed the constabulary's wives and children's annual tea and sports. He says Miss Wannop holds the quarter-mile, half-mile, high jump, long jump and putting the weight records for East Sussex. That explains how she went over that dyke in such tidy style... And precious glad the good, simple man was when I told him he was to leave the girl alone. He didn't know, he said, how he'd ever a had the face to serve the warrant on Miss Wannop. The other girl—the one that squeaked —is a stranger, a Londoner probably."

Macmaster said :

"*You* told the policeman..."

"I gave him," Tietjens said, "The Rt. Hon. Stephen Fenick Watherhouse's compliments, and he'd be much obliged if the P. C. would hand in a 'No Can Do' report in the matter of those ladies every morning to his inspector. I gave him also a brand new fi' pun note—from the Cabinet Minister—and a couple of quid and the price of a new pair of trousers from myself. So he's the happiest constable in Sussex. A very decent fellow ; he told me how to know a dog otter's spoor from a gravid bitch's... But that wouldn't interest you."

He began again :

"Don't look so inexpressibly foolish. I told you I'd been dining with that swine... No, I oughtn't to call him a swine after eating his dinner. Besides, he's a very decent fellow..."

"You didn't tell me you'd been dining with Mr. Waterhouse," Macmaster said. "I hope you remembered that, as he's amongst other things the President of the Funded Debt Commission he's the power of life and death over the department and us."

"You didn't think," Tietjens answered, "that you are the only one to dine with the great ones of the earth ! I wanted to talk to that fellow... about those figures their cursed crowd made me fake. I meant to give him a bit of my mind."

"You *didn't* !" Macmaster said with an expression of panic. "Besides, they didn't ask you to fake the calculation. They only asked you to work it out on the basis of given figures."

"Anyhow," Tietjens said, "I gave him a bit of my mind. I told him that, at threepence, it must run the country—and certainly himself as a politician !—to absolute ruin."

Macmaster uttered a deep "Good Lord !" and then : "But won't you ever remember you're a Government servant. He could..."

"Mr. Waterhouse," Tietjens said, "asked me if I wouldn't consent to be transferred to his secretary's department. And when I said : "Go to hell !" he walked round the streets with me for two hours arguing... I was working out the chances on a 4½d. basis for him when you interrupted me. I've

promised to let him have the figures when he goes up by the 1.30 on Monday."

Macmaster said:

"You haven't... But by Jove you're the only man in England that could do it."

"That was what Mr. Waterhouse said," Tietjens commented. "He said old Ingleby had told him so."

"I do hope," Macmaster said, "that you answered him politely!"

"I told him," Tietjens answered, "that there were a dozen men who could do it as well as I, and I mentioned your name in particular."

"But I *couldn't*," Macmaster answered. "Of course I could convert a 3d. rate into 4½d. But there are the acturial variations; they're infinite. I couldn't touch them."

Tietjens said negligently: "I don't want my name mixed up in the unspeakable affair. When I give him the papers on Monday I shall tell him you did most of the work."

Again Macmaster groaned.

Nor was this distress mere altruism. Immensely ambitious for his brilliant friend, Macmaster's ambition was one ingredient of his strong desire for security. At Cambridge he had been perfectly content with a moderate, quite respectable place on the list of mathematical postulants. He knew that that made him safe, and he had still more satisfaction in the thought that it would warrant him in never being brilliant in after life. But when Tietjens, two years after, had come out as a mere Second Wrangler, Macmaster had been bitterly and loudly disappointed. He knew perfectly well that Tietjens simply hadn't taken trouble; and, ten chances to one, it was on purpose that Tietjens hadn't taken trouble. For the matter of that, for Tietjens it wouldn't have been trouble.

And, indeed, to Macmaster's upbraidings, which Macmaster hadn't spared him, Tietjens had answered that he hadn't been able to think of going through the rest of his life with a beastly placard like Senior Wrangler hung round his neck.

But Macmaster had early made up his mind that life for him would be safest if he could go about, not very much observed but still an authority, in the midst of a body of men all labelled. He wanted to walk down Pall Mall on the arm, precisely, of a largely-lettered Senior Wrangler; to return eastward on the arm of the youngest Lord Chancellor England had ever seen; to stroll down Whitehall in familiar converse with a world-famous novelist, saluting on the way a majority of My Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. And, after tea, for an hour at the club all these, in a little group, should treat him with the courtesy of men who respected him for his soundness. Then he would be safe.

And he had no doubt that Tietjens was the most brilliant man in England of that day, so that nothing caused him more anguish than the thought that Tietjens might not make a brilliant

and rapid career towards some illustrious position in the public services. He would very willingly—he desired, indeed, nothing better !—have seen Tietjens pass over his own head ! It did not seem to him a condemnation of the public services that this appeared to be unlikely.

Yet Macmaster was still not without hope. He was quite aware that there are other techniques of careers than that which he had prescribed for himself. He could not imagine himself, even in the most deferential way, correcting a superior ; yet he could see that, though Tietjens treated almost every hierarch as if he were a born fool, no one very much resented it. Of course Tietjens was a Tietjens of Groby ; but was that going to be enough to live on for ever ? Times were changing, and Macmaster imagined this to be a democratic age.

But Teitjens went on, with both hands as it were, throwing away opportunity and committing outrage...

That day Macmaster could only consider to be one of disaster. He got up from his chair and filled himself another drink ; he felt himself to be distressed and to need it. Slouching amongst his cretonnes, Tietjens was gazing in front of him. He said :

"Here !" without looking at Macmaster, and held out his long glass. Into it Macmaster poured whisky with a hesitating hand. Tietjens said : "Go on !"

Macmaster said :

"It's late ; we're breakfasting at the Duchemin's at ten."

Tietjens answered :

"Don't worry, sonny.We'll be there for your pre ty lady." He added : "Wait another quarter of an hour. I want to talk to you."

Macmaster sat down again and deliberately began to review the day. It had begun with disaster, and in disaster it had continued.

And, with something like a bitter irony, Macmaster remembered and brought up now for digestion the parting words of General Campion to himself. The General had limped with him to the hall door up at Mountsby and, standing patting him on the shoulder, tall, slightly bent and very friendly, had said :

"Look here. Christopher Tietjens is a splendid fellow. But he needs a good woman to look after him. Get him back to Sylvia as quick as you can. Had a little tiff, haven't they ? Nothing serious ? Chrissie hasn't been running after the skirts ? No ? I daresay a little. No ? Well then..."

Macmaster had stood like a gate-post, so appalled. He had stuttered :

"No ! No !'

"We've known them both so long," the General went on. "Lady Claudine in particular. And, believe me, Sylvia is a splendid girl. Straight as a die ; the soul of loyalty to her

friends. And fearless.—She'd face the devil in his rage. You should have seen her out with the Belvoir ! Of course you know her... Well then !"

Macmaster had just managed to say that he knew Sylvia, of course.

"Well then..." the General had continued... "you'll agree with me that if there *is* anything wrong between them he's to blame. And it will be resented. Very bitterly. He wouldn't set foot in this house again. But he says he's going out to her and Mrs. Satterthwaite..."

"I believe..." Macmaster had begun... "I believe he is..."

"Well then !" the General has said, "It's all right... But Christopher Tietjens needs a good woman's backing. ...He's a splendid fellow. There are few young fellows for whom I have more... I could almost say respect... But he needs that. To ballast him."

In the car, running down the hill from Mountby, Macmaster had exhausted himself in the effort to restrain his execrations of the General. He wanted to shout that he was a pig-headed old fool : a meddlesome ass. But he was in the car with the two secretaries of the Cabinet Minister : the Rt. Hon. Edward Fenwick Waterhouse, who, being himself an advanced Liberal down for a week-end of golf, preferred not to dine at the house of the Conservative member. At that date there was, in politics, a phase of bitter social feud between the parties : a condition that had not till lately been characteristic of English political life. The prohibition had not extended itself to the two younger men.

Macmaster was not unpleasurably aware that these two fellows treated him with a certain deference. They had seen Macmaster being talked to familiarly by General Lord Edward Campion. Indeed, they and the car had been kept waiting whilst the General patted their fellow guest on the shoulder ; held his upper arm and spoke in a low voice into his ear...

But that was the only pleasure that Macmaster got out of it.

Yes, the day had begun disastrously with Sylvia's letter ; it ended—if it was ended !—almost more disastrously with the General's eulogy of that woman. During the day he had nerved himself to having an immensely disagreeable scene with Tietjens. Tietjens *must* divorce the woman ; it was necessary for the peace of mind of himself, of his friends, of his family ; for the sake of his career ; in the very name of decency !

In the meantime Tietjens had rather forced his hand. It had been a most disagreeable affair. They had arrived at Rye in time for lunch—at which Tietjens had consumed the best part of a bottle of Burgundy. During lunch Tietjens had given Macmaster Sylvia's letter to read, saying that, as he should later consult his friend, his friend had better be made acquainted with the document.

The letter had appeared extraordinary in its effrontery.

for it said nothing. Beyond the bare statement, "I am now ready to return to you," it occupied itself simply with the fact that Mrs. Tietjens wanted—could no longer get on without—the services of her maid, whom she called Hullo Central. If Tietjens wanted her, Mrs. Tietjens, to return to him he was to see that Hullo Central was waiting on the doorstep for her, and so on. She added the detail that there was *no one else*, underlined, she could bear round her while she was retiring for the night. On reflection Macmaster could see that this was the best letter the woman could have written if she wanted to be taken back; for, had she extended herself into either excuses or explanations, it was ten chances to one Tietjens would have taken the line that he couldn't go on living with a woman capable of such a lapse in taste. But Macmaster had never thought of Sylvia as wanting in *savoir faire*.

It had none the less hardened him in his determination to urge his friend to divorce. He had intended to begin this campaign in the fly, driving to pay his call on the Rev. Mr. Duchemin, who, in early life, had been a personal disciple of Mr. Ruskin and a patron and acquaintance of the poet-painter, the subject of Macmaster's monograph. On this drive Tietjens preferred not to come. He said that he would loaf about the town and meet Macmaster at the golf club towards four-thirty. He was not in the mood for making new acquaintances. Macmaster, who knew the pressure under which his friend must be suffering, thought this reasonable enough, and drove off up Iden Hill by himself.

Few women had ever made so much impression on Macmaster as Mrs. Duchemin. He knew himself to be in a mood to be impressed by almost any woman, but he considered that that was not enough to account for the very strong influence she at once exercised over him. There had been two young girls in the drawing-room when he had been ushered in, but they had disappeared almost simultaneously, and although he had noticed them immediately afterwards riding past the window on bicycles, he was aware that he would not have recognised them again. From her first words on rising to greet him: "Not *the* Mr. Macmaster!" he had had eyes for no one else.

It was obvious that the Rev. Mr. Duchemin must be one of those clergymen of considerable wealth and cultured taste who not infrequently adorn the Church of England. The rectory itself, a great, warm-looking manor house of very old red brick, was abutted on to by one of the largest tithe barns that Macmaster had ever seen; the church itself, with a primitive roof of oak shingles, nestled in the corner formed by the ends of rectory and tithe barn, and was by so much the smallest of the three and so undecorated that but for its little belfry it might have been a good cow-byre. All three buildings stood on the very edge of the little row of hills that looks down on the Romney Marsh; they were sheltered from the north wind

by a great symmetrical fan of elms and from the south-west by a very tall hedge and shrubbery, all of remarkable yews. It was, in short, an ideal cure of souls for a wealthy clergyman of cultured tastes, for there was not so much as a peasant's cottage within a mile of it.

To Macmaster, in short, this was the ideal English home. Of Mrs. Duchemin's drawing-room itself, contrary to his habit, for he was sensitive and observant in such things, he could afterwards remember little except that it was perfectly sympathetic. Three long windows gave on to a perfect lawn, on which, isolated and grouped, stood standard rose trees, symmetrical half globes of green foliage picked out with flowers like bits of carved pink marble. Beyond the lawn was a low stone wall; beyond that the quiet expanse of the marsh shimmered in the sunlight.

The furniture of the room was, as to its woodwork, brown, old, with the rich softnesses of much polishing with beeswax. What pictures there were Macmaster recognised at once as being by Simeon Solomon, one of the weaker and more frail æsthetes—aureoled, palish heads of ladies carrying lilies that were not very like lilies. They were in the tradition—but not the best of the tradition. Macmaster understood—and later Mrs. Duchemin confirmed him in the idea—that Mr. Duchemin kept his more precious specimens of work in a sanctum, leaving to the relatively public room, good-humouredly and with slight contempt, these weaker specimens. That seemed to stamp Mr. Duchemin at once as being of the elect.

Mr. Duchemin in person was, however, not present; and there seemed to be a good deal of difficulty in arranging a meeting between the two men. Mr. Duchemin, his wife said, was much occupied at the week-ends. She added, with a faint and rather absent smile, the word, "Naturally." Macmaster at once saw that it was natural for a clergyman to be much occupied during the week-ends. With a little hesitation Mrs. Duchemin suggested that Mr. Macmaster and his friend might come to lunch on the next day—Saturday. But Macmaster had made an engagement to play the foursome with General Campion—half the round from twelve till one-thirty: half the round from three to half-past four. And, as their then present arrangements stood, Macmaster and Tietjens were to take the 6.30 train to Hythe; that ruled out either tea or dinner next day.

With sufficient, but not too extravagant regret, Mrs. Duchemin raised her voice to say:

"Oh dear! Oh dear! But you must see my husband and the pictures after you have come so far."

A rather considerable volume of harsh sound was coming through the end wall of the room—the barking of dogs, apparently the hurried removal of pieces of furniture or perhaps of packing cases, guttural ejaculations. Mrs. Duchemin said, with her far away air and deep voice:

"They are making a good deal of noise. Let us go into the garden and look at my husband's roses, if you've a moment more to give us."

Macmaster quoted to himself:

" 'I looked and saw your eyes in the shadow of your hair...' "

There was no doubt that Mrs. Duchemin's eyes, which were of a dark, pebble blue, were actually in the shadow of her blue-black, very regularly waved hair. The hair came down on the square, low forehead. It was a phenomenon that Macmaster had never before really seen, and, he congratulated himself, this was one more confirmation—if confirmation were needed!—of the powers of observation of the subject of his monograph!

Mrs. Duchemin bore the sunlight! Her dark complexion was clear; there was, over the cheekbones, a delicate suffusion of light carmine. Her jawbone was singularly clear-cut, to the pointed chin—like an alabaster, mediæval saint's.

She said:

"Of course you're Scotch. I'm from Auld Reekie myself."

Macmaster would have known it. He said he was from the Port of Leith. He could not imagine hiding anything from Mrs. Duchemin. Mrs. Duchemin said with renewed insistence:

"Oh, but of *course* you must see my husband and the pictures. Let me see... We must think... Would breakfast now?..."

Macmaster said that he and his friend were Government servants and up to rising early. He had a great desire to breakfast in that house. She said:

"At a quarter to ten, then, our car will be at the bottom of your street. It's a matter of ten minutes only, so you won't go hungry long!"

She said, gradually gaining animation, that of course Macmaster would bring his friend. He could tell Tietjens that he should meet a very charming girl. She stopped and added suddenly: "Probably, at any rate." She said the name which Macmaster caught as "Wanstead." And possibly another girl. And Mr. Horsted, or something like it, her husband's junior curate. She said reflectively:

"Yes, we might try quite a party..." and added, "quite noisy and gay. I hope your friend's talkative!"

Macmaster said something about trouble.

"Oh, it can't be too much trouble," she said. "Besides it might do my husband good." She went on: "Mr. Duchemin is apt to brood. It's perhaps too lonely here." And added the rather astonishing words: "After all."

(To be continued)

transatlantic review.

ART SUPPLEMENT

NOTES SUR L'ART DE BRAQUE.

J'ai accepté la mission de parler ici d'un camarade, à cause de la sympathie que j'ai pour ses travaux et pour son effort. Mais qu'on ne s'attende pas à lire un panégyrique bourré de grands mots vides de sens et de comparaisons trop pompeuses pour correspondre à des réalités profondes. N'étant point critique d'art, je ne saurais m'accommoder de telles entreprises. Je me suis seulement proposé de recueillir l'essentiel des acquisitions de Braque et de ses théories personnelles. Il ne ne sera ici question que de peinture comme je l'entends, c'est-à-dire de choses précises. La tâche ne sera pas toujours aisée, car souvent en ces matières on touche aux frontières de l'intelligence et de la sensibilité, à ce point extrême que l'on ne saurait dépasser sans que les mots deviennent rebelles et se refusent à limiter les idées. Je m'efforcerai d'être intelligible afin qu'on me pardonne d'être aride.

Georges Braque est le fils d'un entrepreneur de peinture en bâtiment. La chose est importante et ceux qui l'ignoreraient risqueraient de ne point comprendre pleinement un art et une œuvre qui découlent logiquement de la formation première. Braque, en effet, hérita des recettes et formules qui, au fond, sont peut-être l'essentiel de la peinture ou du moins sa base la plus solide. Sa jeunesse se passa à contempler l'élaboration patiente du faux bois ou du faux marbre, il fut initié à l'art compliqué des « couches maigres et des couches grasses », il apprit des ouvriers de son père la science de composer un ton à coup sûr et de le poser proprement, il sut faire le « filé » et la « lettre ». Cette éducation devait lui laisser une forte empreinte et influer considérablement sur ses travaux à venir. En effet, s'il essaya ses forces selon les méthodes impressionnistes, il ne devait pas s'y tenir longtemps, tourmenté qu'il était par un désir toujours grandissant de synthèse qu'il sut ne pas confondre avec le schéma. Il fut un des premiers à sentir le besoin d'un mode d'expression nouveau. Dès ses premières recherches, il voulut avant tout aboutir à ce qu'il nomme des faits simples, c'est-à-dire dépouillés de tous leurs côtés éphémères et anecdotiques, de tous leurs aspects, pour ne conserver que le côté durable et éternel. Le but n'est pas en effet « le souci de reconstituer un fait anecdotique, mais de constituer un fait pictural ». D'ailleurs « pour être l'imitation pure la peinture doit faire abstraction des aspects car on n'imite pas l'aspect ; l'aspect

c'est le résultat ». Fidèle à ses directives, Braque s'est toujours refusé à toute subtilité, tenant pour vrai qu'un esprit subtil est un esprit faible et qu'il faut « voir gros ». Il ambitionne de dépouiller peu à peu ses ouvrages de toute complication et de toute artifice. Il s'y efforce constamment en essayant de résoudre les problèmes sans nombre qui surgissent dès qu'on veut, sans se fier au seul hasard, tracer un trait ou poser un ton sur une toile.

La place manquerait ici pour dire tous les efforts de Braque, toutes les acquisitions clairement définies, celles-ci aussi demeurant encore dans le mystère de l'intuition et refusant de se laisser saisir. Certaines de ces acquisitions, qui paraissent aujour d'hui d'une évidence banale, furent capitales. La plus importante peut-être à son sens — due d'ailleurs à Cézanne — fut d'apercevoir la nécessité de suggérer la profondeur sans l'imiter, c'est-à-dire de ramener l'espace qui est infini à des mesures définies, afin de pouvoir construire des tableaux homogènes et sans trous. De même, c'est seulement après que Braque se fut clairement expliqué les rapports étroits et constants qui unissent la forme et la couleur, les faisant agir simultanément, que le cubisme lui parut devoir s'évader du camaïeu auquel il semblait condamné. Ainsi d'étape en étape, sans vouloir rien escamoter, il a accumulé les solutions nouvelles qui rendent chaque jour son art plus logique et plus direct, plus éloigné de l'aspect et plus proche de la réalité.

Mais je veux insister ici surtout sur ce qui, à notre époque d'anarchie, me paraît être une véritable innovation et une des plus fertiles en conséquence : le choix des sujets et le respect de la matière qui sont très personnels à Braque et sont étroitement liés à son éducation première. Il attache en effet beaucoup d'importance au sujet car il le considère comme une poétique et estime que des moyens nouveaux engendrent des sujets nouveaux. D'ailleurs, si l'on veut jeter un regard sur le passé, on s'aperçoit nettement que chaque école a eu un choix de sujets qu'elle affectionna par dessus tous les autres et qui furent sa poétique. Par sujet, Braque n'entend pas parler de l'objet « mais d'une sorte d'unité nouvelle d'un lyrisme qui sort complètement des moyens''. Il fut le premier à placer dans ses tableaux des instruments de musique, des cartes à jouer, car à son insu peut-être, il garde à ces objets témoins de sa vie intime une tendresse qu'involontairement il traduit en les peignant, peut-être même lorsqu'il fut amené pour la première fois à les représenter eut-il le pressentiment de ce qu'ils l'amèneraient à faire. On est tenté aujourd'hui de n'attacher aux sujets aucune importance. Je crois que c'est un tort car ils touchent aux origines mêmes du cubisme.

De même, Braque a aperçu dans les méthodes patientes et presque mathématiques du peintre en bâtiment, les éléments d'un language nouveau susceptible d'atteindre à la plus grande pureté, la seule qu'il nous soit permis de désirer, à nous qui ne pouvons croire à la perfection puisque nous œuvrons de nos mains. Braque a entrevu peut-être le premier entre les modernes la

poésie qui se dégage du beau métier, d'une œuvre faite avec amour et patience, sans qu'intervienne une sensibilité préconçue. Il a compris qu'un ouvrage humain longuement caressé finit par porter la trace des soins qui ont entouré sa naissance et par dégager je ne sais quelle humanité émouvante. Au lieu de se laisser aller aux séduisants effets du coup de brosse, aux jeux illimités de la palette, au lieu de s'abandonner à ses dons indiscutables, il se méfia d'eux et voulut s'imposer la plus austère des disciplines. Il s'en tint au ton local, ne demandant sa couleur qu'à la variété des surfaces. Logiquement ses recherches et son désir d'absolu l'amenèrent à faire des tableaux en papier collé. D'autres peintres s'y essayèrent depuis, mais chez eux ce ne fut que curios té, chez Braque, au contraire, ce fut un besoin de se limiter, un scrupule de conscience et un désir de certitude. S'il revendique la paternité de l'emploi du papier dans les tableaux, ce n'est point par un puéril désir de priorité mais parce que cet emploi répond en ce qui le concerne à des nécessités qui lui sont très particulières.

Braque n'a jamais oublié ses origines, il a voulu avant tout n'être qu'un ouvrier, convaincu que le reste viendrait par surcroît. Il n'a pas cherché à étendre ses moyens mais au contraire à les enclore dans des barrières de plus en plus étroites, car il pense que la limite des moyens donne le style, engendre la forme nouvelle, et pousse à la création. Il est remarquable en effet que les moyens limités font souvent le charme et la force des peintures primaires, tandis qu'au contraire l'extension amène les arts de décadence. Partant de ce principe, Braque n'a jamais cherché à assimiler et a courageusement accepté ses faiblesses comme ses qualités, essayant seulement de les utiliser le mieux possible pour la fin qu'il s'est proposée. Ainsi il a donné des preuves de cette constance dont les deux plus grands exemples furent peut-être Poussin et Ingres, et qui caractérise la plupart des maîtres français, leur permettant d'échapper à la convention et de gagner en profondeur ce qu'ils perdaient en rayonnement. Tout leur art n'est qu'un perpétuel sacrifice. Ils surent renoncer à la perfection, et même, leur humanité, selon le mot de Braque, se mesure à l'étendue du sacrifice qui les sépare de la perfection. Comme eux, Braque a compris que "quand le cœur est engagé et quand la matière intervient, il ne saurait être question d'idées abstraites, telles que la perfection qu'on ne saurait transporter dans le monde sensible." Il n'y a, dit-il, "que les intentions qui soient pures", pour les réalisations, elles sont simplement humaines et c'est beaucoup, c'est tout ce que nous pouvons souhaiter. Ce qui met les maîtres en posture héroïque, c'est la précarité de leur œuvre". Ils ont su renoncer à être des dieux et ont seulement désiré être des hommes s'acheminant vers un but qu'ils savent d'avance ne pouvoir jamais atteindre. Ils n'ont pas désiré faire un chef-d'œuvre, mais ils ont seulement voulu s'accomplir. Ils sont austères, réservés et se livrent difficilement, mais pour qui sait les considérer avec tendresse,

ils parlent un langage qui trouve le chemin du cœur, car il est celui des douloureux renoncements.

Il ne m'appartient point d'assigner à Braque sa place dans notre génération, ni même de dire s'il est de la lignée des maîtres. Ceci est l'affaire de l'avenir. Il me suffit de reconnaître en cet artiste l'essentiel des dons de notre race ; cette mesure et cette grâce sévère qui ne naissent qu'en France, comme aussi ce dédain des aspects éphémères, et ce besoin de profondeur. D'ailleurs, il ne se soucie point de nos jugements et il a placé son but trop haut pour espérer jamais l'atteindre. Il se plaît à répéter, que chaque nouveau tableau doit laisser insatisfait et qu'il doit en être ainsi jusqu'au dernier, même si ce dernier est un chef-d'œuvre. En fin de compte, n'est-ce pas là la meilleure comme la plus hautaine justification de l'art, et aussi toute noblesse ?

Bissière. (1)

(1) "Les Maitres du Cubisme : Geoges Braque", Léonce Rosenberg, Paris, Editeur.

ART IN MODERN GERMANY

by Boské Markus.

Really Modern Art is as far to seek in Germany as is the four-leaved clover. From the earliest times, except during the Middle Ages when it could work out through its art-forms its innate sentimentality and spirit of martyrdom, the artistic spirit has always been for Germany an alien conception. Even the Art of the Middle Ages that Germany has never really outgrown to this day was not in any pure sense an Art but merely a Morality, and those modern critics are in the right of it who style the German *Mittel Alter* the Inartistic Age, though the corollary should be added that the present time in Germany is no less without Art of its own. Germany has no Arts ; not so much as a spark of originality. She has always appropriated foreign discoveries or developments and these she has worn to shreds with a mediocre technical ability. So that it is astonishing that she has to-day at least one type of originality to which to point—though even this is an originality very provincial in application and at that not free from foreign influence since it was born of Russian art movements. This is Expressionism.

Expressionism is at least grafted into the trunk of the Germanic soul—that simple and highly philosophic phenomenon. For the Germanic Soul is too "deep" to be comprehensible save through symbols, therefore it turns from the various manifestations of a harsh world and clings to the High, to the Ideal, that is not to be found on this globe of ours. God, The Prophet, The Husband, The Wife, The Maiden, The Toiler, The Prostitute and HUMANITY—it is of these simple materials, Elements and Types that for the modern German artist Cosmos is constituted and on this basis he erects his statues, builds up his dramas, his epics, or paints his pictures. He is so concerned with his Spirit that his material is to him a matter of indifference, so that for him Art is for ever an Abstraction. In short, whatever name or form Art in Germany may assume—and the latest is *Konstruktivismus*!—Expressionism will be found to be at the bottom of it, founded down all the ages upon the attempt to give material shape to the abstract Idea. The past greatnesses of German art have each contributed their individualities to this one tradition, having all the

same characteristics: relatively small technical abilities and philosophic profundities carried to the highest: in the forefront being Schiller, Nietszche and Wagner the Master!

The content of the Idea has changed with the ages; in place of the high ideal of Christ HUMANITY, as has been said, now treads the boards. This does not mean that Art has made any dynamic progress: it is as if the Gothic of the Middle Ages had been distempered over in colours, so that if you scratch off that surface there will once more appear the old face of the Christ, tear-stained, solicitous and ready for the Sacrifice. What then has changed? Actually nothing, except that the Christ of to-day has been derived from the Primitives. For in no country to-day will you hear the Primitives more spoken of and more misunderstood than in Germany. They have imitated without catching—as for example Picasso has done—any of the essential characteristics. They have not understood, simply because the Idealism that is in them has blinded them to the fact that the essence of all art lies in the right handling of materials. They confuse all their forms. When they work at Sculpture, which is something in Space, they produce a Poem; and according to their theories A Poem must be a manifestation of the dynamics of Space. In that spirit a modern German periodical—anthroposophic, or as you might say vegetarian—sought, under the editorship of a sculptor whose name was Itten, to analyse 99 ancient and modern masterpieces of painting by means of astrological symbols only known to the inner circles of Vegetarians. It naturally succeeded.

In the meantime there is practically no literature to hand, but many theories and criticisms of masterpieces as yet in the womb, these scaffoldings casting their shadows athwart the Future. But one branch of literature has pushed itself hugely over the land, that being the Expressionistic Drama with all its appurtenances: abstract stage, abstract decoration, abstract stage management and, above all, abstract actors. And naturally: for the Drama is said to be the best medium by which the Ideal, freed from all materialism, may be laid bare. The Abstract lies nearest the Germanic heart since by its means Ethics can be most fully expressed. And nothing transcends the Ethical. Should you eliminate that from German Literary-Philosophical consciousness the whole structure must fall to the ground.

Still, deep in their hearts the Germans long for a healthy (but imitated) *Naturalismus*. They still take care not to burn their bridges behind them, not wishing to shake the inner mechanism of their ancient system, but merely to daub it with new colors. Kandinsky, for instance, has for years given out countless "absolute pictures", which apparently are all retouchings of some one design, made long ago. The original picture seems to consist of quite ordinary forms always found in nature but through long elimination of the primary masses which were

in the first place hard enough, and through long repetition of one and the same picture, he has succeeded in decomposing all forms into meaningless and spineless messes which he calls "compositions". "Decompositions" would seem a better term. It is interesting to follow this retouching career of Kandinsky ; it has landed him in the professorial chair at the great Weimar Bauhaus.

Perhaps the most typical example of the German's Art-of-compromise (Dadaism is a real joke in Germany, for it is taken earnestly and with highly idealistic purpose) is George Gross, who is a communistic Dadaist. His motto seems to be "Down with the ruling classes!" and he follows them down to the bloody end with his Dadaistic drawings. He must needs be a Dadaist, for he is certainly no artist ; but the joke is that it is impossible to link up a stern and limited organization, such as Communism with Dada. Nevertheless all the Dadaists in Germany by some coincidence are Communists.

In the course of an article on George Gross a German critic writes : "The art of drawing in Germany avoids chiefly any fundamental viewpoint of the actual." Later, in the same article, the Critic appears to become convinced that modern Germans are too abstract and lose themselves in sport! He is astonished that "entire wagon loads of young politically-revolutionary artists are making bloodless *Konstructivismus*, a hieroglyphic art of drawing, outside the sphere of real life or stylization." Still further he complains that the young artists, instead of seeing the present-day world in its true colors, and, through a critical appraisal of its conditions, and working for its betterment, merely occupy themselves with ideas that have nothing to do from the practical viewpoint with present day problems. He asserts that the solitary practical moral artist is George Gross because "he is a genius of line drawing, a superior politician and a historian of his surroundings and their consciences." He describes the "ethic' of Gross : "The world is a hell in which profiteer and the fleeced are to be eternally separated." This, quite simply is the sole aesthetic bag and baggage, not only of George Gross, but of the whole group of modern German artists.

Your German is too direct and too upright ; he must tell you immediately that art is moral, and explain to you the consequence of this morality. When one has declared one's principles one must make propaganda for it with all of the lawful material that one can find. German art now has for years been compounded of this moral prescription, and he who would be no outlaw must fit into it. In art, however, nothing follows the truth very far while it is too simple : you have always to twist it a bit in order to be able to organize it. Perhaps it is true that $2 \times 2 = 4$ but when one takes it too literally the result is German *Konstruktivismus*, which apparently can understand no more erudite formula. It sounds just as intelli-

gent as that profound Statement employed by Logicians that A equals A. Till now this statement was never employed in art, perhaps because of its extraordinary clarity, but I am astonished that no German artists have attempted to make something out of it.

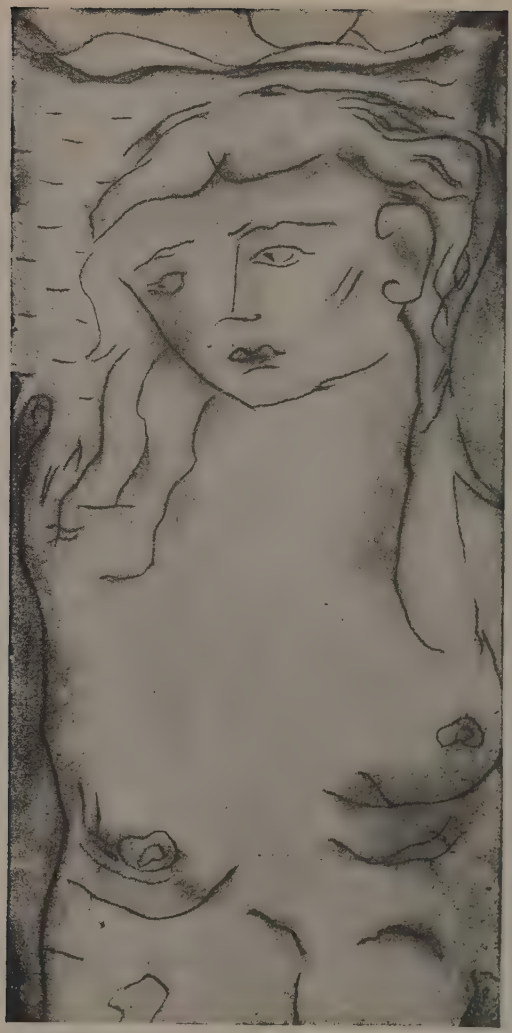
Art is in every relationship synthetic while it organizes given objects, and mathematics in art only goes as far as to insist that the organization be as nearly mathematical as $2 \times 2 = 4$. That is the sole "mechanic" that is possible in art, and in spite of the fact that the first ideas of a mechanical art came from the machines themselves (while they are in their very organization hard and useful) machines are no artistic problems, and to photograph a machine in all possible ways in the manner, for instance, of the German "*Konstruktivisten*" is of no use whatsoever. One must organize the artistic usefulness and laws of machinery, not the machines themselves.

The German artistic tendencies always branch in two directions: the absolute idealization of the given fact, or the entangling of life in art. Both are most typically set forth in modern art in the German of to-day, *Expressionismus* and *Konstruktivismus*. Between both of these stands *Dadaismus*, but the two former can more truly be called Dadaistic than Dadaism itself.

Budapest, 1924.

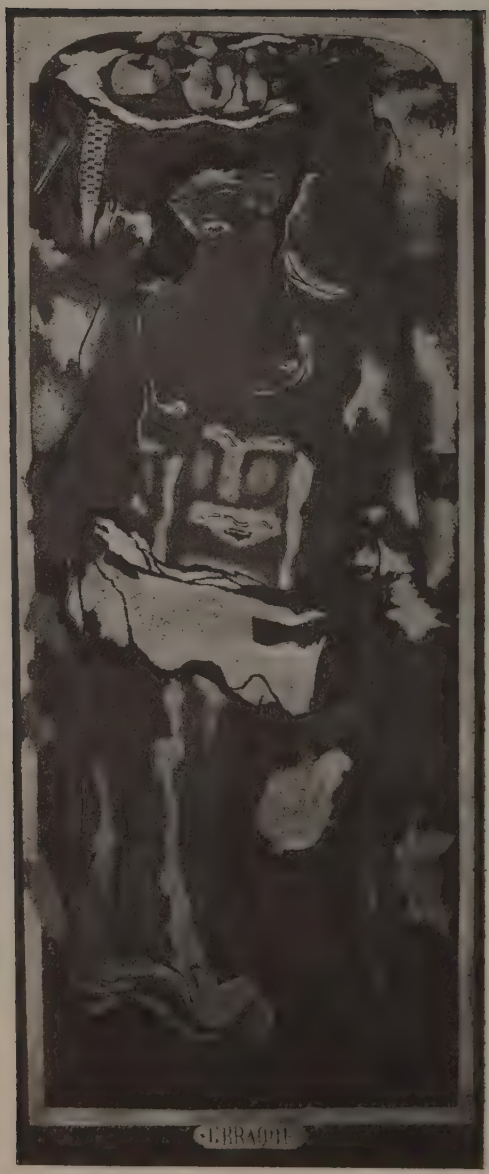
(Translated by G. Antheil.)

Femme couchée. BRAQUE

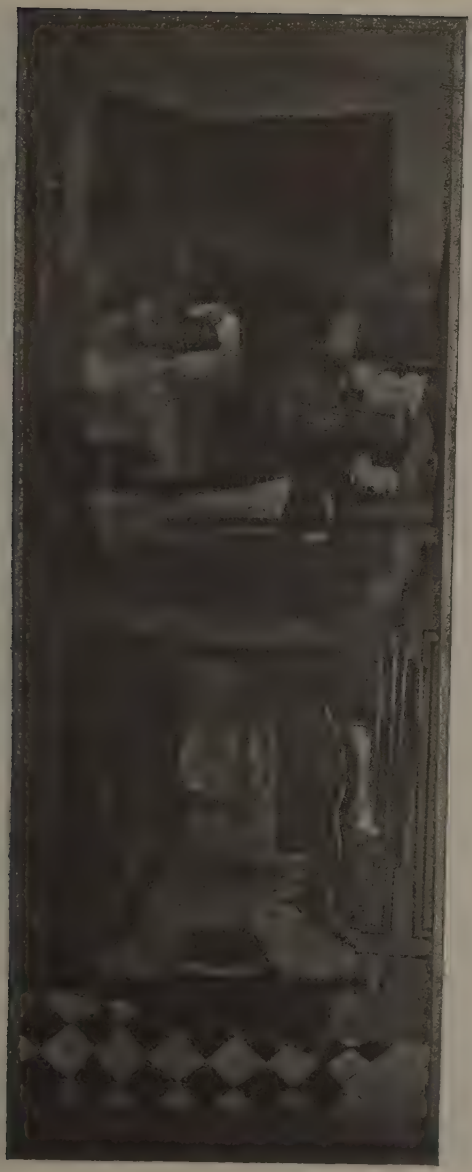


Tête de Femme. BRAQUE

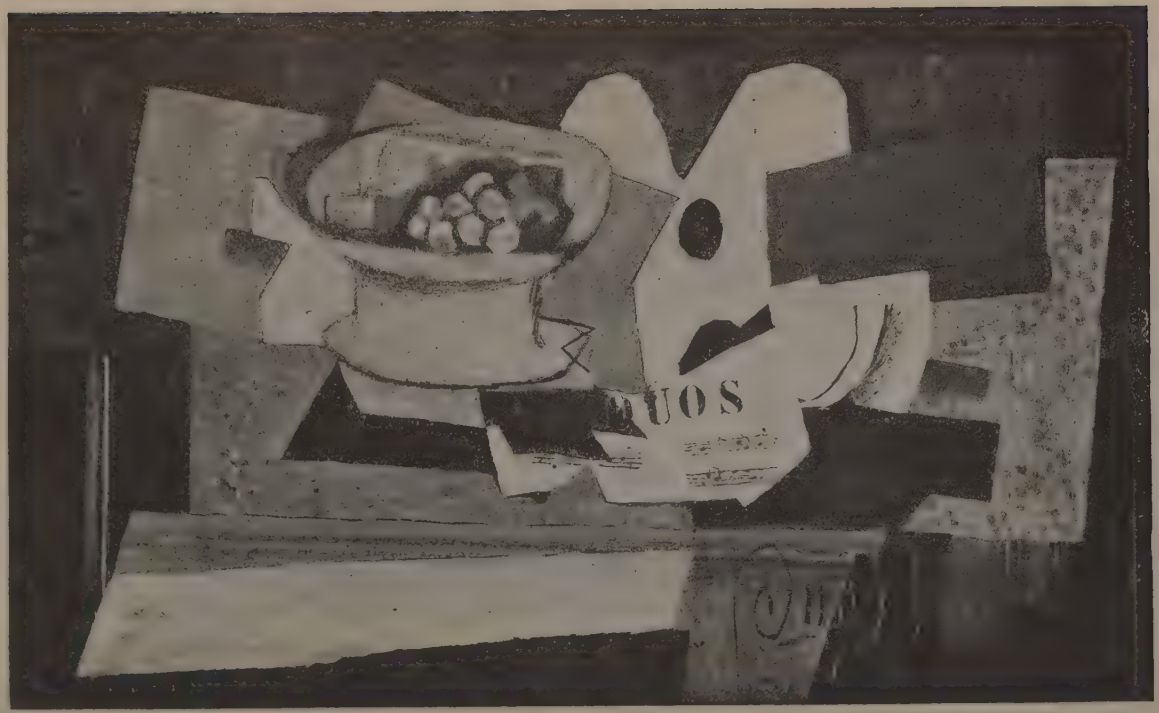
Torse de Femme. BRAQUE



Panneau décoratif (nº 1). **BRAQUE**

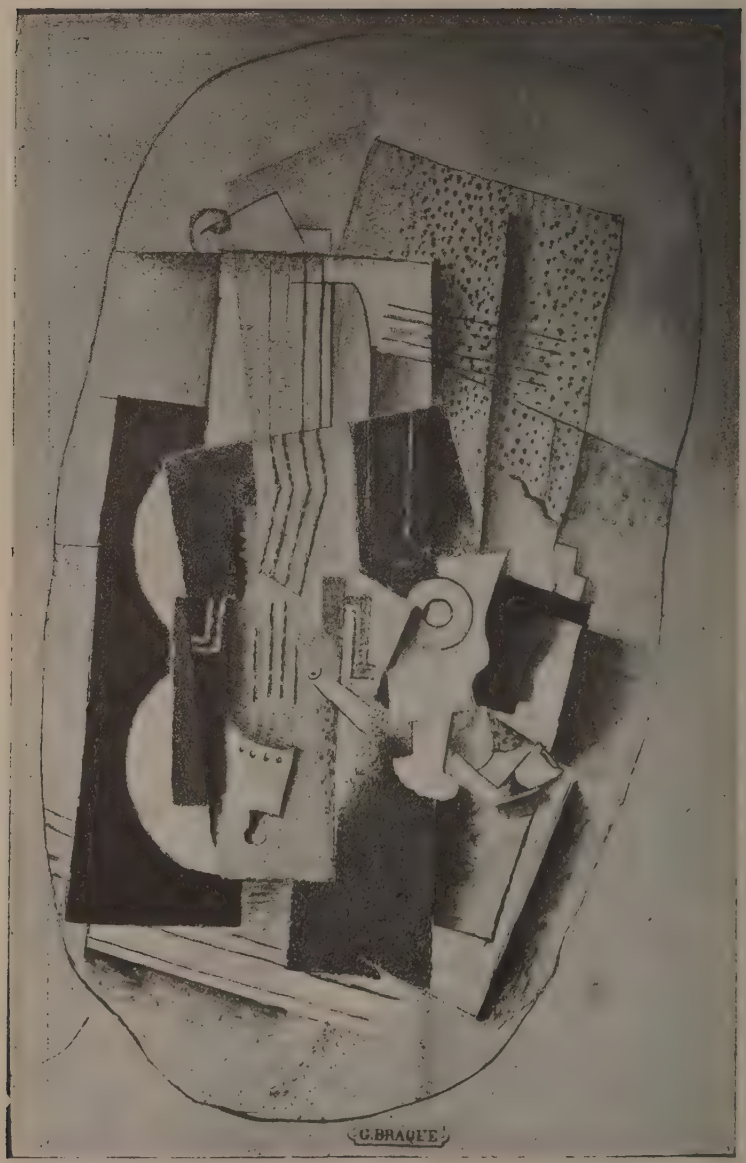


Le Guéridon. BRAQUE



Nature Morte. BRAQUE

Nature Morte. BRAQUE



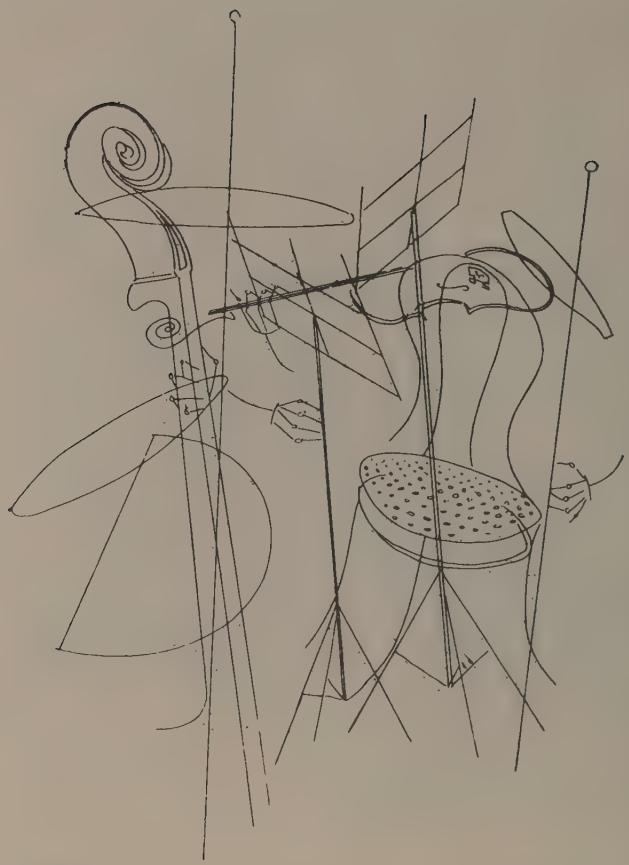
Nature Morte. BRAQUE

From the Collection Léonce Rosenberg.

Drawing. GWEN JOHN

Drawing GWEN JOHN

Drawing. GWEN JOHN



Entr'acte.

MAN RAY

From Album :
Champs Délicieux.

MAN RAY

Nursemaids in the Borghese Gardens CEDRIC MORRIS

Drawing CEDRIC MORRIS

Two Woodcuts LATAPIE
From La Princesse de Babylone

LONDON EXHIBITIONS

WINTER 1923-1924

I find that since the beginning of October I have recorded 51 exhibitions of pictures, an average of 3 3/16 a week. I must have left unrecorded at least as many. I cannot estimate exactly the number of water colour drawings of Venice I have had to look at...

There have been, however, several rewards.

Early in October, Mr. Turner occupied the Independent Gallery with paintings by André Dunoyer de Segonzac. This painter's work had been little seen in this country, and, therefore, less appreciated ; and what had been seen was mainly to the credit of Mr. Turner. M. De Segonzac has a idiom very much of his own. There must be some measure of familiarity before his work can be properly enjoyed. It is not shavy, it does not immediately catch the eye ; and then, like so much modern work, let it go again. On the contrary, the first feeling is usually of repulsion, which, of course, is fascinating ; and so the eye is gradually drawn to mine the picture. And there is gold. His work is weighty and intense.

The show was not a large one—sixteen paintings, nine drawings and twelve small etchings—but the quality was high. The gloomy, storm-romantic style of M. de Segonzac was superbly represented, the massive browns and blues and blacks. He makes tremendous play with these colours. And his paint... It looks as if it *felt* beautiful.

In the same month, the exhibition of British Primitives was opened at Burlington House. I have not yet recovered from the disappointment. The exhibition consisted of paintings (and reproductions), drawings, illuminated MSS., embroideries and sculpture. The general impression was of gaiety of colour almost as unsubtle as the tri-colour—a certain elegance, considerable quaintness, and an almost total absence of "spirituality". But it is always worth while to add to our knowledge of the second-rate.

The exhibition at the Lefèvre Galleries, considered in conjunction with Agnew's and Knoedler's shows in July, forms an important evidence of our increased interest in French Nineteenth Century Art. This exhibition was confined to Renoir, Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec and Ganguin. There were, in each

case, excellent examples. The exhibition of Daumiers at Barbizon House in November was representative, and the largest ever held in this country.

In Mr. William Roberts, who exhibited at the Chenil Galleries, we have a young English painter of genius. Although Mr. Roberts has a strong, somewhat intellectual sense of design, he is largely a literary painter. He is sharply critical of life, a little sordid and a little grim. In technique Mr. Roberts has remarkably developed. His figures are more broadly, strongly built up. He has completely relinquished the slightly niggling quality of his earlier work, the heritage of Mr. Wyndham Lewis. He is tending towards naturalism, but without loss of his individual vision. His human figure is still a mechanical construction, the work of the master engineer. Here is a philosophy... His colour is more restful, but no less clean. Mr. Roberts's aversion, I imagine, is the tinted fog.

The most important exhibition in December was at the Leicester Galleries : Van Gogh. It was a wonderful collection of old periods and fine examples. Out of the murk of a December day into the harmony, vitality of Van Gogh, was a wonderful escape.

I made it when I could... three times. The New English Art Club exhibited at the R.W.S. Galleries in January. The New English just lines up to its tradition. The work of the Nashes was interesting. It always is. At this particular show, they were a little unusual. Mr. Paul Nash has been contemplating Russian peasant art, I suspect. Its influence in *Buildings at Whiteleaf* seems to be obvious; a queerly fascinating effect, because Mr. Paul Nash is still so very English. It is one of the great distinctions of these distinguished brothers that they *are* English. That, I imagine, is why they are not unduly praised by a certain School of English criticism.

Mr. Paul Nash's drawing *Dynchurch Strand* was exquisite ; but in a more familiar style.

Mr. John Nash was unusual in colour, and the expression of stressful growth in nature.

Both these painters, having mastered a method of expression, each their own, seem to be striking out.

Mr. Ihlee's *Nocturne* (*Biskra*) was very attractive. It was an example of that rare thing, atmospheric painting without a fog. Mr. Wilson Steer showed several exquisite little fogs. Of course, I do not mean fogs literally. I like Miss Marjorie Rowles's delicate work. She is very, very clever. There is much virtue in such cleverness.

But if the New English was a little "solid", the Independent Gallery, at the same time, was very startling. Drawings by the girls of the Dudley High School may not sound attractive but they most emphatically were. These girls have been taught by Miss Richardson not how to draw, but how to see. They have been trained to develop free mental visions, and to express them

spontaneously. In even the worst drawings, there was a stronger sense of design than in most professional Venice-and-sheep painters. Every vision, however slight, was genuine and directly expressed. The great conclusion one draws from this exhibition is that everybody has a natural artistic impulse, and that if only they are not taught to draw, they will be able to express it.

At the Leicester Galleries during January, the tortured glories of Van Gogh have been succeeded by the tortured sobrieties of Mr. Jacob Epstein. Mr. Epstein is the most unrestful sculptor. I have never lived with one of his figures, but I imagine that it would be like living with a mystic. They are all yearning towards the humanly unobtainable. What raptures could be sufficient to stir the sensual languor of his Dolores? There is a tremendous potentiality of passion there; but tremendous, too, is the langour. What tears could relieve his *Weeping Woman*? She is misnamed; she is not weeping. Tears would not come to such uncanny suffering as hers.

Mr. Epstein has lost none of his power, but he has repeated himself a little, and he has said nothing so significant as his Christ. The colossal arms, smoothly carved out of marble, are very fine, and alone a new utterance. The male arm, heavy, motionless, unthinking, lies extended. The female arm is crucified to it the hand sweeping back into the great hand. It wants only the nail. Possibly it is just a study in planes but probably Mr. Epstein has said more than he meant. That is Art.

Anthony Bertram.

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TWO POEMS

by A. E. Coppard

I

APRIL FOOL

When April flowers adorn the copse,
    And showery drops
    Their petals chide,
I walk the woods to hear anew
    Sweet time undo
    His ancient stops;
There now the thronged dark boughs have shoaled
    Their glimmering tide,
    The mice are bold,
    Young coney hops,
And full of ruth the snakes do glide.

And ever-living ever-dead
    Time lies abed,
    For thus it seems
His tongue best tells the lovely birds
    Their lovely words.
    O lightly sped,
    Soft smiling time! hold back the showers,
    Divert the streams,
    The so brief hours
    From age so dread,
And gild with youth my dying dreams.

II

THE LITTLE TEMPEST.

And while the rain purls through the apple trees
Each codlin, yellow ripe or rosy,
Teases a drip of glass
That hangs and falls and is followed by a drip
Sullenly sliding.
Windlessly the shower
Beats down our neighbour's smoke;
The herby garden quivers and steams and sighs,
The flowers that are living do not rejoice,
The dead ignoring blooms
Are nudged but they do not care.
There is a quiet in the storm that veils a vague
Insistent malice, undissuadable
As a man in the wrong,
A man to whom evil is pleasure.
Longlastingly the shower
Beats down the chimney smoke;
The first leaf falls, and is followed by a leaf
Rocking and subsiding.

In Hambleden Vale brooks are flooding by now,
Like dark clouds the hills are lost in the sky
Whose clouds themselves are mountains.
Black fountains
Pouring milky streams
You, travelling the roads in your blue gown,
What will you do so far away—
What *will* you do?
There is an arbour by the rocks at Craughan,
And a goose man's hut at Fews,
But you might wait there as a bird may wait,
A bird in the branches,
Till contemplation tires and tired complaisance wanes.

Maybe you'll hail the man with the crimson cart
Who sells those mugs and candles and those things
On Saturdays and Tuesdays,
And cross the moor to Creevy?
Or if luck were only in it
You could throw a nod to the marquis from the Park
Driving his coach to meet the marchioness:
She was visiting the queen, I heard;
He has rich but friendly eyes.

What will you do?
You will not do these things.
If I but knew I would bring your shiny coat
And your goloshes;
But you might be here or there or anywhere,
And I do not know at all,
Not where you are gone, or why;
Nothing, save that I quarrelled with you.
O, it is easy to quarrel with whom we love,
But he who does evil for pleasure
Pays twice and loses all:
We are the victims of our own resentments.

How quickly comes this dusk—
It is only seven o'clock but the dusk has come.
And your white kitten has eaten two of the chicks.
I will make a fire of cones and little logs,
And, come the dark, I'll put a light in the window
Looking on Hambleden Vale,
And in the window facing Creevy Lane
I'll put another light,
And a shining lamp in the doorway;
So you will know that I am longing for you,
That I am listening and waiting
Till you come.

FIVE POEMES

by Jacques Baron.

I.

SCÈNE RELATIVE.

Secouer les tristesses vaincues
de délicieuses floraisons
un chemin de fer à l'horizon
charge nos pensées perdues

Accourez accourez tous
mon cœur cuit dans du bouillon
Regardez ces fibres qui poussent
Ce sont des dames en pamoison

Mystère on ne voit pas de racines
Je vous donne dix jours pour réfléchir
sur ce qui fait sourire
ce monde et la joie qu'il rumine

Pendant qu'un charlatan finit de déclamer ces paroles, une femme aveugle passe en chantant

Fin de saison clavicule
des idées du pauvre passant
Chute de la nuit et du temps
demain on récapitule

II.

ZINC

Tu bats les tapis
où sont tous les yeux
enfouis dans l'hiver
bêtes à bon Dieu
où sont les poussières

L'Orient ne nuit
aux plus belles choses
N'étends pas les bras
il y a des rails
où courent nos esprits

La fenêtre s'ouvre
comme un Dieu rose
Tu songes au présent
quand vient l'avenir
Qui peut te dire ose

Car nos voix brisent
les mots vraiments pires
puisqu il n'y a rien
autre que nous-mêmes

III.

CAMPAGNE.

Clair ombrage à jamais si doux comme le songe
J'ai la tête d'un dieu sur des pieds florescents
Comme l'amour naquit Ah que j'y songe
aux larmes oiseaux multiples sans plumage étonnant

Les matines ont sonné la goutte d'eau d'abord
fléchie sous le ciel mousse pour les éclairs
Marche voleur habile quand le champ s'évapore
et la route rideau bleu aux franges de poussière

Ceux dont le lit fleurit ceux dont la ressemblance
perdue dans le torrent lustré par le ravin
s'éloignent le marécage est leur miroir d'enfance
et leurs pas lentement ont des odeurs de thym

IV.

FÊTE.

D'un destin pareil
allèrent sans penser
que l'aurore éveille
vos bras enlacés,
les beaux jours d'ailleurs
de tout, fine fleur.

Les mille liqueurs
qui brillent en topaze
furent — mon malheur —
furent un voyage.

Les banjos jouent sans
mesure sur l'air
d'une pluie de sang
au sens de la terre.
Tu es la puissance
qui régit la France.

Maintenant visé
d'une folie douce
tu tournes le pouce
d'une autre pensée.

V.

BILBOQUET.

J'ai éparpillé dans l'espace
des mots indécis
dont le moment
a perdu la trace.

Au loin se levait
une aube d'amour,
d'un coup de fusil
elle s'est envolée.

Alors,
d'un bond élastique,
j'ai aspiré le grand vide
tel un héros du Folklore.

J'ai traversé un nuage
d'un bleu enfant-de-Marie
qui à mon passage
a éclaté d'un gros rire.

Astrologue de rebut.
comme Atlas
je soutiens
dans une main
le monde vieux

et pour rire
sur un doigt
je le reçois
bois vermoulu.

DIOGÈNES

by J. J. Adams.

Late, very late by our reckoning,
Emerging torn and jaded from the rocks,
Painfully dragging his long shadow, nearing day's end,
He is come upon a region of stagnant meres,
A place of sullen, half-frozen grey marshes,
Leprous with yellow stalks of obscene weeds.
His sour crustacean eye flicks out upon errands,
Deleting here and there a touch, a tone,
Imposing self-restraint and proper feeling
Upon hectic saffron and crude vermilion,
(Subdue! Subdue! By skull and bones, no melodrama!)
Establishing degree and precedence,
Alighting nonchalently at the last
Upon the long gaunt limbs of skeleton trees.
With lean arms upraised, he mimics in grotesque salutation
The stark malevolence of those black trunks,
That, gleefully receiving, he straight breathes out again
Unchanged and now his dear children, his heart and home
[throbs, his emanations.—
"Now, by the dog, there go the breastless dancers
To flagellate the burning queen of love!
Music, boy! Music! Here's gold. These are my daughters.
Remark the breed! See how they press and eddy,
Savagely, serratingly opposing
Their lean flanks, flabby dugs and flat buttocks
Against those lusty blowsy vessels in sanguine and ivory.
Oh music, boy! Pour profusely more voluptuous strains!
Music for the cunning dancers. Music for all the damned!"

The reeds scatter dusty groans, the wind pipes shrill, chill
and small.
From his brown, neatly strapped portmanteau he produces
[his dry island,
An squats him down to make all this a possession of the race.

The wind wails always out of the East, piping chill and small.
Grey clouds waste the sky. A thin mist comes and goes.
Without haste, without hope, he unpacks his spare trousers
[and umbrella.

What can invade the mind now? What cries? What
[colours?

What sudden rippling troops of laughing girls
Whirling and twining in ever-shifting arabesques?
The great sweet passionate golden fruit lies squeezed and
[drained.
Safe! Safe! He blows his meagre nose, trumpeting defiance.
Closing time. The grey world shudders and fades.
The night steals in without constructive significance.
It is ten o'clock of a drear mid-winter evening.
Hoar frost silvers his thin white hair and beard
And gathers desolately in his wrinkles.
Sardonic cloud-shapes affront him with grimaces,
Lollopping swollen tongues and spitting at him.
Wearily he wraps his island round him,
Stiffens his sunken belly and cogitates.—
"Ha! Let me remember now! I have come out,
An old man and gnarled, to find my life and pass beyond.
It went from me on a day-Zeus, I cannot tell!
Am I a jungle without tigers, Nile stream lacking crocodiles?
I am he that would but could not, an old dog, toothless and
tottering;
And my life going from me while I sharpened the fangs of
[the spirit.
Ouf! How can I tell? While I slept or cursed or disputed,
Some wild-fowl stole it cunningly and bore it overseas.

(Pythagoras, alone, alone divine!)
Follow, follow! I shall set a course,
Sniff the salt spume, walk the heaving deck, calmly inspect [billows.—
Down, slaves! It is Diogenes commands!"

Ho! ho! The reeds rub their dry hands together.
The East wind chuckles and jeers, shrill and small.—
An old man seeking life, tapping the ground,
Haply to free a clay-bound water-spring,
Fountain of immortality.
Ha, ha! The dry reeds sway, nudging each other.

"Let me remember how. Let me go back.
There was an amorous and witless season,
Fond, fluctuant-before I made all fast
And travelled bare and braced as a man should
Through the bladder-beating, bubble-blowing buffooneries [of this world.
The thin acid of contempt stirs in my veins.
Curses are kindly things. I told my love.
We stepped down delicately to the Dead Sea
And plucked an apple, but it was not sweet.
Come, my grey beard, let us savour together the great miracle.
Let us regard without vomiting poor patient humanity
Meekly turning blue beaten buttocks to the cudgelling [gods —
Life! I have come for my life! Is it hidden there in the [slime?
Something stirred in the reeds—but that would be melodrama."—
He, he! Is it a water rat that mocks him?
An old grey ass cropping bitter herbs.—
"I should have gone out on the withdrawing tide
That left me among noisome atomies,
Sucking and trepidating on an ill shore,
Curdling my kindly milk, turning my blood to bile.

Does no one speak? No one. They are all silenced.
What, am I not Diogenes? Am I not that freeman
Who beat his pleasures and passions down under his feet,
Discomfited pundits and mandarins,
And put down high and rampant Emperors?"—

But who are these who bring in rotten fish on golden dishes?
Whence come these noble and superbly stepping,
Presenting with majestic gestures immensely decayed garlic?
Listen, they mock him :—"Life! We bring your life.
It is found. Deign, great lord, to eat and digest."—
He rises on his thin shanks and snarls at them.—
"Begone dogs, vultures, hyenas, carrion-crows!
Truly my life is a bower of delicious lilies;
Truly a cluster of purple grapes that the gatherers marvel at.
Dolts! I am perfection! I am glory absolute!
I am interpotent with the Thunderer!"—
Laughing they pass, wisps of mist through the air.
Fury sweeps him bellying forth on the wind.
But see how the ghastly mariners emerge
From holes below decks, ghouls and hobgoblins.
They leer, they gibe, gnash metal gums at him.
And the wild captain, that old man venomous,
Flings bloody oaths and dithering curses down.

"Curses are kindly things. I told my love,
With many a vow and sigh and countersigh,
While the white dead moon rose over the Dead Sea.
They have stolen my life, but behold, I set a course
For the Fortunate Isles.
Am I not Diogenes? Am I not he
Who lately lorded it upon the Dry Island?—
I beat them down, those flushed and laughing faces.
They are dust and wind. They are nothing. I have willed [it!
I prohibit all hauntings and resurrections!
Look! Yonder they go, up in the air, thousands and [thousands of wildfowl

Streaming fantastically across the sky.
It is my life. It is Diogenes
Borne on the strong wings of exultant wildfowl,
While his poor bones rot here like a dry tree.
But I shall have my life. I shall flourish again.
Ahoy, you aloft there!
I am a bare tree on a barren island,
Stretching shrunken arms impotently skyward.
I am hideous, a thing for mockery.
But all shall be well. Come wildfowl, descend upon me!
Build in my branches! See, I am strong and great.
Be with me, crown me, let me riot once more
In an ecstasy of leafage, the sap swelling and burgeoning.
Life shall come again. I shall be young with the young
[Spring.
Curses are kindly things. Bear witness Athenians,
I gave you comfort and courage out of the dry tomb.
See, see! I am the miraculous tree borne through the air on great pinions.
I come with blessings innumerable, I come with my boughs full of blossom and song!"

THE MAKING OF AMERICANS

Being the History of a Family's Progress.

by GERTRUDE STEIN.

I

Once an angry man dragged his father along the ground through his own orchard. "Stop!" cried the groaning old man at last, "Stop! I did not drag my father beyond this tree."

It is hard living down the tempers we are born with. We all begin well, for in our youth there is nothing we are more intolerant of than our own sins writ large in others and we fight them fiercely in ourselves ; but we grow old and we see that these our sins are of all sins the really harmless ones to own, nay that they give a charm to any character, and so our struggle with them dies away.

It has always seemed to me a rare privilege, this, of being an American, a real American, one whose tradition it has taken scarcely sixty years to create. We need only realise our parents, remember our grandparents and know ourselves and our history is complete.

The old people in a new world, the new people made out of the old, that is the story that I mean to tell, for that is what really is and what I really know.

Some of the fathers we must realise so that we can tell our story really, were little boys then, and they came across the water with their parents, the grandparents we need only just remember. Some of these our fathers and our mothers, were not even made then, and the women,

the young mothers, our grandmothers we perhaps just have seen once, carried these our fathers and our mothers into the new world inside them, those women of the old world strong to bear them. Some looked very weak and little women, but even these, so weak and little, were strong always, to bear many children.

These certain men and women, our grandfathers and grandmothers, with their children born and unborn with them, some whose children were gone ahead to prepare a home to give them ; other countries too were full of women who brought with them many children ; but only certain men and women and the children they had in them, to make many generations for them, will fill up this history for us of a family and its progress.

Many kinds of all these women were strong to bear many children.

One was very strong to bear them and then always she was very strong to lead them.

One was strong to bear them and then always she was strong to suffer with them.

One, a little gentle weary woman was strong to bear many children, and then always after she would sadly suffer for them, weeping for the sadness of all sinning, wearying for the rest she knew her death would bring them.

And then there was one sweet good woman, strong just to bear many children, and then she died away and left them for that was all she knew then to do for them.

And these four women and the husbands they had with them and the children born and unborn in them will make up the history for us of a family and its progress.

Other kinds of men and women, and the children they had with them, came at different times to know them ; some, poor things, who never found how they could make a living, some who dreamed while others fought a way to help them, some whose children went to pieces with them, some who thought and thought and then their children rose to greatness through them, and some of all these kinds of men and women and the children they had in them

will help to make the history for us of this family and its progress.

These first four women, the grandmothers we need only just remember, mostly never saw each other. It was their children and grandchildren who, later, wandering over the new land, where they were seeking first, just to make a living, and then later, either to grow rich or to gain wisdom, met with one another and were married, and so together they made a family whose progress we are now soon to be watching.

We, living now, are always to ourselves young men and women. When we, living always in such feeling, think back to them who make for us a beginning, it is always as grown and old men and women or as little children that we feel them, these whose lives we have just been thinking. We sometimes talk it long, but really, it is only very little time we feel ourselves ever to have being as old men and women or as children. Such parts of our living are very little ever really there to us as present in our feeling. Yes; we, who are always all our lives, to ourselves grown young men and women, when we think back to them who make for us a beginning, it is always as grown old men and women or as little children that we feel them, such as the ones whose lives we have just been thinking.

Yes it is easy to think ourselves and our friends, all our lives as young grown men and women, indeed it is hard for us to feel even when we talk it long, that we are old like old men and women or little as a baby or as children. Such parts of our living are never really there to us as present, to our feeling.

Yes we are very little children when we first begin to be to ourselves grown men and women. We say then, yes we are children, but we know then, way inside us, we are not to ourselves real as children, we are grown to ourselves, as young grown men and women. Nay we never know ourselves as other than young and grown men and women. When we know, we are no longer to ourselves as children.

Very little things we are then and very full of such feeling. No, to be feeling ourselves to be as children is like the state between when we are asleep and when we are just waking, it is never really there to us as present to our feeling.

And so it is to be really old to ourselves in our feeling; we are weary and are old, and we know it in our working and our thinking, and we talk it long, and we can see it just by looking, and yet we are a very little time really old to ourselves in our feeling, old as old men and old women once were and still are to our feeling. No, no one can be old like that to himself in his feeling. No, it must be always as grown and young men and women that we know ourselves and our friends in our feeling. We know it is not so, by our saying, but it must be so always to our feeling. To be old to ourselves in our feeling is a losing of ourselves like just dropping off into sleeping. To be awake, we must have it that we are to ourselves young and grown men and women.

To be ourself like an old man or an old woman to our feeling must be a horrid losing-self sense to be having. It must be a horrid feeling, like the hard leaving of our sense when we are forced into sleeping or the coming to it when we are just waking. It must be a horrid feeling to have such a strong sense of losing, such a feeling as being to ourselves like children or like grown old men and women. Perhaps to some it is a gentle sense of losing, some who like themselves to be without a self sense feeling, but certainly it must be always a sense of self losing in each one who finds himself really having a very young or very old self feeling.

Our mothers, fathers, grandmothers and grandfathers, in the histories, and the stories, all the others, they all are always little babies, grown old men and women or as children for us. No, old generations and past ages never have grown young men and women in them. So long ago they were, why they must be old grown men and women or as babies or as children. No, these we never can feel as young grown men and women. Such only are

ourselves and our friends with whom we have been living.

And so since there is no other way to do with our kind of thinking, we will make our elders to be for us the grown old men and women in our stories, or the babies or the children. We will be always, in ourselves, the young grown men and women.

And so now we begin, and with such men and women as we have old or as very little, in us, to our thinking.

One of these four women, the grandmothers old always to us the generation of grandchildren, was a sweet good woman, strong just to bear many children and then she died away and left them for that was all she knew then to do for them.

Like all good older women she had all her life born many children and she had made herself a faithful working woman to her husband who was a good enough ordinary older man.

Her husband lived some years after his wife had died away and left him.

He was just a decent well-meaning faithful good-enough ordinary man. He was honest, and he left that very strongly to his children ; and he worked hard, but he never came to very much with all his faithful working.

He was just a decent, honest, good-enough man to do ordinary working. He always was good to his wife and always liked her to be with him, and to have good children, and to help him with her working. He always liked all of his children and he always did all that he could to help them, but they were all soon strong enough to leave him, and now that his wife had died away and left him, he was not really needed much by the world or by his children.

They were good daughters and sons to him, but his sayings and his old ordinary ways of doing had not much importance for them. They were strong, all of them, in their work and in their new way of feeling and full always of their new ways of living. It was alright, he always said it to them, and he thought it so really in him, but it was all too new, it could never be any comfort to him.

He had been left out of all life while he was still living. It was all too new for his feeling and his wife was no longer there to stay beside him. He felt it always in him and he sighed, and at last he just slowly left off living. "Yes," he would say of his son Henry who was the one who took most care and trouble for him. "Yes, Henry, he is a good man and he knows how to make a living. Yes he is a good boy to me always but he never does anything like I tell him. It aint't wrong in him, never I don't say so like that ever for him, only I don't need it any more just to go on like I was living. My wife she did always like I told her, she never knew any way to do it different, and now she is gone peace be with her, and it is all now like it was all over, and I, I got no right now to say do so to my children. I don't ever say it now ever no more to them. What have I got to do with living? I've got no place to go on now like I was really living. I got nobody now always by me to do things like I tell them. I got nothing to say now anymore to my children. I got all done with what I got to say to them. Well young folks always knows things different, and they got it right not to listen, I got nothing now really to do with their new kinds of ways of living. Anyhow Henry, he knows good how to make a living. He makes money such a way I got no right to say it different to him. He makes money and I never can see how his way he can make it and he is honest and a good man always, with all his making such a good living. And he has got right always to do like he wants it, and he is good to me always, I can't ever say it any different. He always is good to me, and the others, they come to see me always only now it is all different. My wife she stayed right by me always and the children they always got some new place where they got to go and do it different." And then the old man sighed and then soon too he died away and left them.

Henry Dehning was a grown man and for his day a rich one when his father died away and left them. Truly he had made everything for himself very different; but it is

not as a young man making himself rich that we are now to feel him, he is for us an old grown man telling it all over to his children.

He is a middle aged man now when he talks about it all to his children, middle aged as perhaps sometimes we ourselves are now to our talking, but he, he is a grown old man to our thinking. Yes truly this Henry Dehning had made everything for himself to be very different. His ways and his needs and how much money it took now to live to be decent, and all the habits of his daily life, they were all now for him very different.

And it is strange how all forget when they have once made things for themselves to be very different. A man like Dehning never can feel it real to himself, things as they were in his early manhood, now that he has made his life and habits and his feelings all so different. He says it often, as we all do childhood and old age and pain and sleeping, but it can never anymore be really present to his feeling.

Now the common needs in his life are very different. No, not he, nor they all who have made it for themselves to be so different, can remember meekness, nor poor ways, nor self attendance, nor no comforts, all such things are to all of them as indifferent as if they in their own life time themselves had not made it different. It is not their not wanting to remember these things that were so different. Nay they love to remember, and to tell it over, and most often to their children, what they have been and what they have done and how they themselves have made it all to be so different and how well it is for these children that they have had a strong father who knew how to do it so that youngsters could so have it.

Yes, they say it long and often and yet it is never real to them while they are thus talking. No it is not as really present to their thinking as it is to the young ones who never really had the feeling. These have it through their fear, which makes it for them a really present feeling. The old ones have not such a fear and they have it allnoly

like a dim beginning, like the being as babies or as children or as grown old men and women.

And this father Dehning was always very full of such talking. He had made everything for himself and for his children. He was a good and honest man was Henry Dehning. He was strong and rich and good tempered and respected and he showed it in his look, that look that makes young people think older ones are very aged, and he loved to tell it over to his children, how he had made it all for them so they could have it and not have to work to make it different.

"Yes," he would often say to his children, looking at them with that sharp, side-long, shrewd glance that makes fathers so fearful and so aged to their children. Not that he, Dehning was ever very dreadful to his children, but there is a burr in a man's voice that always makes for terror in his children and there is a sharp, narrow, outward, shutoff glance from an old man that will always fill with dread young grown men and women. Nay it is only by long equal living that their wives know that there is no terror in them, but the young never can be equal enough with them to really rid themselves of such feeling. No, they only really can get rid of such a feeling when they have found in an old man a complete pathetic falling away into a hopeless failing. But mostly for all children and young grown men and women there is much terror in an old man's looking.

Not, we repeat, that the Dehnings had much of such a feeling. Their mother had learnt, by perhaps more than equal living, that there really was no terror in him and in her they had lost much of such feeling. But always they had something of that dread in them when he would begin talking to them of what had been and what he had done for them. Then it was that he always became very aged to them and he would strongly hold them with his sharp narrow outward kind of looking that, closing him, went very straight into them.

"Yes," he would often say to his children, "Yes, I say

to you children, you have an easy time of it nowadays doing nothing. Well!. what!, yes, you think you always have to have everything you can ever think of wanting. Well I guess yes, you have to have your horses and your teachers and your music and your tutors and all kindsoch of modern improvements and you can't ever do things for yourself, you always have to have somebody there to do it for you ; well, yes you children have an easy time of it nowadays doing nothing. Yes I had it very different when I was a boy like George here who is just a lazy good for nothing. I didn't have all these new fangled notions. I was already earning my own living and giving myself my own education. What! yes! well I say it to you, you have no idea what an easy time you children all have nowadays just doing nothing. And my poor mother, peace be with her, she never had her own house and all kinds of servants to wait on her like your mother. Yes, well, your mother has everything I can give her, not that she don't deserve everything I can give her, Miss Jenny is the best girl I know and she will always have it as easy as I can make it for her, but you children, you never have done anything yet to make it right that you should always be having everything so easy to you. Yes, I say to you, I don't see with all these modern improvements to always spoil you, you ever will be good to work hard like your father.

No all these modern kinds of improvements never can do any good to anybody. Yes, what, well, tell me, you all like to be always explaining to me, tell me exactly what you are going to get from all these your expensive modern kinds of ways of doing. Well I say, just tell me some kind of way so that I can understand you. You know I like to get good value for my money, I always had a name for being pretty good at trading, I say, you know I like to know just what I am getting for my money and you children do certainly cost a great deal of my money, now I say, tell me, I am glad to listen to you, I say you tell me just what you are going to do, to make it good all this

money. Well, what, what are all these kinds of improvements going to do for you."

The children laughed, "You see you can't tell yet sir," they answered, "it will be different but I guess we will be good for something."

"No you children never will be good for something if I have any right kind of a way to know it," Mr. Dehning answered, and he looked very sharply at them. And this was a cheerful challenge to them, for he liked it and they liked it too with him, to fight strongly against him in the everlasting struggle of conscious unproved power in the young against dogmatic pride in having done it, of the old ones.

This father was proud of his children and yet, too, very reproachful in his feeling toward them. His wife from perhaps more than equal living with him never much regarded such a feeling in him, but to the young ones it was new for them however often it came to them, for it always meant a new fighting for the right to their kind of power that they felt strongly inside them.

But always there was a little of the dread in them that comes to even grown young men and women from an old man's sharp looking, for deep down is the fear, perhaps he really knows, his look is so outward from him, he certainly has used it all up the things inside him at which young ones are still always looking. And then comes the strong feeling, no he never has had it inside him the way that gives it a real meaning, and so the young ones are firm to go on with their fighting. And always they stay with their father and listen to him.

His wife from her more than equal living, as it sometimes is in women, has not such a dread of his really knowing when it comes to their ways of living, and then it is really only talking with him for now it is completely his own only way of living, and so she never listens to him, is deaf to him or goes away when he begins this kind of talking. But his children always stay and listen to him. They are ready very strongly to explain their new ways

to him. But he does not listen to them, he goes on telling what he has done and what he thinks of them.

"No I say I don't think you children ever will be good for anything. No you won't ever know how to make a living, not if all the ways I have seen men make a success in their working is any kind of use to tell from. Well, what, what do you know with all your always talking, what do you know about how good hard work is done now. What is it you know now, when there is nothing you can any of you ever do anyway I ever saw you trying. No there is too much education business and literary effects in you all for you ever to amount to something, and then you will always be wanting more and so you never will do anything when you have nobody there to always help you. I always tell your mother, she always spoils you wanting you should have all kinds of things that you are never really needing. Not that I have anything to say against your mother's ways of doing. Miss Jenny is the best girl I know, say she is the best girl I knew, she is too good to you that's all, she spoils all you children the way it always is with a woman giving you all what will never help to make you good for something in any kind of a way to earn a living. What, alright, I say to you, you children have an easy time of it nowadays doing nothing. Well what, you think you can do it better with all your literary effects you are all so proud of. Well alright, in a few years now we will see who knows best about you for then, I say, you can show me what these new fangled notions and all your modern kinds of improvements and all your education business you and your mama are now all so fond of can do for you. Yes I say, it is only a few years now and then we all can see how you can do it. No I never had it easy like youc hildren and I had to make it all myself so you could have it different. Yes I am always saying it to you but you think you know it all by yourselves and you never listen to me. Yes it was very different once with me. Yes when I was younger than George here and my brother Adolph was no bigger

than my little Hortense, we left home to come and make our way here. We did not have much money so all the family could not come on the same ship together, and I remember how lonesome Adolph and I were when we went away from home alone together. I remember too while we were waiting in a big bare room for them to give us tickets, I remember we heard some one say our father's name, some man in the same room with us. We did not dare speak to the men near us and we did not know which man it was that knew us, but it made us feel a little better. Yes I say you youngsters have an easy time of it nowadays doing nothing. And that was all years ago and now everything is all very different with me. And my poor mother, peace be with her, she never had a big house and servants to work for her like your mother, and everything she ever wanted I could give her like your mother has, No now that I can buy it for her, my poor mother, peace be with her, it was very different for her. You are named after her Julia but you don't any of you children look much like her. Yes she was a good strong woman was my mother, peace be with her. No you don't any of you ever look much like her and she could do more than all her grandchildren ever can do now all put together. Yes she was a wonderful woman your grandmother, peace be with her. She took care of all us children, we were ten then, and she made our clothes and did her own washing and in between she made peppermint candy for the little ones to sell. She was a wonderful good woman your grandmother, not like you children who never will be good for anything. Yes I say, I was only a little older than that lazy George here when my poor mother, peace be with her, died away, and we were left there, ten children, and we had to get along without her, and my father, he was an honest and a good man but he never knew much how to make a living, and so he never could help along any of his children. And so what we wanted we had to go out and find out how to get it. And now you children have it very different, you have everything

you can ever think you can be needing, and you don't ever show that you can work hard to deserve it. Well you got your literary effects and your new fangled notions and all kinds of education and you all always explain to me how well you know how to do it, I say it will be soon now when I can see what all these new fangled notions and all your kinds of improvements will do for you. See if it can teach you more than we learnt working hard and selling candy and anything else we could do to get some money. What, well alright, I say I am good and ready to sit still and watch you to see how you all do it. I am always waiting and if you are any good I will know it. I say I am always watching now to see," and then he went away and left them followed by shouts from them, "Alright sir, you just wait and see".

The young Dehnings had all been born and brought up in the town of Bridgepoint. Their mother too had been born in Bridgepoint. It was there that they had first landed, her father, a harsh man, hard to his wife and to his children but not very good with all his fierceness at knowing how to make a living, and her mother a good gentle wife who never left him, though surely he was not worthy to have her so faithful to him, and she was a good woman who with all her woe was strong to bear many children and always after she was strong to do her best for them and always strong to suffer with them.

And this harsh hard man and his good gentle little wife had many children, and one daughter had long ago married Henry Dehning. It was a happy marriage enough for both of them, their faults and the good things they each had in them made of them a man and wife to very well content all who had to do with them.

All the Dehnings were very fond of Bridgepoint. They had their city and their country house like all the people who were well to do in Bridgepoint.

The Dehnings in the country were simple pleasant people. It was surprising how completely they could shed there the straining luxury and uneasy importance

of their city life. Their country house was one of those large commodious wooden double affairs with a wide porch all around and standing well back from the road. In front and at the sides were pleasant lawns and trees and beyond were green open marshes leading down to salt water. In back was a cleared space that spread out into great meadows of stunted oaks no higher than a man's waist, great levels glistening green in the summer and brilliantly red in the autumn, stretching away under vast skies, and always here and there was a great tree waving in the wind and wading knee deep in the rough radiant leafy tide.

Yes the Dehnings in the country were simple pleasant people. There they were a contented joyous household. All day the young ones played and bathed and rode and then the family altogether would sail and fish. Yes, and all this was thirty years ago before the fever to be an anglo-saxon and a gentleman, (for why indeed should one wish to be an anglo-saxon if one were not to be a gentleman), yes I say, this was all thirty years ago before the anglo-saxon fever had broken over all the land and sport the royal road to this goal was then still the pursuit only of the scorned few Not that the American youth has not always amused himself out of doors but then he did it as the young animal does because he likes it and not because of an ideal.

However the Dehnings had always had right anglo-saxon instincts albeit their instinct sprang from peasant and not from gentle sources. Yes the Dehnings in the country were simple pleasant people. The Dehning country house was very pleasant too for all young men and boys, the uncles and the cousins of the Dehning family, who all delighted in the friendly freedom of this country home, rare in those days among this kind of people, and so the Dehning house was always full of youth and kindly ways and sport and altogether there they all always led a pleasant family life.

The Dehning family itself was made up of the parents

and three children. They made a group very satisfying to the eye, prosperous and handsome.

Mr. Dehning was a man successful, strong-featured, gentle-tempered, joyous and carrying always his fifty years of life with the good-nature of a cheerful boy. He enjoyed the success that he could boast that he had won, he loved the struggle in which he had always been and always conquered, he was proud of his past and of his present worth, he was proud in his three children and proud that they could teach him things he did not know, he was proud of his wife who was proud of such very different things. "Oh Miss Jenny, she is the best girl I know," he always sang as he came to find her, never content long out of sight of his family when not engrossed by business or cards.

I said that Henry Dehning's wife was proud of such very different things, but that was wrong, she was proud in very different fashion but proud of the same things. She loved his success and the worth with which he conquered and she was not anxious to forget the way that he had come. No she was in her way proud that he himself had done it. She liked his power, and when she ever thought about it she liked the honest way she knew that he had done it. And like him too she was very proud in their three educated children but to her thinking there was very little they could teach her. She knew it all always very well and much better than they could ever know it. But she was very proud of these educated children and she was very proud of her husband Henry Dehning though she knew he always did little things so badly and that he would still always play like a poor man with his fingers and he never would learn not to do it. Yes she was very proud of her husband though he always did little things so badly and she had always to be telling him how a man in his place should know how to do it. She came towards him now, when he was through with his talking, and she had one rebuke to him for his always calling her his girl Miss Jenny, and another for the way he had of fidgeting

always with his fingers, "Don't do that Henry!," she said to him loudly.

Mrs. Dehning was the quintessence of loud-voiced good-looking prosperity. She was a fair heavy woman, well-looking and firmly compacted and hitting the ground as she walked with the same hard jerk with which she rebuked her husband for his sins. Yes Mrs. Dehning was a woman whose rasping insensibility to gentle courtesy deserved the prejudice one cherished against her, but she was a woman, to do her justice, generous and honest, one whom one might like better the more one saw her less.

Yes it was now all very different for them. It was very pleasant always for Henry Dehning there, to stand and to look about him. Yes truly it was now all very different with him. He had his family there about him, a family certain to be a satisfaction to him. They were a group to gratify the feeling of pride in him, they were so prosperous vigorous good-looking, honest, and always respectful to him, and surely they would have later, good hope of winning for themselves all that he could ever wish to them.

Yes it certainly was very different now with him. Could one ever have it real to him that in one life time a man could have it all so different for him, that a man all alone in his single life time could make it so that he could have it to be truly all so different in him.

Nay for a man to have it in a single life time all so different for him is more strange than being born and being then a baby and then a child and then a young grown man and then old like a man grown old and then dead and so no more of living, it is more strange because it makes so many lives in this one living. Each one of these lives that he forgets or remembers only as a dim beginning is a whole life to us in our thinking, and so Henry Dehning has had many lives in him to our feeling.

MEMORIES

by Luke Ionides.

IV.

I was born in 1837 and the first time I left England—together with my parents and brothers and sisters, was in 1844, on board the "Iberia" for Constantinople. We stayed there on the Bosphorus at Nichori at my grandfather's house. I remember the lovely garden, and our excursions in boats. Then we went to Athens and there the King placed his yacht at my father's disposal. We visited all the islands. I remember so well going to Paros and seeing the marble quarries. I also remember going to Poros and picknicking under the orange trees. Then, in the spring, we left for Italy and visited various towns and went by slow degrees to Geneva where we arrived in the late summer. In the autumn I was put to school with my brother Constantine at Champel. I remained there five years, visiting London nearly every year during the holidays. At the age of fourteen I went up for my Bachelor's Degree and passed four out of the seven examinations. Then I left for England and was to have returned to pass the remaining three, but my father was so pleased that he asked me if I would not prefer to go to Greece for two years. I was very pleased at that, and started alone to join my grandmother at Milan, and thence proceeded to Athens. I stayed at school there two years, and then returned to England and went to the University College.

In 1855 I went to Paris for a month, where I first made the acquaintance of James Whistler, Lamont, Delanoye and others, of whom I shall write later. In 1856 I went

to Heidelberg to the university; and I shall have some anecdotes to tell of that time. I was destined for the diplomatic service but when I returned home in 1857 I found that my father had lost nearly all his fortune through the Indian Mutiny which affected the value of stocks which had to be realized to pay for merchandize. So I decided to take to business and went into my father's office.

In 1861 I started with my brother Alecco for the Near East and stayed there off and on till 1863. We passed through Italy, went to Athens, and then to Constantinople, where I parted with Alecco, who went home, and I went on to Brailla, where my brother Constantine was. Then in 1862 I went to Kustendji, thence I returned to Brailla, and in 1863 I went back to England where, excepting for small trips abroad. I have remained! There follow some memories of my early travels.

From Italy my brother and I went in 1861 to Athens, where we stayed a few weeks, and saw our relatives. Then we went on to Constantinople. One day, on my way from Galata to Pera with some companions, I said I wanted to go to a Turkish bath.

One of them pointed to a building, and said: "There is one," so I went right in and opened a door in front of me, and saw a number of women in different states of undress. I closed the door immediately, and it was well I did so, as numbers of clogs were hurled at it. I fled, and had I not done so, my life would have been in peril. Baths were let during a certain number of hours every day to the women, and by the merest chance there was no guardian in the entrance.

I went about a great deal in Constantinople by myself, thereby causing anxiety to the uncle and aunt with whom I was staying, as there were many dangers in the streets of thieves and assassins; and on more than one occasion I came home late and found them praying for my safety.

One night Alecco and I saw from the front of the British Embassy a big fire raging at Stamboul, on the other side of the water. We agreed to go and see it, and crossed

over and went along the paths, meeting men hurrying away to the enclosure of the big mosque, carrying their house furniture.

They had a primitive way of dealing with the fires. A rope was attached to a house in the way of the fire, and it was pulled down, the structures being mostly wood. Then the destroyed house was deluged with water, and it was hoped that would arrest the fire. We got into a house which had not yet been demolished, when several Turks came in, and asked us to leave as we had got into the women's quarters.

Alecco had taken off his hat, and we started without it. When we got into the street, I saw Alecco had no hat, and went back for it.

The door was guarded by three or four Turks with handspikes. I said "booyour" (excuse me) to them, and separated the spikes to make myself a passage. They were so taken aback that they let me go in. I went up and took the hat, and returned and thanked them in the few words of Turkish that I knew. My uncle could not be persuaded that we had not run a tremendous danger among the Turks on that occasion.

I often saw my great-grandmother in Constantinople, Mrs. Scanavi. She was a Miss Sevastopolo, and her mother was a Miss Commene, a descendant of the old Emperors of Constantinople. My great-grandmother was then ninety-one. Her husband had been murdered in the year 1821, and she took an oath never to eat meat as long as she lived. She had all her faculties, and she often talked about the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. She lived in a great big house in the Phanar ; the house contained a chapel, and a spring of holy water.

I was told that on my father's marriage there was a dance there, with about a thousand guests, and all the war-ships in the harbour were dressed for the occasion.

In the large room there was a part raised about two feet from the floor, with chairs placed on it, in one of which she always sat while her women were seated on the lower

part, doing embroidery. When visitors came they were seated on the dais with my great-grandmother. She played at whist, with the intelligence of a young person. She would not be painted or have her photograph taken, as she had a superstitious horror of dying in consequence, but she allowed me to draw a portrait of her, with which she was much pleased. However, she died the year after!

Her brother, Sevastopolo, was said to have been a great favourite of Catherine II of Russia, and I have been told that the town of Sevastopol was named after him.

My great-grandmother was horrified at the custom of cousins marrying in England, as they are not allowed to do so in the Greek Church. She said: "If cousins are allowed to marry who is *not* allowed?" So I answered: "You cannot marry your mother, nor your aunts, nor your grandmother, but there is no law against your marrying your great-grandmother." Upon which she threatened to beat me.

V.

From Constantinople I went to Brailla to join my brother Constantine.

In those days they still had the serfs: in many places they were badly treated, but some masters had the reputation of being very humane towards them. The upper classes were more or less civilized, but I remember at a ball at Brailla that winter of 1861, the banker's wife said to me: "I have heard such a funny story about you. They say you take a bath every morning." I answered: "Yes, certainly. Why not?" And she replied: "In winter here we never use water." "But what do you do?" I asked. "Oh," she said, "I take a little eau-de-Cologne on a handkerchief and rub my face."

I went one day at Brailla to call on a friend, and she told me her daughter had invited some girls to come there and dance. So I said: "Why don't you invite some men to come and dance with them?" "Oh", she said, "we

never do that here. The girls dance together." I said: "Well, make an exception, and I'll go out and invite a few young men and get the music." So I went out, asked five or six men, and four Hungarian gipsies to play. The latter had never heard a Lancers, and one of the girls played it on the piano. The gipsies caught the rhythm and composed at once a Lancers out of their own tunes.

I once saw the breaking-up of the ice on the Danube. The week before I had walked across on it. Then the temperature suddenly rose, and the thaw set in. The ice broke up with explosions like pistol shots, rushed down with the current, and in a day the river was clear.

I had two curious experiences in Brailla. One day, in the summer, I was at the river-side when suddenly there came a dust cloud, so dense that it was as dark as a London fog. I tried to get across the road to the houses, but went a long way before I reached them, as I couldn't see where I was going. I waited until it blew over, and became suddenly fine, when I went to my brother's, undressed and found my whole skin coated with dust.

My second experience was on an afternoon when a dense darkness came over, and I heard the sound of drums and gun-fire. I looked out and saw that it was caused by a cloud of locusts, and the inhabitants were doing their best to drive them away from the gardens near the town, as if they settle, they do not leave a leaf uneaten. They were apparently driven off as I saw no more of them.

Two men of Brailla were once going to visit a darwische who had come to the town, who was supposed to be able to tell fortunes. On their way there they met the captain of a Greek ship who asked where they were going. They told him, and he laughed and said he would come with them, and when they reached the darwische's he was still laughing and the darwische said to him: "You wouldn't laugh if you knew what was going on in your house and the peril which your only son is in." The captain laughed the more and thought nothing of it for a short time. Then he began wondering how it was the darwische knew he

only had one son, and he became so uneasy that he took the steamer home and was only just in time to see his son alive, as he was very ill.

On my telling the story to Frederic Myers he thought that an Oriental, if angered, would say something against the parent or the progeny of the person who angers him, so that it might have been a mere coincidence, but the two men who told me the story maintained that the darwische had second sight and that he perfectly well knew what was going on in the man's house.

VI.

I stayed for some time in Brailla, and then went on to Kustendji on the Black Sea ; the old Costanza where Ovid died, to superintend the loading of a number of ships we had there, and while there I had occasion to go to Medgidie to treat about the purchase of a large quantity of barley. The head of the village came to me and said he had £3,000 worth of barley, would I buy it? I told him I was unable to do so at that moment, as my money had not come from Constantinople. He said to me : "But you have ships in the harbour. I'll sell you the barley, you can load it and pay me when your money comes." So I answered : "I've only been here less than a fortnight, you don't know me. I might take your barley, ship it, and go away and leave you in the lurch." So he said to me : "If God has made you with that face and you are a cheat, I'm willing to lose the whole of the barley!"

Turkish peasants are delightful men. I have had a lot to do with them, and have got on very well with them. One I knew was a large farmer somewhere near Chernavoda. He boasted that he only bought rice ; that all his food proceeded from the farm, even his tobacco and all his clothing was made on the estate, the wool being woven there and hemp being turned into linen. I do not think this state of things was usual, as it was my one experience of it.

One day he came to Kustendji to see me, but instead of using the railway which took two hours, he came on horseback and took two days. When I asked him why he didn't come by train and return by it, thus doing his work in one day instead of in four, he said to me: "Why should I? Are not all the days the Lord's?"

Partridges were very abundant there. One morning I said to the hotel waiter: "Take my gun and go and shoot partridges for breakfast." A short time after he came back and said that he had shot into two coveys and had killed seventeen birds!

One day I started with Macdonald, an Irishman who was there and Robert Barclay, the brother of the engineer of the line, to go to Chernavoda, to do some shooting, but the snow began falling and when we were near Medgidie the locomotive went off the lines. So we had to stop there, and the only food we found was black bread and tallow, of which we made a meal. We used the tallow that remained to anoint our boots and when the snow ceased, we went out and killed some partridges and a wild goose, off which we made our dinner. The next day Macdonald and I started in a Tartar cart to return to Kustendji. We hadn't left the village more than a few minutes, when we saw six wolves eating the carcase of a horse. Macdonald turned to me and said: "Isn't it lucky they prefer horse to man?" We went on for some time, along the side of the hill, but we soon had to cross the valley, when we got buried in a snow-drift. The driver went to some houses not far off, and brought help to get the cart out of the drift, and set us going again, but we lost a considerable time. We then went to a house near by and brought a lot of hay, out of which we made hay ropes and tied them round our legs to protect us against the frost. The result of all that was that we reached Kustendji at nine o'clock at night instead of in the late afternoon. We had been given up, the people at the hotel thinking we had been killed by wolves.

When I arrived I asked for some hot wine and sat away

from the fire, but Macdonald, who felt frozen, sat next to the stove; the result was the next day he had a raging fever. The snow was the cause of the shipment being delayed and some time passed before the line was clear to carry over the corn which came down the Danube, and was to be conveyed by rail from Chernavoda to Kustendji. There was an agreement with the Turkish Government that the corn coming in that way was to pass over the line without paying duty, as there was an export duty on cereals. The custom-house officer at Chernavoda had to give a certificate which was to be presented to the custom-house officer at Kustendji. After several days the line was clear and the corn was carried, and the ships were being loaded. I sent my man to Chernavoda to get the certificate, but the custom-house officer was not to be found. My man then went to the Pasha at Kustendji who ruled the whole of that port, told his story and who I was. The Pasha said he didn't believe him, that the grandson of old "Iplickzi", a nickname given to my grandfather, meaning the Great Cotton Merchant, would not be doing what I was doing. So, as he would take no steps in the matter, I went to see him myself and told him that I should make him responsible if he didn't at once order the custom-house officer to release the ships. He said I might do what I liked.

There was a steamer in the port, and I at once wrote to George Zarifi—a banker at Constantinople—and explained the matter to him. On the second day I received an invitation from the Pasha to go and see him. When I arrived at the Konak I went in, booted and in riding-dress, quite against etiquette. To my surprise, when I entered the room I found a full council. They all rose and gave me the deep Eastern salutation. Then the Pasha said, "I have sent for you, my son, to tell you the reason why I refused your very just request for the release of your ships. You spoke to me not as a youth ought to speak to a man of old age, and it hurt me, and that is why I refused your request. Now, when I remembered the impetuosity of youth and thought how just your request was, I have give

orders to the custom-house officer to release your ships."

I thanked him and withdrew, but not before he had assured me that after his own brother he loved me better than anyone on earth. So I made my way down to the port, and halfway down the hill met the custom-house officer who went down on his knees and kissed my hands, saying: "Aman, aman," meaning "have mercy". I said: "What's up?" He answered: "Have you seen the old fox?" I said I had just come from there and he has sent an order to release my ships. "Yes," he said, "but you haven't been to the hotel, have you, and seen a telegram that's there for you?" I said, "No, I haven't." "Well," he replied, "I'll tell you all about it. You have a number of ships in the harbour, and on account of the snow, some of them are on demurrage. Well, we thought that you must be very rich people and we got the custom-house official at Chernavoda to disappear, and as you had a heavy expense for demurrage we thought you would give us several hundred pounds to free the ships and we would share it among us."

He said he had been there some years, and his regular pay had never come, and he depended entirely on chance gifts. "Well," he ended, "you have proved the more powerful, and we are entirely at your mercy."

I went on to the hotel and found the telegram from Zarifi saying: "The dismissal of the Pasha and the custom-house officers is placed in your hands."

I dismissed the Pasha but retained the Kustendji custom-house officer.

That winter there was a severe frost and the harbour was frozen over, a very rare event, and some men went on to the ice to shoot duck. The ice gave way and they were immersed. One of the ships lowered a boat and slid it along the ice till it reached the men, but they were such a long time getting the boat back that one man died and the others were severely frost-bitten. An Irishman who was present came and told me about it. "And all that damage for one dirty duck!"

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

by A. Williams-Ellis.

How wonderful it was to get away from him, from his love and his insistent, anxious, fixed interests and his undeviating public spirit.

There was a click when he went and the world came alive again.

It was happiness to be the solitary lady at dinner, an unread book open on the fork side, the lady whom the spanking young head waiter must gallantly bend over and entertain. It was almost a pity when he proved so intelligent and they had drifted into talk about Chesterton and Wells and Sax Romer and the Labour Party. The long corridor on the way to her end room, with far away the chambermaid and her carpet sweeper positively misty, (so immense was the stretch of sprawling Brussels pattern), the discreet black tablets on the wall which invited you to Stockroom, Lounge or Drawing Room—these things were the symbols of liberty.

Edward would have disliked them so. He would have humped himself wretchedly at the sight of the aspidistra and Nottingham lace of the Drawing Room, the Basses and spitoons of the Smoke Room, and he would have had to weave a "Romance of Industry" theory between himself and the cheerful, casualness of the Stockroom.

She sat on the brass bed and stretched her arms in an emphatic acceptance of all these things. Why waste your time and your forces trying to change them?

She laughed, Edward's efforts suddenly calling to mind

Grock who, nightly at the same music hall, sweats to move the grand piano up to his little gilt chair.

And his love! Edward surely loved her with just the same reflective, reforming love that he had for lettering and the Labour Party. That last scene with him had been revolting—particularly her own behaviour. It was brutal to tell him what she felt, . . . but in self defence? Edward just quietly managed to eclipse the world.

Exasperating it was, and beyond endurance when, at the mere suffering set of his chin, everything that was not first rate crumpled. He left her with altogether too few things, for somehow she always gave way to that eliminating disapproval, and so while the mood of revolt lasted she had had to be odious to him. And now thank Heaven it was over and she felt she was glad to be rid of love as of Edward.

Love was like the too exciting plot of a novel. It hurried you along so that you could not attend to the description of the willows and the water because you knew so well that in a moment the heroine would be in, head first and drowning. That was how it was with love. First it was distracting and then it made the landscape personal and gave it an application. Consider all the things to which it gave a meaning and a message—any young couple, Cleopatra, a pram or a house to let. And love when it was a case of Edward left nothing untouched for about nothing was he indifferent.

He had or could instantly acquire an opinion about everything. So whatever you said or did was either agreeing or disagreeing with Edward and—portentously was either suitable or unsuitable to a joint future. All the same she need not have let him see she thought him a prig. If she had simply called him one! But there it was, he had seen what she thought and he was dreadfully hurt. Besides he wasn't a prig except in a very special and inner sense. He was not in the least vain or self-righteous and he hated things that it was perfectly sensible to hate—bad coffee, ignorance, humbug, antiquated machinery,

evening papers, the Academicians and above all, smugness and pretension.

And then her soul rose in rebellion again, and in defence of the luxuries of muddle and homely vanity, and she plunged again into the thick, warm, steamy river of the commonplace and the readymade; that stream of life which is like the gravy soup at an inn or the smoking marsh which gently bred the first protozoa. Warm and thick, the mother of all life, she saw it flow, bearing up the bowler-hatted and the auburn-fronted, the men who catch the 8.45 and the women who watch them go, looking uneagerly out, the white lace curtain held aside with two fingers.

Next morning when Frances traversed again the long expanse of Brussels carpet and saw the vista of shoes, pair by pair, she was happy in the thought that not one of the bright-handled doors screened a rebellious thought. Above these shoes travelled smooth, satisfied heads that never rejected, as Edward did—and as she did when she was with him—the primal swamp. As she neared the coffee room the thought of that swamp as a nourishing soup came to her again, and she laughed, seeing Edward as the eternal Augustus spurning forever the proferred plate. But she would always remain the chubby lad of the first picture, strong of arm and with fat, ruddy cheeks, a lad that neither monotony nor grease should disgust.

Where should she go? To what temple of the benignant "God of things as they are?" It should be to Wellford to Jack and Naomi, where the days were well bred and tidy, in the bosom of the country where no strangeness could intrude.

The refreshment room young ladies, the porters, the posters of Blackpool, were balm to her on the leisurely journey. She chose two languid women's picture papers and was sufficed.

So it was in a mood as white and as smooth as a cup of milk food that she sat down to her life at Wellford and to the expected shooting party that she found there. These men and woman were marvellously insulated. They had

grown a rind like the best sort of Jaffa orange. How intact they were! No disturbing thought could get in, the rind kept them whole and juicy and shapely.

Before dinner from two deep armchairs (head tops, crossed knees, and a lightly jerked foot alone visible) came a long, slow, satisfying argument about grouse disease all woven in with dates and figures. After dinner the women twittered at peace, or in mild, far-away surprise. Personalities they talked, and of who could make loose covers . . . . "No, I don't believe in school, not for Constance."—"Yes, Mollie Trafford went—it must have been a splendid school too. Half a dozen white crepe-de-chine blouses and their coats and skirts from a really good tailor and manicure twice a week, but even so, you know, Mollie thought of nothing but young men."

Peace perfect peace!

Frances in her trance, began by being a success and her ear was soon filled by the men with cricket scores, with the bye-election, with snipe they had shot in Spain, or with old Lord Gilray's belief that the English were the lost tribe. The women, holding a less middle course, gently alternated between cooks and dressmakers and the lighter side of Christian optimism.

Frances found that she began to have to remind herself that these were counters. She reflected again that, such talk made as good a vehicle of approach as any other. Better indeed than most, for what could shew more simplicity and directness than such topics? Certainly no one who wanted to shew off would choose them. Yet she found herself slipping off by herself, physically or mentally and thinking at first with defiance and then without comment of the way in which this or that phrase or assumption would have struck Edward.

Strangeness seemed to be slipping back into the world. It was soon only by an effort that she could see the women and the landscape as if they were by Morland or Greuze or a press photographer. All sorts of images and emotions. .

Impatiently she jumped up from where she had sat on

the leather padded library fender and, her hands in her jersey pockets, walked down the drive towards the lake. There were flotillas of small, bobbing ducks that swam about in wedges, their little round heads going up and down, up and down, black against the water. Not that the lake was pale. It was all in crinkled ripples and blue-black itself—the colour of a beetle's back, only shewing paler and with a fleck or two of white at the edge where it slopped and rocked briskly among the reeds.

There was the swan again; he had seen her, and now came surging white and splendid in his eternal, mindless hostility. The sight of any human figure touched him off, so to say. The merest glimpse curved back that neck raised those orgulous wings, and pulled him across the lake in a blind anger. It was always the same. She watched him now, a bow-wave flowing off from the white rounded breast as he drove the ripples with dark, powerful leg strokes, a pause between each push. As he rushed rhythmically on nearer she could hear inside the outer sound of the wind the pulsing ripples driven by the strong legs, and see the angry, proud, senseless eye and the black patches on the beak. Now he was close and the pageant was ended, it had come to its invariable, stupid, humiliating close in which the bird, now near inshore and not meaning to attack, had nothing to do but paddle away again. He was capable of repeating the performance a dozen times a day, she knew.

He seemed to have no tinge of recognition and never increased nor decreased his impersonal violence. No personality stirred him to the point of attack, to none was he indifferent to the point of going on with his meal, his sleep, or his preening.

"He's got no mate," (Jack had been final about it as if celibacy explained everything.) Perhaps it did. Suppose it did? As she walked on down the drive towards the stables and neat farm buildings she began to see the home farm as a Venus-berg, the whole thing made possible only by obedience to the phallic law. If the sullen will was only

obeyed and the rites observed, then for the rest man might do as he pleased. He was absolute master and might divert the warm milk to his own mouth, kill and devour, and ravish hide and feathers to his own use. The beasts lay abandoned to him, but if the rites were neglected only for a little time then the beasts that were submissive even to death would turn.

All the uncouth creatures would be angry like the furious swan. She tried to picture how their eyes would look, hot, angry, wild and tormented, looking out. It was all by a sort of consent perhaps, even the killing, the consent of some lowering, rooted god. She leaned over the farm gate and saw the low wall that kept in the heavy, breeding sows as his circling arm and it seemed as if it were he who made a shade in the coarse—grassed meadow where the young bullocks might shelter. Once she remembered how at home a great, snuffling white sow had travelled ten miles on a summer night, and how a little Jersey cow had made off and had been difficult to bring back. And then she began to walk on again, hurrying, for a scene which had nothing to do with all this would shew itself to her—it was of a white pig being casually killed by the side of the road. She had run away; but too late, for since then, when she was seven, the image was always coming back. Were human beings like that? Were they like the sow blundering through the night, like the little silky cow and the calm swan turned wild and like the creatures that submitted to death? Was it for them all—and so no doubt for her too—the one thing needful besides which death itself was indifferent? The power of asceticism, was that only the force reversed? Was all being subject to this phallic oppression?

A yellow hammer flew in the hedge along side of her. The little bird was glossy and vital, tiny and elegant. He relished the twigs under his claws each time he perched. He moved along by her briskly in his short flights, throwing himself on to the sappy twigs so that each tossed him. Here was something else, that ecstatic, sensitive body.

The little saffron and brown creature was absorbed, stretched in attention to the taste of his activity. He still came along beside her, then clung sideways to a twig that stood above the general hedge level, paused there trim and decisive but so still she could see the quick pulse of breast and throat, then flew off from his slanting legs away across the field in a pattern full of loops, enjoying his buoyancy.

A cow, backed against the wind, relished her cud and her four solid legs and her hoofs squelched in the earth. Near her on the grass, rooks were routing and strutting, eating soberly with quiet talk, the early, cold spring sun giving their feathers a metallic sheen though the grass was yellow-green still.

At lunch that afternoon Frances was stupid, she seemed not to listen, and only stared as people ate or moved or sat, living so quietly and taking their food.

ALLER ET RETOUR

by Djuna Barnes.

The train travelling from Marseilles to Nice had on board a woman of great strength.

She was well past forty and a little top-heavy. Her bosom was tightly cross-laced, the busk bending with every breath. As she breathed and moved, she sounded with many chains in coarse gold links, the ting of large and heavily set jewels marking off her lighter gestures. From time to time she raised a long handled lorgnette to her often opening and closing brown eyes, surveying the country she was passing through, blurred with smoke from the train.

At Toulon she pushed down the window, leaned out, calling for beer, the buff of her hip-fitting skirt rising in a peak above tan boots laced high on shapely legs, and above that the pink of woollen stockings. She settled back, drinking her beer with a pleasure somewhat controlled by the firm pressure of her small, plump feet along the rubber matting.

She was a Russian, a widow. Her name was Erling Von Bartmann. She lived in Paris.

In leaving Marseilles she had purchased a copy of *Madame Bovary*, and now she held it in her hands, ringed and warm.

She read a few sentences with difficulty, and laid the book down on her lap, looking again at the passing hills.

In Marseilles she had traversed the dirty streets slowly, holding the buff skirt well above her tan boots, in a manner at once careful and absent. The thin skin of her nose

quivered a little as she drew in the foul odor of the passages, but she looked neither pleased nor displeased.

She went up steep, narrow, littered streets abutting on the port, looking right and left, noting every object.

A gross woman, with wide set legs, sprawled in the doorway of a single room with a high-posted, dirty iron bed; she held a robin loosely in her fat hand, plucking. The air was full of feathers in different degrees of falling. Women with bare legs, with thick hair clipped in bangs above wide, lusterless eyes, laughed with sore lips as Mme. Erling Von Bartmann picked her way.

At sailors' supply shops she stopped, smelling the tang of tarred rope, jeans, soap. She took down several colored post cards with women in the act of seaside bathing; sailors leaning above full busted-humid-eyed-sirens, with breast brooches of paste. She felt the satin of the vu'gar, highly colored bed-spreads, for sale in an alley. A window, fly-specked, dusty, rose in terrace upon terrace of white and magenta funeral wreaths of strung beads, and not far away, images of the Bleeding Heart in beaten tin, embossed, with flame and edging of lace.

She had returned to her hotel room, and stood unpinning her hat and veil before the narrow mirror in the tall closet. She sat in one of eight chairs, ranged in perfect precision, along the two walls, to unlace her boots. She looked at the boxed and filigreed curtains over the dark windows opening on to a court where pigeons were sold. She washed her hands with a large oval of coarse red soap, drying them, trying to think.

In the morning, seated on the stout linen sheets between the mahogany of the head and foot board, in her insertioned nightgown, she planned her journey. She was two or three hours too early for her train, and she dressed and went out. Finding a church, she entered, and drew her gloves off, slowly. It was dark and cold, and she was alone. Two small oil lamps burned on either side of the figures of St. Anthony and St. Francis. She put her brown leather bag on a form, and went into a corner, kneeling

down. She turned the stones of her rings out, and put her hands together, the light shining between the little fingers, raising them to her mundane heart, she prayed, with all her vigorous understanding, to God for a common redemption.

She got up, looking around like a sight-seer, angry that there were no candles burning to the Magnifique, feeling the stuff of the altar cloth.

At Nice she took an omnibus. riding second class, reaching the outskirts about four. She opened the high, rusty iron gates to a private park with a large key, and closed it behind her. The lane of flowering trees with their perfumed cups, the damp of the moss that bled across the broken paving stones, the hot, musky air, the incessant carnival of birds unseen, ran together in a mortal tangle of singing textures, both light and dark.

The avenue was long, and without turning until it curved, between two massive jars, heavy with the metal spirals of cactus ; just behind, the house rose, in plaster and stone.

There were no shutters open on the avenue because of the insects, and Mme. Bartmann went slowly, still holding her skirts, around to the side of the house, where a long-haired cat lay softly in the sun. She looked up at the windows, half shuttered, paused, thought better of it, and struck off into the woods beyond.

The deep pervading drone of ground insects ceased about her chosen steps, and she turned her head looking up into the occasional touches of sky.

She still held the key to the gate in her gloved hand, and the seventeen-year old girl who came up from a bush, took hold of it, walking beside her.

The child was still in short dresses and the pink of her knees was dulled by the dust of the underbrush. Her squirrel—colored hair rose in two ridges of light along her head, descending to the lobes of long ears, where it was caught into a rusty green ribbon.

"Richter"—Mme. Bartmann said (her husband had wanted a boy).

The child put her hands behind her back before answering.

"I've been out there, in the field."

Mme. Bartmann, walking on, made no answer.

"Did you stop in Marseilles, mother?"

She nodded.

"Long?"

"Two days and a half."

"Why a half?"

"The trains."

"Is it a big city?"

"Not very, but dirty."

"Is there anything nice there?"

Mme. Bartmann smiled: "The Bleeding Heart—sailors—"

Presently they came out into the open field, and Mme. Bartmann, turning her skirt back, sat down on a knoll, warm with tempered grass.

The child, with a slight springiness of limbs, due to youth, sat beside her.

"Shall you stay home now?"

"For quite a while."

"Was Paris nice?"

"Paris was Paris."

The child was checked, she began plucking grass.

Mme. Bartmann pulled off one of her tan gloves, split at the turn of the thumb, and stopped.

"Well, now that your father is dead!".....

The child's eyes filled with tears, and she lowered her head

"I come flying back", Mme Bartmann continued, good naturedly, "to look at my own. Let me see you", she continued, turning the child's chin up in the palm of her hand", Ten when I saw you last, and now you are a woman—" With this she dropped the child's chin abruptly, and put on the glove again.

"Come," she said, rising, "I haven't seen the house in years..."

As they went down the dark avenue, she talked :

"Is the black marble Venus still in the hall?"

"Yes."

"Are the chairs with the carved legs still in existence?"

"Only two. Last year Erna broke one, and the year before!".....

"Well?"

"I broke one."

"Growing up," Mme. Bartmann commented. "Well, well. Is the great battle picture still there, over my bed?"

The child, beneath her breath, said :

"That's my room."

Mme. Bartmann took her glove off again, unfastened her lorgnette from its hook on her bosom, put it to her eyes and regarded the child.

"You are very thin."

"I'm growing."

"I grew, but like a pigeon. Well, one generation can't be exactly like another. You have your father's red hair. That" she said abruptly "was a queer, mad fellow, that Herr Von Bartmann. I never could see what we were doing with each other. As for you" she added, shutting her glasses, drawing on the glove, "I'll have to see what he has made of you."

The house was furnished heavily, antiques, plush flowers, a plush Bible, tobacco.

In the evening Richter watched her mother, still in hat and spotted veil, playing on the sprawling lanky grand, high up in the terrace window. It was a waltz. Mme. Bartmann played fast, with effervescence, the sparkle of her jewelled fingers were bubbles running over the keys.

In the dark of the garden, Richter listened to Schubert streaming down the light from the open casement. The child was cold now, and she shivered in the squirrel coat that touched the chill of her knees.

Still swiftly, with a finale somewhat in the Grand Opera

manner, Mme. Bartmann closed the piano, stood a moment on the balcony, inhaling the air, fingering the coarse links of her chain, the insects darting vertically across her vision.

Presently she came out, and sat down on a stone bench, breathing warmth.

Richter stood a few steps away and did not approach or speak. Mme. Bartmann began, though she could not see the child without turning:

"You have been here always, Richter?"

"Yes" the child answered.

"In this park, in this house, with Herr Bartmann, the tutors, the dogs"?

"Yes."

"Do you speak German?"

"A little".

"Let me hear you."

"Müde bin Ich, geh' zu Ruh."

"And French?"

"O nuit désastreuse! O nuit effroyable."

"Russian?"

The child did not answer.

"Ah!" said Mme. Bartmann. Then, "Have you been to Nice often?"

"Oh yes, often."

"What did you see there?"

"Everything."

Mme. Bartmann laughed. She leaned forward, her elbow on her knee, her face in her palm. The ear-rings in her ears shook, and the drone of the insects was clear and soft. Pain lay fallow in her.

"Once" she said "I was a child like you, fatter, better health, but, nevertheless, like you. I loved nice things, but" she added "a different kind, I imagine. Things that were positive. I liked to go out in the evening, not because it was soft and voluptuous, butt o frighten myself, because I'd known it such a little while, and after me it would exist so long. But that—" she interrupted herself, "is beside the point. Tell me how you feel."

The child moved in the shadows. "I can't."

Mme. Bartmann laughed again, shortly. "Life", she said, "is filthy, terrible. There is everything in it, murder, pain, beauty, disease, death. Do you know all this?"

The child answered, "Yes."

"How do you know it?"

The child answered again "I don't know."

"You see", Mme. Bartmann went on, "you know nothing. You must know everything, and then begin. You must have either a great understanding, or you must accomplish a fall. Horses hurry you away from danger, trains bring you back to the scene of your corruption. Pictures give the heart a mortal pang because they hung over a man you loved and murdered in his bed. Flowers stab the memory because a child was buried in them. Music incites the world to repetition. The cross roads are where lovers vow, and taverns are for thieves; contemplation leads to prejudice and beds are fields where babies fight a losing battle. Do you know all this?"

There was no answer from the dark.

"Man is rotten from the start." Mme. Bartmann continued. "Rotten with virtue and with vice. He is strangled with the two and made nothing, and God is the light the mortal insect kindled, to turn to, and to die by. That is very wise, but it must not be misunderstood. I do not want you to put your nose up at any whore in any street; pray and wallow and cease, but without prejudice. A murderer has less prejudice than a saint. Sometimes it is better to be a saint. Do not be vain about your indifference, should you be possessed of indifference; and don't" she said "misconceive the value of your voluptuousness, it is only seasoning to the whole horror. I wish" and she did not finish. Quietly she took out her pocket handkerchief, and very noiselessly, dried her eyes.

"What?" the child asked from the darkness, and Mme. Bartmann shuddered.

"Are you thinking?" she said.

"No." the child answered.

"Then think." Mme. Bartmann said loudly, turning to the child for the first time, "Think everything. Good, bad, indifferent. Everything, and do everything, everything. Try to know what you are before you die, and", she said putting her head back, swallowing with shut eyes, "come back to me a good woman."

She got up then and went away down the long aisle of trees.

That night, at bed time, Mme. Bartmann, rolled up in a bed with a canopy of blue roses, frilled and smelling of lavender, called through the curtains :

"Richter, do you play?"

"Yes." answered Richter.

"Play me something."

Richter could hear her mother turn heavily, breathing warmth, comfort.

Touchingly, with frail legs pointed to the pedals, Richter, with a thin technique, and a light touch, played something from Beethoven.

"Brava." her mother called, and she played again, and this time there was silence from the canopied bed. The child closed the piano, pulling the velvet over the mahogany, put the light out, and went, still shivering in her short fur coat, out onto the balcony.

A few days later, having avoided her mother, looking shy, frightened and offended, Richter came into her mother's room. She spoke directly and sparingly :

"Mother, with your consent, I should like to announce my engagement to Gerald Teal." Her manner was stilted. "Father approved of him, he knew him for years. If you permit."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mme. Bartmann, and swung clear around on her chair. "Who is he? What is he like?"

"He is a clerk in the government employ, he is young."

"Has he money?"

"I don't know. Father saw to that."

There was a look of pain and relief on Mme. Bartmann's face.

"Very well" she said "I shall have dinner for you two at eight-thirty sharp."

At eight-thirty sharp they were dining. Mme. Bartmann, seated at the head of the table listened to Mr. Teal speaking :

"I shall do my best to make your daughter happy. I am a man of staid habits, no longer too young." he smiled, "I have a house on the outskirts of Nice. My income is assured, a little left me by my mother. My sister is my housekeeper, she is a maiden lady, but very cheerful and very good." He paused, holding a glass of white wine carefully in his long hand. "We hope to have children, Richter will be occupied. As she is delicate we shall travel to Vichy once a year. I have two very fine horses and a carriage with good springs, and she can drive in the afternoons when she is indisposed, though I hope she will find her greatest happiness at home."

Richter sat at her mother's right hand and never looked at her.

Within two months Mme. Bartmann was once again in her travelling clothes, hatted and veiled, strapping her umbrella as she stood on the platform waiting for the train to Paris, she shook hands with her son-in-law, kissed the cheek of her daughter, and climbed into a second class smoker.

Once the train was in motion, Mme. Erling Von Bartmann slowly drew her gloves through her hand, from fingers to buttons, stretching them firmly across her knee.

"Ah, how unnecessary, how unnecessary!"

STOCKTAKING

Towards a Re-Valuation of English Literature

by Daniel Chaucer.

IV.

INTELLIGENTSIA.

Let us put it as an axiom that books are written for the Reader; that books should be written for the Reader: and for the Reader and for no one else. It will follow then as a corollary that the existence of a large class of Intelligentsia will be a calamity for Literature; as indeed it will be for all other activities in the world.

Humanity is as a rule lazy in things of the intellect. Why should it not be so, since one of the chief luxuries of having an intellect is to rest it? So men are prone in these matters to take advice from largely self-constituted Boards. Humanity, indeed, is a little less lazy in practical matters: less, but only a little less! I am at the moment more interested in the hay than the muck-rake? but few people can be ignorant of trades, crafts or Mysteries in which the Public is deliberately misled by interested practitioners, sometimes as a mere matter of the purse, but as often as not because of some Tradition invented by the practitioners' great grandfathers. Try for instance to plant a garden with the aid of a professional gardener!

Or let us suppose that a Board of Automobile Wardens should form itself upon the lines of a priesthood the qua-

lification for membership being that all the individuals making up the board regarded motoring upon public roads as a vulgarity! Quite a large section of the public, for one reason or another, would try to live up to that ideal and would pass portentous hours driving majestic automobiles round tracks in their private grounds. That sounds ridiculous but it is some such doctrine and an analogous practice that the Intelligentsia have attempted to force upon humanity.

Literature exists for the Reader and by the Reader: that is Bolshevist doctrine or platitude according to the point of view. The quite natural tendency of the Intelligentsia is to make of literature as unconsumable a thing as may be, so that, acting as its High Priests, they may make mediocre livings and cement their authority over an unlettered world. It is an ambition like another but more harmful than most.

The ambition of the writer as writer is to cast light; to make clear. His purpose is to make man, above all, clear to his fellow men: the purpose of the Intelligentsia is to suppress all such illuminations as do not conduce to rendering more attractive their own special class. It is sheer good fortune that the comprehension of one's fellow men should lead to civilisation; that, *tout comprendre* should be *tout pardonner*; for if it were the other way the writer would go on just the same casting light into the dark places of the human soul, and then what a wilderness of Armageddons the world would be! But that is a pure by-product.

The Reader may, if he wishes, retort that this is another of those cases, so frequently occurring in the realm of the Applied Sciences, in which the by-product is of greater value than the original object of manufacture and that may well be the case. But it is of no consequence. The fact remains that the only civilising agency that is at work to-day as in other dark ages is the Arts and that the Arts do not work by direct means. They make you understand your fellow human being: they may indeed make you understand your fellow brute beast. In either case in the

train of comprehension come sympathy and tolerance and after subjecting yourself for some time to the influence of the arts you become less of a brute beast yourself.

This is the only humanising process that has no deleterious sides since all systems of morality tend to develop specific sides of a character at the expense of other sides. Thus the Anglo-Saxon Victorian code as preached by moralists of the Charles Kingsley-Samuel Smiles type of popular teacher enjoined industry, sobriety, superficial honesty, personal economy, moderation and circumspection—all virtues having for their objects the saving of money. Money being thus deified as never before it was, many resultant evils have since afflicted humanity, the worst of them being body politics and a political economy founded almost solely on one or other unit of coinage to the total ignoring of all other civilising influences ; a vast sweating system with sempiternal industrial conflicts ; immense cornerings of commodities and an universal ruthlessness. Nor is it easy to think of any system of morality that is for certain much more desirable, the deification of openhandedness, frequent intoxication, promiscuity and recklessnesses without bounds—the Old German panaceas for life—producing individuals on the whole preferable to the heroes of Mr. Smiles but still ill to live with when crossed and with certain obvious defects when moulded into races. Neither have the idyllic-logical moral projections of the Marquesan Islanders which were lately described and lauded by a settler in those island-paradises done very much to preserve that highly civilised and gentle race. For a polite anthropophagy they have exchanged a taste for gin ; for an untroubled promiscuity, monogamy and venereal disease ; for a community of goods exactly such as that prescribed by the early Christians they have exchanged a state that is usually called wage-slavery. It appears that they were visited by a ship or ships whose captains were disciples of Charles Kingsley and Samuel Smiles and whose crew ardently carried out the Old German virtues. I should imagine that the Lord Bishop of Winchester,

author of *As a Dog to His Vomit*, a treatise for the use of Unrepentant Prisoners, may have had some sleepless nights when they brought him news from the Marquesas, the first ship to visit that group of islands with civilising views having been captained by a captain and manned by a crew from his diocese. But perhaps he did not.

Anyhow it is no business of the imaginative writer, the producer of Literature, to bother his head with creative systems of morality. No doubt he will have an instinctive morality of his own but usually, outside Anglo-Saxondom, and sometimes even within those bounds, he refrains from attempting to impose, except instinctively and without benevolence prepense, his own views upon his fellow men. His business is to project as exactly and with as little bias as he may, the results of pursuing certain courses in certain climates or latitudes : he has nothing to do with forcing humanity into moulds devised by himself. He is, in short, to the measure of the light vouchsafed him, reporter or Creator ; he is never a prophet whether of good or evil.

That measure of artistry for the sake of art must be allowed to him by an indulgent public : he must report for the sake of reporting ; create for the sake of creating. The Public will usually, the Intelligentsia never, permit this necessity of his existence to be enjoyed by the artist. (The evolving of Literature is an Art.) Usually, that is to say, the public will take what it gets, dividing itself into three large but by no means equal-sized bodies. It can consume a large body of work allegorical or allegoric-classical in inspiration : it can consume a large body of thought by divine right to be wealthy, it has no doubt its place in the world. It is England's substitute for Realism.

In this department of thought England and the United States very early parted company, American humourists being historically more savage, lately more mordant, and momentarily more depressed. That is because American humour is an affair more really national. Someone—I think it is Mr. Mencken in a passage that I cannot recapture, or it may have been Mr. Mencken quoting someone

else—has complained that nineteenth century America was a nation of peasants and its literature a peasant literature—this especially in reference to Mark Twain. But it seems to me that a nation that can produce so considerable and typical a writer may well be proud enough of its peasants even though Twain—and I daresay for the matter of that Artemus Ward—went continually in fear on the one hand of the Intelligentsia of Concord and on the other of what precursors he might have had to encounter, of the Comstock brigade. And it is typical of the two branches of Anglo-Saxondom—or at any rate it is a good illustration, to point to the difference, in the matter of writings called *contra bonas mores*, between Twain and Robert Louis Stevenson: Twain in a private letter says that he cannot write what he really thinks about certain matters because of the pain work purely realist in technique; but the normally immense body of readers reserves itself for work of the careless-romantic type.

According to a computation made by a German trade-paper just before the war and intended to show the consumption of books the world over by persons reading European languages the most widely read books in the Western Hemisphere during the twentieth century had been: Firstly, the *Pilgrim's Progress*; next to that *Madame Bovary* and the short stories of Maupassant, the original *Yvette* volume coming first, but the whole consumption of Maupassant being equalled by the sales of *Madame Bovary* alone; finally a group of sheer romanticists ranging from *Tom Jones* to the works of Hugo and Dickens. In this group the *Pickwick Papers* stood easily first and the *Travailleurs de la Mer* second. The *Pilgrim's Progress* was easily first, of all single books in the matter of sales and editions; *Madame Bovary* came next, but a long way behind; but the combined sales of the Romanticists was vastly greater than the sales of the French Realistic writers from Flaubert to Zola. On the other hand of any individual writer, taking the sales of all his books, Maupassant was the most widely read.

I am not going to pause to make any comments on these constatations here, my only intention in calling attention to them being to prove that large sales of books very differing in character—and of books quite out of the fashion of the moment—can go on side by side. As far as one has any means of checking them the statements are correct and they ring all the more true in that, coming from a German source, no claim is made for any specific German book or author. On the face of it one might have expected to find at least Grimm's *Fairy Tales* somewhere near the *Pilgrim's Progress*, but that is not the case. Such Anglo-Saxon attempts to gauge these figures as I have seen have always placed Shakespeare and Dickens at the head of all their lists—but those estimates I take to be due rather to pious aspirations than to actual figures, and indeed their compilations have a tendency to confine themselves to Anglo-Saxondom paying only the sketchiest of attentions to the rest of the Western World. But the great proportional preponderance of the French Realists is due to the fact that in South America and in Eastern Europe there are—or perhaps it is only "there were" by now—immense populations of avid readers, all reading French and all with a strong taste for knowledge of life and a strong distaste for what we are accustomed to call the "serious" book.

At any rate, there you have a projection of a world taste untrammelled by the dictations of any one black-coated class—a picture of the world reading what it wants to read. Anglo-Saxondom, except for specimens of the weakest types of Literature of Escape, is not, as a rule, given what it wants to read in its more serious moments and when it is given what it wants is not usually allowed to read it. It takes refuge in the feebly pawky and the feebly negational—or the feebly immoral: in, that is to say, *Tom Jones*; the essays on buttered toast of Charles Lamb; the works of Lewis Carrol; nonsense rhymes; in the London periodical called *Punch*; in the negational nonsense plays of Mr. Shaw, the more positive, sentimental

nonsense of Sir James Barrie, the topsy-turvey Ballades of Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton.

This *genre*, more specifically English than American, is Anglo-Saxondom's sole exclusive contribution to the literature and thought of the world. Considering it aloofly from almost any philosophic standpoint you can only regard it as purely immoral, as almost always negational, as the last protest of a Comfortable Class against any fine-nesses that can be achieved without the accompaniment of Comfort. But it is all these things, as a rule, in only a very gentle, gentlemanly degree and as a literature of escape for the Wealthy or for those who consider that an outcry against him would cause him ; in a similar letter Stevenson says that he is determined never to spoil his market by writing about women. And Twain at least, in volumes to be published after his death so that the labour brought him in no money, did write what he really thought about certain matters.

The question of the treatment of such subjects as sex in literature is one of some difficulty : at any rate it presents certain difficulties in Anglo-Saxondom. I shall have to face it before finishing this volume, but this is not the place. Let me set down here, to illustrate what I mean, a quotation, an estimate by a writer whom I have already styled the doyen of English official critics, of a certain book :

> "When we come to the story itself it is to find ourselves moving among the healthiest company ever devised by a human brain. The winds of heaven blow along the pages... and so long as wit and wholesomeness, manly writing and generous thinking, with a genial appreciation of all that makes life worth enjoying, are welcome among us, this truly sunny book will never lack its admirers."

That might have been written of any book of the "English Classic" type : it might be praise of "*Tom Brown's School-days*", of "*Lorna Doone*", of "*Midshipman Easy*" ; of "*Rob Roy*" or "*Treasure Island*". But it isn't. It is praise of *Tom Jones*.

I make no professions to write about morality, but that has

always seemed to me an amazing passage. I came across it when I was just over fifteen and it has remained so clear in my mind that, just now, for the purposes of transcription, turning up the book, my finger went instinctively to about the thickness in the volume and my eye to the position on the page, of that amazing passage. For I read it just after I had come back from school ; and at school that day a number of boys of my own age and older, and of my Form, had come to me as one unusually well-read in books, to ask me to point out to them the "smutty passages" in... *Tom Jones*! There are certain coincidences, certain concatenations of circumstance, that will alter for you your whole life. That, for me, was one. *The winds of heaven blow along the pages...*

I remember looking at the writer of those words who in those days was a frequent visitor to the then rather influential "highbrow" home in which I lived and wondering how he could walk into a room with head moderately erect, how he could look anyone in the face, or why a thunderbolt did not "Strike him dead", as boys say. It is to be remembered that I was not sixteen at the time and that to have been surrounded, just before, by a grinning half-circle of boys asking to be guided towards sexual emotions, had been a real torture. I think I am glad—though I do not know why I should be!—to remember that I stoutly refused, in spite of threats of boyish tortures. It was my first martyrdom!

Under the old regime it was the custom of the Tsar, on Easter morning, to say to the private on duty outside his door, "*Christ is arisen*" and to kiss him. Perhaps that was why our Tsar of Orthodox Criticism presents with such an accolade, Private Henry Fielding, a selected soldier in the ranks of imaginative writers. The knout is the more usual instrument of discipline for the novelist. But once in a year there must be a festival of Unreason, a feast of the Boy Bishop, Saturnalia, Thanksgiving Days, Eleusinian mysteries! Then they let out Henry Fielding and he is kissed on both cheeks.

My French Literary Tutor, a Monsieur Henri Andrieux, since, I believe a critic of some position in France but to me, in those days a romantic figure as the son of one of the leaders of the Paris Commune, spat sideways when I shewed him that passage. He had waxed black moustaches that stuck out sideways like the whiskers of a very fine tom-cat; and he swore quite violently about the hypocrisy of the English critic as a race, he too being particularly struck by the *winds of heaven*. He said indeed that all English critics had functions in the state similar to those of the old gentleman in *Troilus and Cressida*.

He was unjust as all French critics are to all manifestations of English criticism; but I am bound to confess that, coming when they did, his analyses of his English *confrères* made a profound dint in my mind. So that I am bound to extend my confession still further and to avow that I can never find myself in the presence—but it happens so seldom!—of an English-orthodox critic without feeling distinctly uncomfortable. These gentlemen distinguished by such a worship of circumspection; providence; continence; sobriety: and stand there still so conscious that I have never grown up and maybe never shall grow up: and the dint made by the words of M. Andrieux is always at the back of my mind; and I grow afraid... But that too is unjust. I know, *really*, how safe in their hands is my adolescent mind.

Thackeray, too, worshipped *Tom Jones* as he did his own Becky and Barry Lyndon and Ravenswing. Indeed it is probable that Thackeray finally established, if he did not invent, the worship of Fielding's paean to the Old German virtues. But, then, it is universally granted in the higher circles of the Intelligentsia that Thackeray as a writer was an eighteenth century figure and not really imbued with the ethical hubris of Victorianism.

So that where we get to, I do not quite know: possibly back to another witches' sabbath, another kiss from the Emperor of All the Russias...

It might be best to consider the matter historically...

SOME DO NOT

A Novel.

by Ford Madox Ford

(continued.)

And, driving back in the fly, Macmaster said to himself that you couldn't call Mrs. Duchemin ordinary, at least. Yet meeting her was like going into a room that you had long left and never ceased to love. It felt good. It was perhaps partly her Edinburgh-ness. Macmaster allowed himself to coin that word. There was in Edinburgh a society—he himself had never been privileged to move in it, but its annals are part of the literature of Scotland!—where the ladies are all great ladies in tall drawing-rooms; circumspect yet shrewd: still yet with a sense of the comic: frugal yet warmly hospitable. It was perhaps just Edinburgh-ness that was wanting in the drawing-rooms of his friends in London. Mrs. Cressy, the Hon. Mrs. Limoux and Mrs. Delawnay were all almost perfection in manner, in speech, in composure. But, then, they were not young, they weren't Edinburgh—and they weren't strikingly elegant!

Mrs. Duchemin was all three! Her assured, tranquil manner she would retain to any age: it betokened the enigmatic soul of her sex, but, physically, she couldn't be more than thirty. That was unimportant, for the would never want to do anything in which physical youth counted. She would never, for instance, have occasion to run: she would always just "move"—floatingly! He tried to remember the details of her dress.

It had certainly been dark blue—and certainly of silk: that rather coarsely-woven, exquisite material that has on its folds as of a silvery shimmer with minute knots. But very dark blue. And it contrived to be at once artistic—absolutely in the tradition! And yet well cut! Very large sleeves, of course, but still with a certain fit. She had worn an immense necklace of yellow polished amber: on the dark blue! And Mrs. Duchemin had said, over her husband's roses, that the blossoms always reminded her of little mouldings of pink cloud come

down for the cooling of the earth... A charming thought!

Suddenly he said to himself:

"What a mate for Tietjens!" And his mind added: "Why should she not become an Influence!"

A vista opened before him, in time! He imagined Tietjens, in some way proprietarily responsible for Mrs. Duchemin: quite *pour le bon*, tranquilly passionate and accepted, *motif*; and "immensely improved" by the association. And himself, in a year or two, bringing the at last found Lady of his Delight to sit at the feet of Mrs. Duchemin—the Lady of his Delight whilst circumspect would be also young and impressionable!—to learn the mysterious assuredness of manner, the gift of dressing the knack of wearing amber and bending over standard roses—and the Edinburgh-ness!

Macmaster was thus not a little excited, and finding Tietjens at tea amid the green-stained furnishings and illustrated papers of the large, corrugated iron golf-house, he could not help exclaiming:

"I've accepted an invitation to breakfast with the Duchemins to-morrow for us both. I hope you won't mind," although Tietjens was sitting at a little table with General Campion and his brother-in-law, the Hon. Paul Sandbach, Conservative member for the division and husband of Lady Claudine. The General said pleasantly to Tietjens:

"Breakfast! With Duchemin! You go, my boy! You'll get the best breakfast you ever had in your life."

He added to his brother-in-law: "Not the eternal mock kedgeree Claudine gives us every morning."

Sandbach grunted:

"It's not for want of trying to steal their cook. Claudine has a shy at it every time we come down here."

The General said pleasantly to Macmaster—he spoke always pleasantly, with a half smile and a slight sibil nce:

"My brother-in-law isn't serious, you understand. My sister wouldn't think of stealing a cook. Let alone from Duchemin. She'd be frightened to."

Sandbach grunted:

"Who wouldn't?"

Both these gentlemen were very lame: Mr. Sandbach from birth and the General as the result of a slight but neglected motor accident. He had practically only one vanity, the belief that he was qualified to act as his own chauffeur, and since he was both inexpert and very careless, he met with frequent accidents. Mr. Sandbach had a dark, round, bull-dog face and a violent manner. He had twice been suspended from his Parliamentary duties for applying to the then Chancellor of the Exchequer the epithet "lying attorney," and he was at that moment still suspended.

Macmaster then became unpleasantly perturbed. With his sensitiveness he was perfectly aware of an unpleasant chill

in the air. There was also a stiffness about Tietjens' eyes. He was looking straight before him; there was a silence too. Behind Tietjens' back were two men with bright green coats, red knitted waiscoats and florid faces. One was bald and blonde, the other had black hair, remarkably oiled and shiny; both were forty-fivish. They were regarding the occupants of the Tietjens' table with both their mouths slightly open. They were undisguisedly listening. In front of each were three empty sloe-gin glasses and one half-filled tumbler of brandy and soda. Macmaster understood why the General had explained that his sister had not tried to stead Mrs. Duchemin's cook.

Tietjens said:

"Drink up your tea quickly and let's get started." He was drawing from his pocket a number of telegraph forms which he began arranging. The General said:

"Don't burn your mouth. We can't start off before all... all these other gentlemen. We're too slow."

"No; we're beastly well stuck," Sandbach said.

Tietjens handed the telegraph forms over to Macmaster.

"You'd better take a look at these," he said. "I mayn't see you again to-day after the match. You're dining up at Mountby. The General will run you up. Lady Claude will excuse me. I've got work to do."

This was already matter for dismay for Macmaster. He was aware that Tietjens would have disliked dining up at Mountby with the Sandbachs, who would have a crowd, extremely smart but more than usually unintelligent. Tietjens called this crowd, indeed, the plague-spot of the party—meaning of Toryism. But Macmaster couldn't help thinking that a disagreeable dinner would be better for his friend than brooding in solitude in the black shadows of the huddled town. Then Tietjens said:

"I'm going to have a word with that swine!" He pointed his square chin rather rigidly before him, and looking past the two brandy drinkers, Macmaster saw one of those faces that frequent caricature made familiar and yet strange. Macmaster couldn't, at the moment, put a name to it. It must be a politician, probably a Minister. But which? His mind was already in a dreadful state. In the glimpse he had caught of the telegraph form now in his hand he had perceived that it was addressed to Sylvia Tietjens and began with the word "agreed." He said swiftly:

"Has that been sent or is it only a draft?"

Tietjens said:

"That fellow is the Rt. Hon. Stephen Fenwick Waterhouse. He's chairman of the Funded Debt Commission. He's the swine who made us fake that return in the office."

That moment was the worst Macmaster had ever known. A worse came. Tietjens said:

"I'm going to have a word with him. That's why I'm not dining at Mountby. It's a duty to the country."

Macmaster's mind simply stopped. He was in a space, all windows. There was sunlight outside. And clouds. Pink and white. Woolly! Some ships. And two men: one dark and oily, the other rather blotchy on a blonde baldness. They were talking, but their words made no impression on Macmaster. The dark, oily man said that he was not going to take Gertie to Budapest. Not half! He winked like a nightmare. Beyond were two young men and a preposterous face... It was all so like a nightmare that the Cabinet Minister's features were distored for Macmaster. Like an enormous mask of pantomime: shiny, with an immense nose and elongated, Chinese eyes.

Yet not unpleasant! Macmaster was a Whig by conviction, by nation, by temperament. He thought that public servants should abstain from political activity. Nevertheless, he couldn't be expected to think a Liberal Cabinet Minister ugly. On the contrary, Mr. Waterhouse appeared to have a frank, humorous, kindly expression. He listened deferentially to one of his secretaries, resting his hand on the young man's shoulder, smiling a little, rather sleepily. No doubt he was overworked. And then, letting himself go in a side-shaking laugh. Putting on flesh!

What a pity! What a *pity*! Macmaster was reading a string of incomprehensible words in Tietjens' heavily scored writing. *Not entertain... flat not house... child remain at sister's*: His eyes went backwards and forwards over the phrases. He could not connect the words without stops. The man with the oily hair said in a sickly voice that Gertie was hot stuff, but not the one for Budapest with all the Gitana girls you were telling me of! Why, he'd kept Gertie for five years now. More like the real thing! His friend's voice was like a result of indigestion. Tietjens, Sandbach and the General were stiff, like pokers.

What a pity! Macmaster thought.

He ought to have been sitting... It would have been pleasant and right to be sitting with the pleasant Minister. In the ordinary course he, Macmaster ,would have been. The best golfer in the place was usually set to play with distinguished visitors, and there was next to no one in the south of England who ordinarily could beat him. He had begun at four, playing with a miniature cleek and a found shilling ball over the municipal links. Going to the poor school every morning and back to dinner; and back to school and back to bed! Over the cold, rushy, sandy links, beside the grey sea. Both shoes full of sand. The found shilling ball had lasted him three years...

Macmaster exclaimed: "Good God!" He had just gathered from the telegram that Tietjens meant to go to Germany on

Tuesday. As if at Macmaster's ejaculation Tietjens said:

"Yes. It *is* unbearable. If you don't stop those swine, General, I shall."

The General sibillated low, between his teeth:

"Wait a minute... Wait a minute... Perhaps that other fellow will."

The man with the black oily hair said:

"If Budapest's the place for the girls you say it is, old pal, with the Turkish baths and all, we'll paint the old town red all right, next month," and he winked at Tietjens. His friend, with his head down, seemed to make internal rumblings, looking apprehensively beneath his blotched forehead at the General.

"Not," the other continued argumentatively, "that I don't love my old woman. She's all right. And then there's Gertie. 'Ot stuff, but the real thing. But I say a man wants..." He ejaculated, "Oo!"

The General, his hands in his pockets, very tall, thin, red-cheeked, his white hair combed forward in a fringe, sauntered towards the other table. It was not two yards, but it seemed a long saunter. He stood right over them, they looking up, open-eyed, like schoolboys at a balloon. He said:

"I'm glad you're enjoying our links, gentlemen."

The bald man said: "We are! We are! First-class. A treat!"

"But," the General said, "it isn't wise to discuss one's... eh... domestic circumstances... at... at mess, you know, or in a golf house. People might hear."

The gentleman with the oily hair half rose and exclaimed:

"Oo, the..." The other man mumbled: "Shut up, Briggs."

The General said:

"I'm the president of the club, you know. It's my duty to see that the *majority* of the club and its visitors are pleased. I hope you don't mind."

The General came back to his seat. He was trembling with vexation.

"It makes one as beastly a bounder as themselves," he said. "But what the devil else was one to do?" The two city men had ambled hastily into the dressing-rooms; the dire silence fell. Macmaster realised that, for these Tories at least, this was really the end of the world. The last of England! He returned, with panic in his heart, to Tietjens' telegram... Tietjens was going to Germany on Tuesday. He offered to throw over the department... These were unthinkable things. You couldn't imagine them!

He began to read the telegram all over again. A shadow fell upon the flimsy sheets. The Rt. Hon. Mr. Waterhouse was between the head of the table and the windows. He said:

"We're much obliged, General. It was impossible to hear ourselves speak for those obscene fellows' smut. It's fellows like that that make our friends the suffragettes! That warrants

them..." He added: "Hullo! Sandbach! Enjoying your rest?"

The General said:

"I was hoping you'd take on the job of telling these fellows off."

Mr. Sandbach, his bull-dog jaw sticking out, the short black hair on his scalp appearing to rise, barked:

"Hullo, Waterslop! Enjoying your plunder?"

Mr. Waterhouse, tall, slouching and untidy-haired, lifted the flaps of his coat. It was so ragged that it appeared as if straws stuck out of the elbows.

"All that the suffragettes have left of me," he said, laughingly. "Isn't one of you fellows a genius called Tietjens?" He was ooking at Macmaster. The General said:

"Tietjens... Macmaster..." The Minister went on' very friendly:

"Oh, it's you?... I just wanted to take the opportunity of thanking you."

Tietjens said:

"Good God! What for?"

"*You* know!" the Minister said, "we couldn't have got the Bill before the House till next session without your figures..." He said slily: "Could we, Sandbach?" and added to Tietjens "Ingleby told me..."

Tietjens was chalk-white and stiffened. He stuttered:

"I can't take any credit... I consider..."

Macmaster exclaimed:

"Tietjens... you..." he didn't know what he was going to say.

"Oh, you're too modest," Mr. Waterhouse overwhelmed Tietjens. "We know whom we've to thank..." His eyes drifted to Sandbach a little absently. Then his face lit up.

"Look here, Sandbach," he said... "Come here, will you?" He walked a pace or two away, calling to one of his young men: "Oh, Sanderson, give the bobbie a drink. A good stiff one." Sandbach jerked himself awkwardly out of his chair and limped to the Minister.

Tietjens burst out:

"Me too modest! *Me*!... The swine... The unspeakable swine!"

The General said:

"What's it all about, Chrissie? You probably are too modest."

Tietjens said:

"Damn it. It's a serious matter. It's driving me out of the unspeakable office I'm in."

Macmaster said:

"No! No! You're wrong. It's a wrong view you take." And with a good deal of real passion he began to explain to the General. It was an affair that had already given him a great deal of pain. The Government had asked the statistical

department for figures illuminating a number of schedules that they desired to use in presenting their new Bill to the Commons. Mr. Waterhouse was to present it.

Mr. Waterhouse at the moment was slapping Mr. Sandbach on the back, tossing the hair out of his eyes and laughing like a hysterical schoolgirl. He looked suddenly tired. A police constable, his buttons shining, appeared, drinking from a pewter-pot outside the glazed door. The two city men ran across the angle from the dressing-room to the same door, buttoning their clothes. The Minister said loudly:

"Make it guineas!"

It seemed to Macmaster painfully wrong that Tietjens should call anyone so genial and unaffected an unspeakable swine. It was unjust. He went on with his explanation to the General.

The Government had wanted a set of figures based on a calculation called B 7. Tietjens, who had been working on one called H 19—for his own instruction—had persuaded himself that H 19 was the lowest figure that was actuarially sound.

The General said pleasantly: "All this is Greek to me."

"Oh no, it needn't be," Macmaster heard himself say. "It amounts to this. Chrissie was asked by the Government —by Sir Reginald Ingleby—to work out what 3×3 comes to: it was that sort of thing in principle. He said that the only figure that would not ruin the country was nine times nine..."

"The Government wanted to shovel money into the working man's pockets, in fact," the General said. "Money for nothing... or votes, I suppose."

"But that isn't the point, sir," Macmaster ventured to say. "All that Chrissie was asked to do was to say what 3×3 was."

"Well, he appears to have done it and earned no end of kudos," the General said. "That's all right. We've all, always, believed in Chrissie's ability. But he's a strong-tempered beggar."

"He was extraordinarily rude to Sir Reginald over it," Macmaster went on.

The General said:

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" He shook his head at Tietjens and assumed with care the blank, slightly disappointing air of the regular officer. "I don't like to hear of rudeness to a superior. In *any* service."

"I don't think," Tietjens said with extreme mildness, "that Macmaster is quite fair to me. Of course he's a right to his opinion as to what the discipline of a service demands. I certainly told Ingleby that I'd rather resign than do that beastly job..."

"You shouldn't have," the General said. "What would become of the services if everyone did as you did?"

Sandbach came back laughing and dropped painfully into his low arm-chair.

"That fellow..." he began.

The General slightly raised his hand.

"A minute!" he said. "I was about to tell Chrissie, here, that if I am offered the job—of course it's an order really—of suppressing the Ulster Volunteers... I'd rather cut my throat than do it..."

Sandbach said:

"Of course you would, old chap. They're our brothers. You'd see the beastly, lying Government damned first."

"I was going to say that I should accept," the General said, "I shouldn't resign my commission."

Sandbach said:

"Good *God*!"

Tietjens said:

"Well, I didn't."

Sandbach exclaimed:

"General! You! After all Claudine and I have said..."

Tietjens interrupted:

"Excuse me, Sandbach. I'm receiving this reprimand for the moment. I wasn't, then, rude to Ingleby. If I'd expressed contempt for what he said or for himself, that would have been rude. I didn't. He wasn't in the least offended. He looked like a cockatoo, but he wasn't offended. And I let him over-persuade me. He was right, really. He pointed out that, if I didn't do the job, those swine would put on one of our little competition wallah head clerks and get all the schedules faked, as well as starting off with false premises!"

"That's the view I take," the General said, "if I don't take the Ulster job the Government will put on a fellow who'll burn all the farm-houses and rape all the women in the three counties. They've got him up their sleeve. He only asks for the Connaught Rangers to go through the north with. And you know what *that* means. All the same..." He looked at Tietjens: "One should not be rude to one's superiors".

"I tell you I wasn't rude," Tietjens exclaimed. "Damn your nice, paternal old eyes. Get that into your mind!"

The General shook his head:

"You brilliant fellows!" he said. "The country, or the army, or anything, could not be run by you. It takes stupid fools like me and Sandbach, along with sound, moderate heads like our friend here." He indicated Macmaster and, rising, went on: "Come along. You're playing me, Macmaster. They say you're hot stuff. Chrissie's no good. He can take Sandbach on."

He walked off with Macmaster towards the dressing-room.

Sandbach, wriggling awkwardly out of his chair, shouted:

"Save the country... Damn it..." He stood on his feet. "I and Campion... Look at what the country's come to... What with swine like these two in our club houses! And policemen to go round the links with Ministers to protect them

from the wild women... By God! I'd like to have the flaying of the skin off some of their backs. I would. By God I would."

He added:

"That fellow Waterslops is a bit of a sportsman. I haven't been able to tell you about our bet, you've been making such a noise... Is your friend really plus one at North Berwick? What are you like?"

"Macmaster is a good plus two anywhere when he's in practice."

Sandbach said:

"Good Lord... A stout fellow..."

"As for me," Tietjens said, "I loathe the beastly game."

"So do I," Sandbach answered. "We'll just lollop along behind them."

IV

They came out into the bright open where all the distances under the tall sky showed with distinct prismatic outlines. They made a little group of seven—for Tietjens would not have a caddy—waiting on the flat, first teeing ground. Macmaster walked up to Tietjens and said under his voice:

"You've really *sent* that wire?..."

Tietjens said:

"It'll be in Germany by now!"

Mr. Sandbach hobbed from one to the other explaining the terms of his wager with Mr. Waterhouse. Mr. Waterhouse had backed one of the young men playing with him to drive into and hit twice in the eighteen holes the two city men who would be playing ahead of them. As the Minister had taken rather short odds Mr. Sandbach considered him a good sport.

A long way down the first hole Mr. Waterhouse and his two companions were approaching the first green. They had high sandhills to the right and, to their left, a road that was fringed with rushes and a narrow dyke. Ahead of the Cabinet Minister the two city men and their two caddies stood on the edge of the dyke or poked downwards into the rushes. Two girls appeared and disappeared on the tops of the sandhills. The policeman was strolling along the road, level with Mr. Waterhouse. The General said:

"I think we could go now."

Sandbach said:

"Waterslops will get a hit at them from the next tee. They're in the dyke."

The General drove a straight, goodish ball. Just as Macmaster was in his swing Sandbach shouted:

"By God! He nearly did it. See that fellow jump!"

Macmaster looked round over his shoulder and hissed with vexation between his teeth:

"Don't you know that you don't shout while a man is driving? Or haven't you played golf?" He hurried fussily after his ball.

Sandbach said to Tietjens:

"Golly! That chap's got a temper!"

Tietjens said:

"Only over this game. You deserved what you got."

Sandbach said:

"I did... But I didn't spoil his shot. He's outdriven the General twenty yards."

Tietjens said:

"It would have been sixty but for you."

They loitered about on the tee waiting for the others to get their distance. Sandbach said:

"By Jove, your friend is on with his second... You wouldn't believe it of such a *little* beggar!" He added: "He's not much class, is he?"

Tietjens looked down his nose.

"Oh, about *our* class!" he said. "He wouldn't take a bet about driving into the couple ahead."

Sandbach hated Tietjens for being a Tietjens of Groby: Tietjens was enraged by the existence of Sandbach, who was the son of an ennobled mayor of Middle orough, seven miles or so from Groby. The feuds between the Cleveland landowners and the Cleveland plutocrats are very bitter. Sandbach said:

"Ah, I suppose he gets you out of scrapes with girls and the Treasury, and you take him about in return. It's a practical combination."

"Like Pottle Mills and Stanton," Tietjens said. The financial operations connected with the amalgamating of these two steelworks had earned Sandbach's father a good deal of odium in the Cleveland district... Sandbach said:

"Look here, Tietjens..." But he changed his mind and said:

"We'd better go now." He drove off with an awkward action but not without skill. He certainly outplayed Tietjens.

Playing very slowly, for both were desultory and Sandbach very lame, they lost sight of the others behind some coastguard cottages and dunes before they had left the third tee. Because of his game leg Sandbach sliced a good deal. On this occasion he sliced right into the gardens of the cottages and went with his boy to look for his ball among potato-haulms, beyond a low wall. Tietjens patted his own ball lazily up the fairway and, dragging his bag behind him by the strap, he sauntered on.

Although Tietjens hated golf as he hated any occupation that was of a competitive nature he could engross himself in the mathematics of trajectories when he accompanied Macmaster in one of his expeditions for practice. He accompanied Macmaster because he liked there to be one pursuit at which his friend indisputably excelled himself, for it was a bore always brow-beating the fellow. But he stipulated that they should

visit three different and, if possible, unknown courses every week-end when they golfed. He interested himself then in the way the courses were laid out, acquiring thus an extraordinary connoisseurship in golf architecture, and he made abstruse calculations as to the flight of balls off sloped club-faces, as to the foot-poundals of energy exercised by one muscle or the other, and as to theories of spin. As often as not he palmed Macmaster off as a fair, average player on some other unfortunate fair, average stranger. Then he passed the afternoon in the club-house studying the pedigrees and forms of racehorses, for every club-house contained a copy of Ruff's guide. In the spring he would hunt for and examine the nests of soft-billed birds, for he was interested in the domestic affairs of the cuckoo, though he hated natural history and field botany.

On this occasion he had just examined some notes of other mashie shots, had put the notebook back in his pocket, and had addressed his ball with a niblick that had an unusually roughened face and a head like a hatchet. Meticulously, when he had taken his grip he removed his little and third fingers from the leather of the shaft. He was thanking heaven that Sandbach seemed to be accounted for for ten minutes at least, for Sandbach was miserly over lost balls and, very slowly, he was raising his mashie to half cock for a sighting shot.

He was aware that someone, breathing a little heavily from small lungs, was standing close to him and watching him: he could indeed, beneath his cap-rim, perceive the tips of a pair of boy's white sand-shoes. It in no way perturbed him to be watched since he was avid of no personal glory when making his shots. A voice said:

"I say..." He continued to look at his ball.

"Sorry to spoil your shot," the voice said. "But..."

Tietjens dropped his club altogether and straightened his back. A fair young woman with a fixed search was looking at him intently. She had a short skirt and was panting a little.

"I say," she said, "go and see they don't hurt Gertie. I've lost her..." She pointed back to the sandhills. "There looked to be some beasts among them."

She seemed a perfectly negligible girl except for the frown, her eyes blue, her hair no doubt fair under a white canvas hat. She had a striped cotton blouse, but her fawn tweed skirt was well hung.

Tietjens said:

"You've been demonstrating."

She said:

"Of course we have, and of course you object on principle. But you won't let a girl be man-handled. Don't wait to tell me: I know it..."

Noises existed. Sandbach, from beyond the low garden wall fifty yards away, was yelping, just like a dog: "Hi! Hi!

Hi! Hi!" and gesticulating. His little caddy, entangled in his golf-bag, was trying to scramble over the wall. On top of a high sandhill stood the policeman: he waved his arms like a windmill and shouted. Beside him and behind, slowly rising, were the heads of the General, Macmaster and their two boys. Further along, in completion were appearing the figures of Mr. Waterhouse, his two companions and *their* three boys. The Minister was waving his driver and shouting. They all shouted.

"A regular rat-hunt," the girl said; she was counting. "Eleven and two more caddies!" She exhibited satisfaction. "I headed them all off except two beasts. They couldn't run. But neither can Gertie..."

She said urgently:

"Come along! You aren't going to leave Gertie to those beasts! They're drunk..."

Tietjens said:

"Cut away then. I'll look after Gertie." He picked up his bag.

"No, I'll come with you," the girl said.

Tietjens answered: "Oh, you don't want to go to gaol. Clear out!"

She said:

"Nonsense. I've put up with worse than that. Nine months as a slavey... Come *along*!"

Tietjens started to run—rather like a rhinoceros seeing purple. He had been violently spurred, for he had been pierced by a shrill, faint scream. The girl ran beside him.

"You... can... run!" she panted, "put on a spurt."

Screams protesting against physical violence were at that date rare things in England. Tietjens had never heard the like. It upset him frightfully, though he was aware only of an expanse of open country. The policeman, whose buttons made him noteworthy, was descending his conical sandhill, diagonally, with caution. There is something grotesque about a town policeman, silvered helmet and all, in the open country. It was so clear and still in the air; Tietjens felt as if he were in a light museum looking at specimens...

A little young woman, engrossed, like a hunted rat, came round the corner of a green mound. "This is an assaulted female!" the mind of Tietjens said to him. She had a black skirt covered with sand, for she had just rolled down the sandhill; she had a striped grey and black silk blouse, one shoulder torn completely off, so that a white camisole showed. Over the shoulder of the sandhill came the two city men, flushed with triumph and panting; their red knitted waiscoats moved like bellows. The black-haired one, his eyes lurid and obscene, brandished aloft a fragment of black and grey stuff. He shouted hilariously:

"Strip the bitch naked!... Ugh... Strip the bitch stark

naked!" and jumped down the little hill. He cannoned into Tietjens, who roared at the top of his voice:

"You infernal swine. I'll knock your head off if you move'!'

Behind Tietjens' back the girl said:

"Come along, Gertie... It's only to there..."

A voice panted in answer:

"I... can't... My heart..."

Tietjens kept his eye upon the city man. His jaw had fallen down, his eyes stared! It was as if the bottom of his assured world, where all men desire in their hearts to bash women, had fallen out. He panted:

"Ergle! Ergle!"

Another scream, a little further than the last voices from behind his back, caused in Tietjens a feeling of intense weariness. What did beastly women want to scream for? He swung round, bag and all. The policeman, his face scarlet like a lobster just boiled, was lumbering unenthusiastically towards the two girls coho were trotting towards the dyke. One of his hands, scarlet also, was extended. He was not a yard from Tietjens.

Tietjens was exhausted, beyond thinking or shouting. He slipped his clubs off his shoulder and, as if he were pitching his kit-bag into a luggage van, threw the whole lot between the policeman's running legs. The man, who had no impetus to speak of, pitched forward on to his hands and knees. His helmet over his eyes, he seemed to reflect for a moment; then he removed his helmet and with great deliberation rolled round and sat on the turf. His face was completely without emotion, long, sandy-moustached and rather shrewd. He mopped his brow with a carmine handkerchief that had white spots.

Tietjens walked up to him.

"Clumsy of me!" he said. "I hope you're not hurt." He drew from his breast pocket a curved silver flask. The policeman said nothing. His world, too, contained uncertainties and he was profoundly glad to be able to sit still without discredit. He muttered:

"Shaken. A bit! Anybody would be!"

That let him out and he fell to examining with attention the bayonet catch of the flask top. Tietjens opened it for him. The two girls, advancing at a fatigued trot, were near the dyke side. The fair girl, as they trotted, was trying to adjust her companion's hat; attached by pins to the back of her hair it flapped on her shoulder.

All the rest of the posse were advancing at a very slow walk, in a converging semi-circle. Two little caddies were running, but Tietjens saw them check, hesitate and stop. And there floated to Tietjens' ears the words:

"Stop, you little devils. She'll knock your heads off."

The Rt. Hon. Mr. Waterhouse must have found an admirable voice trainer somewhere. The drab girl was balancing tremulously over a plank on the dyke; the other took it at a jump:

up in the air—down on her feet ; perfectly business-like. And as soon as the other girl was off the plank, she was down on her knees before it, pulling it towards her, the other girl trotting away over the vast marsh field.

The girl dropped the plank on the grass. Then she looked up and faced the men and boys who stood in a row on the road. She called in a shrill, high voice, like a young cockerel's :

"Seventeen to two! The usual male odds! You'll *have* to go round by Camber railway bridge, and we'll be in Folkestone by then. We've got bicycles!" She was half going when she checked and, searching out Tietjens to address, exclaimed : "I'm sorry I said that. Because some of you didn't want to catch us. But some of you *did*. And you *were* seventeen to two." She addressed Mr. Waterhouse :

"Why *don't* you give women the vote?" she said. "You'll find it will interfere a good deal with your indispensable golf if you don't. Then what becomes of the nation's health?"

Mr. Waterhouse said :

"If you'll come and discuss it quietly..."

She said :

"Oh, tell that to the marines," and turned away, the men in a row watching her figure disappear into the distance of the flat land. Not one of them was inclined to risk that jump : there was nine foot of mud in the bottom of the dyke. It was quite true that, the plank being removed, to go after the women they would have had to go several miles round. It had been a well thought out raid. Mr. Waterhouse said that girl was a ripping girl : the others found her just ordinary. Mr. Sandbach, who had only lately ceased to shout : "Hi!" wanted to know what they were going to do about catching the women, but Mr. Waterhouse said : "Oh, chuck it, Sandy," and went off.

Mr. Sandbach refused to continue his match with Tietjens. He said that Tietjens was the sort of fellow who was the ruin of England. He said he had a good mind to issue a warrant for the arrest of Tietjens—for obstructing the course of justice. Tietjens pointed out that Sandbach wasn't a borough magistrate and so couldn't. And Sandbach went off, dot and carry one, and began a furious row with the two city men who had retreated to a distance. He said they were the sort of men who were the ruin of England. They bleated like rams...

Tietjens wandered slowly up the course, found his ball, made his shot with care and found that the ball deviated several feet less to the right of a straight line than he had expected. He tried the shot again, obtained the same result and tabulated his observations in his notebook. He sauntered slowly back towards the club-house. He was content.

He felt himself to be content for the first time in four months. His pulse beat calmly ; the heat of the sun all over him appeared to be a beneficent flood. On the flanks of the older and larger

sandhills he observed the minute herbage, mixed with little purple aromatic plants. To these the constant nibbling of sheep had imparted a protective tininess. He wandered, content, round the sandhills to the small, silted harbour mouth. After reflecting for some time on the wave-curves in the sloping mudof the water sides he had a long conversation, mostly in signs, with a Finn who hung over the side of a tarred, stump-masted, battered vessel that had a gaping, splintered hole where the anchor should have hung. She came from Archangel; was of several hundred tons burthen, was knocked together anyhow, of soft wood, for about ninety pounds, and launched, sink or swim, in the timber trade. Beside her, taut, glistening with brasswork, was a new fishing boat, just built there for the Lowestoft fleet. Ascertaining her price from a man who was finishing her painting, Tietjens reckoned that you could have built three of the Archangel timber ships for the cost of that boat, and that the Archangel vessel would earn about twice as much per hour per ton...

It was in that way his mind worked when he was fit: it picked up little pieces of definite, workmanlike information. When it had enough it classified them: not for any purpose but because to know things was agreeable and gave a feeling of strength, of having in reserve something that the other fellow would not suspect... He passed a long, quiet, abstracted afternoon.

In the dressing-room he found the General, among lockers, old coats, and stoneware washing basins set in scrubbed wood. The General leaned back against a row of these things.

"You are the ruddy *limit*!" he exclaimed.

Tietjens said:

"Where's Macmaster?"

The General said he had sent Macmaster off with Sandbach in the two-seater. Macmaster had to dress before going up to Mountby. He added: "The *ruddy* limit!" again.

"Because I knocked the bobbie over?" Tietjens asked. "He liked it."

The General said:

"Knocked the bobbie over... I didn't see that."

"He didn't want to catch the girls," Tietjens said, "you could see him—oh, yearning not to."

"I don't want to know anything about that," the General said. "I shall hear enough about it from Paul Sandbach. Give the bobbie a quid and let's hear no more of it. I'm a magistrate."

"Then what have I done?" Tietjens said. "I helped those girls to get off. *You* didn't want to catch them; Waterhouse didn't, the policeman didn't. No one did except the swine. Then what's the matter?"

"Damn it all!" the General said, "don't you remember that you're a young married man?"

With the respect for the General's superior age and achievements, Tietjens stopped himself laughing.

"If you're really serious, sir", he said, "I always remember it very carefully. I don't suppose you're suggesting that I've ever shown want of respect for Sylvia."

The General shook his head.

"I don't know," he said. "And damn it all I'm worried. I'm... Hang it all, I'm your father's oldest friend." The General looked indeed worn and saddened in the light of the sand-drifted, ground glass windows. He said: "Was that skirt a... a friend of yours? Had you arranged it with her?"

Tietjens said:

"Wouldn't it be better, sir, if you said what you had on your mind?..."

The old General blushed a little.

"I don't like to," he said straightforwardly. "You brilliant fellows... I only want, my dear boy, to hint..."

Tietjens said, a little more stiffly.

"I'd prefer you to get it out, sir... I acknowledge your right as my father's oldest friend."

"Then," the General burst out, "who was the skirt you were lolloping up Pall Mall with? On the last day they trooped the colours?... I didn't see her myself... Was it this same one? Paul said she looked like a cook maid."

Tietjens made himself a little more rigid.

"She was, as a matter of fact, a bookmaker's secretary," Tietjens said. "I imagine I have the right to walk where I like, with whom I like. And no one has the right to question t... I don't mean you, sir. But no one else."

The General said puzzledly:

"It's you *brilliant* fellows... They all say you're brilliant..."

Tietjens said:

"You might let your rooted distrust of intelligence... It's natural of course; but you might let it allow you to be just to me. I assure you there was nothing discreditable..."

The General interrupted:

"If you were a stupid subaltern and told me you were showing your mother's new cook the way to the Piccadilly tube I'd believe you... But, then, no young subaltern would do such a damn, blasted, tomfool thing! Paul said you walked beside her like the king in his glory! Through the crush outside the Haymarket, of all places in the world!"

"I'm obliged to Sandbach for his commendation..." Tietjens said. He thought a moment. Then he said:

"I was trying to get that young woman... I was taking her out to lunch from her office at the bottom of the Haymarket... To get her off a friend's back. That is, of course, between ourselves."

He said this with great reluctance because he didn't want to cast reflection on Macmaster's taste, for the young lady had been by no means one to be seen walking with a really circumspect public official. But he had said nothing to indicate Matmaster, and he had other friends.

The General choked.

"Upon my soul," he said, "what do you take me for?" He repeated the words as if he were amazed. "If", he said, "my G.S.O.II.—who's the stupidest ass I know— told me such a damn-fool lie as that I'd have him broke to-morrow." He went on expostulatorily: "Damn it all, it's the first duty of a soldier—it's the first duty of all Englishmen—to be able to tell a good lie in answer to a charge. But a lie like that..."

He broke off breathless, then he began again:

"Hang it all, I told that lie to my grandmother and my grandfather told it to *his* grandfather. And they call you brilliant!..." He paused and then asked reproachfully: "Or do you think I'm in a state of senile decay?"

Tietjens said:

"I know you, sîr, to be the smartest general of division in the British Army. I leave you to draw your own conclusions as to why I said what I did..." He had told the truth exact, but he was not sorry to be disbelieved.

The General said:

"Then I'll take it that you tell me a lie meaning me to know that it's a lie. That's quite proper. I take it you mean to keep the woman officially out of it. But look here, Chrissie"—his tone took a deeper seriousness—"if the woman that's come between you and Sylvia—that's broken up your home, damn it, for that's what it is!—is little Miss Wannop..."

"Her name was Julia Mandelstein," Tietjens said.

The General said:

"Yes! Yes! Of course!... But if it *is* the little Wannop girl and it's not gone too far... Put her back... Put her back, as you used to be a good boy! It would be too hard on the mother.."

Tietjens said:

"General! I give you my word..."

The General said:

"I'm not asking any questions, my boy; I'm talking now. You've told me the story you want told and it's the story I'll tell for you! But that little piece is... she used to be!... as straight as a die. I daresay you know better than I. Of course when they get among the wild women there's no knowing what happens to them. They say they're all whores... I beg your pardon, if you like the girl..."

"Is Miss Wannop," Tietjens asked, "the girl on the..."

"Sandbach said," the General went on, "that he couldn't see from where he was whether that girl was the same as the one in the Haymarket. But he thought it was... He was pretty certain."

"As he's married your sister," Tietjens said, "one can't impugn his taste in women."

"I say again, I'm not asking," the General said. "But I do say again too: put her back. Her father was a great friend of your father's: or your father was a great admirer of his. They say he was the most brilliant brain of the party."

"Of course I know who Professor Wannop was," Tietjens said. "there's nothing you could tell me about him."

"I daresay not," the General said drily. "Then you know that he didn't leave a farthing when he died and the rotten Liberal Government wouldn't put his wife and children on the Civil List because he'd sometimes written for a Tory paper. And you know that the mother has had a deuced hard row to hoe and has only just turned the corner. If she can be said to have turned it. I know Claudine takes them all the peaches she can cadge out of Paul's gardener."

Tietjens was about to say that Mrs. Wannop, the mother, had written the only novel worth reading since the eighteenth century... But the General went on:

"Listen to me, my boy... If you can't get on without women... I should have thought Sylvia was good enough. But I know what we men are... I don't set up to be a saint. I heard a woman in the promenade of the Empîre say once that it was the likes of them that saved the lives and figures of all the virtuous women of the country. And I daresay it's true... But choose a girl that you can set up in a tobacco shop and do your courting in the back parlour. Not in the Haymarket... Heaven knows if you can afford it. That's your affair. You appear to have been sold up. And from what Sylvia's let drop to Claudine..."

"I don't believe", Tietjens said, "that Sylvia's said anything to Lady Claudine... She's too straight."

"I didn't say 'said,' " the General exclaimed, "I particularly said 'let drop'. And perhaps I oughtn't to have said as much as that, you know what devils for ferreting out women are. And Claudine's worse than any woman I ever knew..."

"And, of course, she's had Sandbach to help," Tietjens said.

"Oh, that fellow's worse than any woman," the General exclaimed.

"Then what does the whole indictment amount to?" Tietjens asked.

"Oh, hang it," the General brought out, "I'm nota beastly detective, I only want a plausible story to tell Claudine. Or not even plausible. An obvious lie as long as it shows you're not flying in the face of society—as walking up the Haymarket with the little Wannop when your wife's left you because of her would be."

"What does it amount to?" Tietjens said patiently: "What Sylvia 'let drop'?"

"Only," the General answered, "that you are—that your views are—immoral. Of course they often puzzle me. And, of course, if you have views that aren't the same as other people's, and don't keep them to yourself, other people will suspect you of immorality. That's what put Paul Sandbach on your track!... and that you're extravagant... Oh, hang it... Eternal hansoms, and taxis and telegrams... You know, my boy, times aren't what they were when your father and I married. We used to

say you could do it on five hundred a year as a younger son... And then this girl too..." His voice took on a more agitated note of shyness and pain... "It probably hadn't occurred to you. But, of course, Sylvia has an income of her own... And, don't you see... if you outrun the constable and... In short, you're spending Sylvia's money on the other girl, and that's what people can't stand." He added quickly: "I'm bound to say that Mrs. Staterthwaite backs you through thick and thin. Thick and thin! Claudine wrote to her. But you know what women are with a handsome son-in-law that's always polite to them. But I may tell you that but for your mother-in-law, Claudine would have cut you out of her visiting list months ago. And you'd have been cut out of some others too..."

Tietjens said:

"Thanks. I think that's enough to go on with... Give me a couple of minutes to reflect on what you've said".

"I'll wash my hands and change my coat," the General said with intense relief.

At the end of two minutes, Tietjens said:

"No; I don't see that there is anything I want to say."

The General exclaimed with enthusiasm:

"That's my good lad! Open confession is next to reform... And... and try to be more respectful to your superiors... Damn it; they say you're brilliant. But I thank heaven I haven't got you in my command... Though I believe you're a good lad. But you're the sort of fellow to set a whole division by the ears... A regular... what's his name? A regular Dreyfus!"

"Did you think Dreyfus was guilty?" Tietjens asked.

"Hang it," the General said, "he was worse than guilty—the sort of fellow you couldn't believe in and yet couldn't prove anything against. The curse of the world..."

Tietjens said:

"Ah."

"Well, they are," the General said: "fellows like that *unsettle* society. You don't know where you are. You can't judge. They make you uncomfortable... A brilliant fellow too! I believe he's brigadier-general by now..." He put his arm round Tietjens' shoulders.

"There, there, my dear boy," he said, "come and have a sloe gin. That's the real answer to all beastly problems."

(To be continued)

CHRONIQUES

I

Paris, March.

We have been roundly taken to task by an organ of the extreme British Left.—No, not for questioning the historic sense of the British Prime Minister, but—for having the presumption to call ourselves a Review—or rather a review. We should, we are told, have styled ourselves a magazine—as who should say a ragbag. Later on, by this Organ, we are accorded the title of "miscellany", a politeness thrown as if it were a bone to a dog. Now we are a review—we survey, report and offer documents in support of such views as we presume to hold. We have a definite policy and carry it out with industry and determination. These factors constitute a Review, having actuality and a bearing on the life of the day. A miscellany is a notebook, a magazine a periodical intent on giving pleasure—a periodical of escape from the world. That we are not : we bring the world—the most important side of the world—directly to your doors.

What about us distresses our Left contemporary is this, that we do not publish the solemnised and potentous journalism, that in the normal review passes for contributions to current thought. We do not treat of political economy, philology industrial finance, housing questions, municipal trading, fiscal policy, bibliography or the illegitimate birth-rate, psychotherapeutics or even international football, the cursory perusal of semi-official utterances on such subjects passing for an intellectual occupation. Actually, too often it is the mere pursuit of a soporific digestive. Be that as it may we—the writer and his collaborators—are here to put before the world a picture of the world's real mental activities which are centred in the world's imaginative arts.

This last fact is one little realised in Anglo-Saxon countries where an ever present strain of puritanism obscures aspects

of life that are plain enough to almost all other races. The Arts are pleasant things ; communing with them is an agreeable occupation : therefore to have to do with them at best renders you effeminate and an inefficient wage-earner. At worst it damages your morals. At the very worst it may make you see life as it really is and with some sense of proportion. And, for those who do not so wish to see life, the mere existence of those who do rouses all the spirit of persecution that distinguished our common Anglo-Saxon ancestries. We are in short a persecuted people, we supporters of the humaner arts and letters ; we have our homes in the eternal hills, poor coneys, but if we venture to put our noses outside our buries be sure we shall there find some watcher with a club. We get it in the neck from moralists, from fathers of families, from club committees, from politicians of every shade, whose weapon is the custom house. The Left abhors us because we give to the rendering of life the brains that should be devoted to Left propaganda ; the Centre—the Centre in most countries representing the religious parties—desires to suppress us; why it is difficult to say. For the love of God, as the phrase is ; or in order that maid-servants may be plentiful and subservient? Who knows? Yet that is a folly in Church parties, for the arts have given the Churches the most valuable support that they ever had and the gradual going to pieces of religious life has fairly well synchronised with the modern growth of religious indifference to the arts. As for the Right—the Right to which we naturally belong! Alas! The other day we were listening by chance to a denunciation of ourselves from the heavily mousachioed lips of a live, Tory, blood and thunder, raging Major. A real Major ; one who had arranged the commissariat of a unit from an office in a metropolitan city during the late struggle. He was calling down the wrath of heaven and official lightnings on our heads. Why? Because one of the contributors to our second number bears the same Christian name as a notorious Enemy Agent during the late War! Well, The Right Party was always the stupid Party and needed always someone to do its dirty work ; but we have seldom come across an instance of greater stupidity—or of dirtier work!

Let us abandon the consideration of Chamber Politics and turn to those of the world ; let us no longer attend to Red Internationals or to White Balancings of powers but let us think to what extent Dostoievsky unites peoples or how largely Stendhal is a Separatist. For there is only one neutral region where boundaries melt away and where spheres of delimitation are not. That is the world of thought and the liberal arts. I may be British, you, American ; he, French. Our Country is one and the same. For you will see—and more than anywhere else in Paris you will see!—a score of men all peaceable together ; all discussing, vehemently or with quiet earnestness ; of seven

different nations but as harmonious as it is given to men to be. They will be united by a common art. There is no other such bond of union as that between differing races of men, and there was never anything truer said than that the artists of several nations, the moment they meet discover one between another an unparallelled intimacy. Of what other class of men can this be said? Of bankers? But one wishes the Change up, the other, down; and so wars arise. Of lawyers? But two of them cannot meet together without crying up, emulously, the one to the other, the Case Law of Anglo Saxondom as against the codifications of the rest of the world and so their differences are emphasised. Why, an English baker and a European one cannot meet together without the Englishman, considering the soggy, half-baked dough that he sells as bread, calling his interlocutor fool in that he cannot foist such heavyweight stuff upon his public, or without the other regarding him as knave for selling bread that is mostly water. And all these men have conflicting Interests which for the turn of a penny or two they will very complacently see by others put to the arbitrament of the sword. But amongst writers, say, there is little or no nationalism. You will find this writer lamenting to a French confrère that in France Flaubert is losing ground; you will find a Frenchman telling this writer that Carlyle as a stylist is all the same as Walter Savage Landor, and forsaking the marble table this writer will go out and possibly cry. Or again this writer will feel angry with such Western men of Letters as cannot see that the immediate literary future is to America. But we have no conflicting interests: all that we want is that our favourite foreign writers shall prevail in our own lands.

Our preoccupations are solely with methods; our anxieties are the same; if, being of different nations we meet, we shall know one common language, and with one voice we shall agree to cry: "*Quel métier de chien*!" In the cosmopolitan tawdrinesses of Riviera hotels we shall drift together, abandoning our lay fellow-countrymen who are so infinitely alien, and similarly we shall drift together on vast railway platforms, in the saloons of liners, the Land that is without frontiers travelling with us. That is the real Utopia!

And, every other class of man having had a try at the government of the world and having so lamentably botched the immense job, it is time that the imaginative artist voiced his claim to hegemony with a harsher tone than any he has yet adopted. And it is time that the history of the world be re-written in this sense. We are accustomed to read—and to concede!—that the Church kept the Arts alive during the Dark Ages. It is time to see that it was the Arts that, during those ages, kept alive

the church ; that it was not the Popes who supported Raphael but Raphael who has stabilised the walls of the Vatican ; that it is not France that erects the Pantheon but the Pantheon that maintains the country of Prose. For how many men in the late troubles did, like the writer, physically support the cause of France because of the cadences of Flaubert? Not a few! Thousands, consciously or unconsciously! Or, in the last, quaint words that the writer ever heard from the lips of Mr. Henry James : *Vous allez vous battre pour le sol sacré de... Mme de Stael*!

Long pondering has not revealed why it should have been Mme de Stael any more than Mme de Recamier or any other lady for whom, in the eyes of the Master, we adventured ourselves. But whether for Flaubert, for Daudet, for Gauthier, for Stendhal or merely for Hugo, Dumas or Racine—it was in the end for the Prose of France that we struggled. And of this, in the end, France was conscious enough ; the consciousness in turn bringing about the end. In a sense then, the late war was a dim recognition of the fact that civilisation consists not in the grossnesses of wanton display but in frugality and a quiet life—in plain living and high thinking, It is the fate of the imaginative artist to cultivate the Muses on a little thin oatmeal. *Musas coluimus parva tenui avena*, truly—and just because the artist on this thin diet with its concomitant table furnishings can live a life of dignity and beauty, he should be regarded as the pattern rather than the whipping-boy of the corld. And it was—though we did not know it—because France long ago recognised these necessities of a real civilisation, that we were on the side of France rather than on the side of Prussia which considered that two poached eggs, a liver sausage and a quart of beer form the proper *hors d'œuvres*, the before dinner snack—for the lusty German woman. For Germania!

God knows we are gross enough, we Anglo-Saxons. Our hoggish table-requirements; our vast over-eatings and over-drinkings: our ignorance of the merest rudiments of culinary economy make us the flail of a world always trembling on the brink of Armageddons—because of food shortage; and the hideous thing that we call our "civilisation" is slowly reducing the world to a commuter's suburb of a congeries of bebathroomed sky-scrapers. But even through our dim fatuousnesses there did pierce the half consciousness that, on this side of the Channel and the Atlantic there was a civilisation of an intense dignity, of an intense frugality, in which human labours were conducted as if they were, precisely, Arts. And we went to work to preserve that civilisation, dimly realising that if that were submerged the world must go under, into a secular dark ages.

We fought to preserve a land fit, not for heroes, but for imaginative artists. Having done it most of us set to work to extirpate them. We seek to extirpate them for being more decent than ourselves ; more frugal ; more educated—but that is the national, the racial, the Anglo Saxon "we". The We of the Transatlantic Review exists, a just man in Sodom, if possible to redress the balance. We are here to present on the table of our *camera obscura* as many of the art activities of the world as we can get in ; we are here for that and no other reason. "When other birds", as the poet said of the robin, "sing mortal loud and swearing ; when the wind lulls we try to get a hearing". That, in the process, some of life should get rendered in the specimens that we present is possibly our misfortune in a temporal sense. It lets us in for these clubbings.

Thus, the other day, falling foul of "*Ah que d'Amour gâché*" by M. Georges Pillement which we published in our second number, the committee of an Anglo Saxon ladies' institution solemnly burned that copy of the Review. "*Ah, que d'Amour gâché*", as the writer has elsewhere pointed out, is a representation of manners and morals in one of the most typical of all Anglo-Saxon institutions—a night-club on the right bankof the Seine. We are not ourselves much acquainted with such institutions ; but there they are in great numbers, subsisting solely on Anglo Saxon gold converted into francs. Now, if such places exist, and more particularly if they are reprehensible, what is the sense of suppressing projections of what there goes on ? That is a frame of mind entirely mysterious. For the ladies do not try to suppress the reprehensible institutions founded by their men-folk ; they try to suppress the organ that depicts how their men-folk there behave. Why ? Do they approve of and wish to maintain the institutions ? We imagine not. Then the best way, one would imagine, to bring about their end would be to depict the reprehensibilities, and the more vividly the reprehensibilities were depicted—though M. Pillement's poem is merely a delicate shadowing !—the more quickly would horrified humanity arise and sweep these plague-pits from the surface of the globe.

That would appear to be common sense ; but possibly we are wrong. We are at any rate bewildered. In the present number for instance, in furtherance of our aim of letting the public know what is going on in the world of the arts literary we present the reader with a bonne bouche in the way of a Supplement containing fragments—it is our great privilege to be able to produce them !—of works actually in progress under the pens of three of the writers most representative of France, Great Britain and the United States. We took the manuscripts—with great gratitude, but otherwise as a matter of course. Then,

during the printing it was hinted to us that one of these manuscripts might ensure our suppression at the hands of the vigilant Customs "I" whose letter we quoted in our last issue. We remained bewildered, but submitted the manuscript to the most representative official Englishman that we could find in this city. His view was that not the most autocratic of Customs Officials in the smallest of British ports could lay hands upon the number containing this delicate prose that had been questioned. We wait meanwhile with bated breath, bewildered still. But it occurs to us as a hint to a reader of commercial instincts: Should this number be suppressed by Exciseman X the value of the remaining copies would be enormously enhanced. The really acute reader should try to secure as many copies as he can and as soon as he can.

The poems of Mr. Coppard and of Mr. J. J. Adams in former numbers were received with such warm liking by readers whose taste we esteem that we print further specimens of their work in this number. We should be obliged if Mr. Adams would send us his address for a certain delicate but not unpleasant purpose. We have been censured for printing so much French in our pages. We can only say that our effort is to keep the measures fairly even between the languages of the three nations here represented and that if any gentleman cannot read enough of French to appreciate the realtively simple prose with which we present him he had better—oh, go and learn it!

Erratum

By an unfortunate oversight the words "short stories" were omitted after the word "write" from the line 19, p. 54 of our last issue.

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The Galerie Simone asks us to state that in our Art Supplement the photographs for reproduction of the two *Nature morte* plates after Braque were supplied by them.

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We should like to make the note, that the punctuation in various items is that of the contributors and not that preferred by the Editorial staff. This is inevitable with writers of varying nations and strong personalities.

II

LETTRE DE PARIS.

Paris, March.

Va-t-on se séparer?

Nous nous sommes battus côte à côte, les Anglais et nous, pendant quatre ans. Et tous les deux, les Anglais et nous, nous nous sommes très bien battus, du moins je le suppose, puisque nous avons eu la victoire.

... A la réflexion cela signifie peut-être seulement que les Allemands ont fait encore, au point de vue militaire, diplomatique etc., plus de bêtises que nous. Mais cela, c'est une autre histoire et l'on doit s'en tenir au fait, qui est qu'à nous deux, d'abord, et puis. à nous trois, quand les États-Unis, qui sont un autre Etat anglo-saxon, ont fini par arriver, un peu tard, mais bien gentiment, nous avons eu la victoire.

Les Français ne l'auraient pas gagnée tout seuls, les Anglais ne l'auraient pas gagnée tout seuls, les Américains ne l'auraient pas gagnée tout seuls.

Ça, M. Clemenceau l'a déjà dit, mais, comme c'est une vérité première, il importe de la répéter.

Ce que M. Clemenceau n'a pas dit, mais qui est aussi une vérité première, c'est que cette victoire *a été gagnée sur terre*. Car la seule bataille navale qui a été livrée, celle du Jutland, est demeurée indécise... Jusque là, la flotte anglaise avait rendu un immense service en coupant l'Allemagne de la plus grande partie des approvisionnements extérieures dont elle avait besoin. Mais si la guerre sous-marine avait duré six mois de plus, on ne sait pas du tout comment ça aurait tourné sur mer.

D'où il suit :

1° que les Etats-Unis ont rendu un service au moins aussi considérable à l'Angleterre qu'à la France en arrivant, en 1918, sur les champs de bataille *terrestres*, les seuls qui ont donné et pouvaient donner, la décision.

2° Que malgré tout les efforts, la maîtrise de la mer et la victoire sur mer sont quelque chose de très difficile à obtenir et à garder.

D'ailleurs, les véritables victoires, les victoires décisives — sauf en cas de guerre civile, comme à Actium, — semblent ne pouvoir être remportées que sur terre. La France avait reçu en 1805, à Trafalgar, une pile définitive. Cela ne l'a pas empêchée, dix ans encore, de tenir l'Angleterre en échec. Elle n'a été réduite, mise à genoux, que sur terre, dix ans plus tard, à Waterloo.

Si l'on conserve en vue ces faits, qui me paraissent incontestables, il faut se demander quel est, actuellement, après la grande guerre de 1914, l'intérêt *politique* de l'Angleterre.

Il n'existe plus, sur le continent cette *balance of powers* dont elle a joué pendant plus d'un siècle. Il n'y a plus de Russie, on ne sait pour combien de temps. Il n'y a plus d'Allemagne, on ne sait pour combien de temps.

Il n'y a qu'une France, appuyée sur les nouveaux Etats de l'Europe Centrale, qui continueront à avoir peur, tant qu'ils ne seront pas consolidés, d'un redressement de l'Allemagne.

L'Angleterre s'en inquiète. Tant qu'une politique lui a donné des résultats avantageux elle s'y tient. Elle ne se fatigue pas la cervelle a en changer, rien dont elle ait plus horreur que de se fatiguer la cervelle.

Maintenant qu'il n'y a plus de *balance of powers*, elle est de mauvaise humeur. C'est à cette mauvaise humeur qu'il faut attribuer, essentiellement, son attitude dans la question des réparations, et du gage pris par la France dans la Ruhr.

Quand leur gouvernement dit aux Anglais que le mauvais état de leur commerce vient des exigences de la France à l'égard de l'Allemagne, il sait fort bien qu'il leur bourre le crâne ; quand l'industrie allemande se sera relevée, c'est-à-dire quand elle aura obtenu de ne rien payer du tout, le commerce anglais finira d'être écrasé — et par la concurrence allemande, non pas américaine ou française.

C'est donc cette conception périmée, *out of date*, de la politique de la *balance of powers* qui obscurcit la lucidité des diplomates anglais. Ils ne se posent pas la question que voici :

Quel sera sous peu de temps, l'Etat Européen qui pourra nous faire concurrence, dans le commerce maritime, lequel est la base la plus solide de la prospérité anglaise ?

Est-ce la France, est-ce l'Allemagne ?

On peut répondre que la France ne possédera plus jamais une marine de commerce importante, par la raison, à laquelle on n'a jamais assez réfléchi, que le métier de marin est un métier très dur — et, pour cette cause exige une population en surcroît, une natalité considérable : on ne va sur mer que si l'on ne trouve pas facilement de travail à terre.

La France a une faible natalité.

Le Français est né pour les travaux agricoles et pour les métiers de luxe, demandant de l'intelligence et de l'adresse, et qui rapportent beaucoup plus que celui de matelot ou d'ouvrier « non-qualifié. »

L'Allemagne a une natalité très forte — plus forte que celle de l'Angleterre. De plus, comme l'Angleterre, elle est devenue plus industrielle qu'agricole. Elle a une population misérable. Elle a besoin, comme l'Angleterre, d'importer et d'exporter pour vivre. Sa marine de commerce ressuscite déjà. Dans peu de temps elle sera aussi importante qu'avant la guerre.

Quand un pays possède une marine de commerce qui en vaut la peine, il lui faut une marine de guerre pour la défendre.

Mais l'Allemagne ne peut se donner, de nouveau, une marine de guerre, qu'à la condition de déchirer le traité de Versailles.

Elle veut le déchirer pour la terre d'abord, contre la France, mais ensuite elle le déchirera pour la mer, contre l'Angleterre.

Or toute la politique de l'Angleterre, depuis 1919, consiste à affaiblir les conséquences territoriales du traité de Versailles. On dirait qu'elle est plus près d'une entente avec l'Allemagne qu'avec la France. Le résultat de cette politique peut, dans l'avenir, être très grave pour elle.

Il a déjà produit un phénomène désastreux, qui est l'effondrement des parties démocratiques en Allemagne. Si l'Angleterre était allée tout de suite, avec la France, dans la Ruhr, d'abord elle aurait eu la garantie la plus sûre, de la sorte, que nous n'y resterions pas ; ensuite il y aurait eu moins de chances pour une restauration monarchique en Allemagne, restauration qui sera une immense menace pour la paix européenne, et qui trouvera l'Angleterre désemparée.

Je ne dis pas du tout que, de notre côté, nous n'ayons fait des bêtises, j'en parlerai une autre fois, si cela convient aux lecteurs de la *Transatlantic Review*. Mais tout de même, il ne faudrait pas dire que toutes les bêtises sont de notre côté !...

Pierre Mille.

III

AND FROM THE UNITED STATES

Paris, February 1924.

"I told them all at dinner about it and Father Dolan and I and all of us we all had a hearty laugh together over it. Ha Ha Ha."

Yet even then and after that experience, and it happened many times, I spoke loudly and rhetorically of American art appreciation. I was very subtle, very diplomatic, very persistent. I courted it. I wooed it. I even solicited it publicly in the streets. Not that the home products seemed as a whole, or even as a fair minority, "vital", "close to the soil", "well-jazzed", or even decently good, but it did seem—well, damned necessary that America should have an appreciation of a significant, national art.

Like the most conscientious of pilgrims I made a trip to Thoreau's lake, outside of Concord, and saw the pile of stones over the site of his fallen cottage (for it must be known that every faithful follower upon his arrival is expected to unearth a rock and throw it on the Naturalist's former home).

I went over into New Jersey, passing the gas tanks of Jersey City, an exceptional study in shapes despite the cloying odour of escaping gas. In Trenton, my destination, I drank some excellent beer, and on the way home found myself thinking apathetically of Stephen Crane and envying him his escape.

I once talked with a man who had known another man who in turn had known Herman Melville. He, that is the first one, told me that someone had been fond of rum. I could not discover whether this preference had been the acquaintance's or Melville's.

And in Ohio the president of a local Transcendental club showed me a framed copy of *Oh Captain—My Captain* with a lock of Walt Whitman's hair pasted above it. "My husband gave me this," she explained. Her husband being but recently dead, I said nothing.

If all this seem frivolous and inane, pray, what can one do? Where is the manifestation of that national awakening to art consciousness? Proletarian art is produced for the diversion of the *Vanity Fair* sophistication of New York. Aristocratic art is produced—the Lord knows why. It is a question of aesthetics and the "creative urge". Banality in an estimation

is preferable to bombast. "The soft texture of a Southern belle's voice reciting E. A. Poe"? "The grand and glorious future of the art of California"? "The he-man and the she-woman of Nebraska riding into the dusk of the after-glow, seeking the artistic consumation of a life of toil"? Blah, and again Blah. We who are fatuously, sentimentally hopeful must look forward, and count the copies of this or that book sold, the number present at this or that exhibition, drawing a meagre satisfaction from these unrelated numbers.

And the critics, who by analysis or interpretation contribute to a national appreciation, what of them? The larger part are of two kinds, those who worship the conscious cleverness of a phrase regardless of impression or conviction (and many seem incapable of either), and those who blithely feast upon each other's compliments. Of those whose attitude one may take more seriously, either impressionistic or scientific, nearly all are consistently and stupidly attacked or simply ignored. I think particularly of Randolph Bourne, who died in 1919 in New York. He has become prophet and symbol for that group which desires, for a more vigorous and impartial criticism of life and art, an attempt at an unrationalized approach, an alert intelligence, and a sensitive perception of beauty. Still, however, mock erudition, prudery, word-drunkenness, dogma, and complaisancy rule American criticism in an indigestible mass, and one turns with dismay from reviewer's column to society page and with a sigh of relief on to the comic supplement. And by the way, while I fully realize that the following quotation from Mr. Van Vechten's "cartoon for a stained glass window" is only one of his character's fleeting impressions, and as such, effective, still it remains a serious indictment against American criticism that, "She uses words for their connotations and detonations" should be the most illuminating appreciation of Miss Stein's work to issue from America.

The other day on Chestnut Street in Boston I encountered a young man of my acquaintance. He is one whom I do not like. He upsets my delicately balanced compensations. I tried to avoid him. He, however, had spotted me, and I saw that he was hurrying.

"I am writing something," he shrieked.

"Are you," I answered.

"A drama," he went on. I knew then that something unpleasant was about to happen. I grinned feebly.

"Yes, a drama of American emotions. It will begin with Betsy Ross sewing stars on the American flag. It will reach its climax with the "elegant" and "Grand Avenue" period of the 1890's. And it will fade off slowly in the "dying fall" of the latest "mother song hit" on the American vaudeville stage."

He was triumphant. I fled; aroun the corner into Acorn Street. There I stopped to ponder, damning his adolescence.

American emotions? Over the turmoil and energy of Manhattan the dellicatessen and patent preventitive life of Columbus circle spreads seductively. Where I stood, Beacon Hill was reading its *Transcript* and gazing ponderously over Boston from its heights of respectability. Chicago? The North Shore country clubs will open in the Spring. And the South, the mystic South, full of tenuous themes, stolen, perhaps unconsciously borrowed from the subject race in its midst? A mixture of barbarous melody, bar-room sophistication, and cheap sentimentality.

But of the winter. Ponderously, sour-bellied, it begins, then scampers into syncopation. For five American professors have climbed backward up five hills; and one has said, "The nation must fulfill its phase of the absolute. Watch the pendulum." and another, "Literature must be cleansed of vice and wantonness," and another. "The safety and integrity of the nation consecrated by our father's blood must be preserved," and the fourth, "Know thyself and be sure that no one else does," and the last, "For the glory of the great white race." And in spite and because of all that: The League of Composers has begun a series of concerts in New York. *The American Mercury* has made its appearance. Mr. Boyd has attacked the dilletantes, and Mr. Rascoe has replied. M. Apollinaire's *The Poet Assassinated* has appeared in translation. *The Liberator* has moved to Chicago to join the Labor Party. Mr. Huxley's *Antic Hay* has been prosecuted by the Boston Watch and Ward Society. A homosexual cult has spread on the ripples of last year's psychoanalytic spasm from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Theatre Guild has presented M. Lenormand's *Failures* and Mr. Shaw's *St. Joan*. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks has been awarded the *Dial* prize for 1923. Messers Putnam and Turbyfill have become the spokesmen of a new group in Chicago with their very serious *Evaporation*. Mr. Guthrie's *Trobar Clubs* has appeared, and in connection with its appearance someone has said something vaguely about "revitalizing literature." Archipenko has had a remarkable exhibition in New York. One pauses for breath. Does it mean very much? One wonders.

But a new Spring is near at hand. A new Spring and a new series of publisher's lists. A new label will be evolved from Senatorial mental processes to settle the political problems of a nation. The roar of the L's and surface cars will jar more heavily through open windows. The bootblacks will appear on Washington Square. Of an afternoon a procession of motors, new from Detroit, will blaze down Michigan Boulevard and out Sheridan Road along the lake. Wild geese will fly northward over Boston in the night. And the youngest of the "yet unknowns" will stand in the shadow of the State House and murmur softly, "Paris—Paris."

Kenneth Jewett.

COMMUNICATIONS

I

We have received a number of communications dealing with the literary cure for sleeplessness communicated to our second number by Dr. Eekhoud, several of these being notes of gratitude for cures effected at any rate to date. Several others ask for details of the methods of scoring; promised by the doctor in his letter. Dr. Eekhoud having however left the address given by him we are not able to communicate with him. Perhaps he will let us know where he is.

We have also received a great number of attempts to identify the passage "of genius" in the analysis of *Romance* by Joseph Conrad and F. M. Hueffer which too was published in our second number. The writers all err on the side of the romantic. As a guide to possible future competitors—or recidivists—for the small prize offered, we may as well say that, when they exclaimed: "This is genius!" the two authors were in a mood of humourous-sardonic exhilaration.

We are also, in Paris, deluged with complaints as to difficulty in obtaining the review from booksellers advertised as stocking it. We do not know what we can do about it. On complaining ourselves to one of the largest and most old-established booksellers in Paris the booksellers answered that they had been out of copies of the Review for some days but had been too busy to send an order on a postcard. A Seine jury would certainly acquit one if one shot a mere bookseller, but, all militarist as we are, we feel a certain repulsion at the idea of taking the life of the humblest of Trade's creatures, even though the Bookseller is the natural enemy of the man of letters and the bookbuyer. The fact is that the profit on a copy of the Review is so small that until a Bookseller can be found who will sell books for the love of it we and the Reader must suffer from the listlessness of the Trade. The friendly Reader—and all reviews exist solely by the friendliness of the Reader—has the matter at least a little in his own hands. If he announces to booksellers refusing to supply this Review that he will buy his expensive

English or American books, stationery and papers at establishments that do sell this review the languid obstructionist would soon be sending, us postcards.

Echoes of our Art Supplement reach us in the communications published below and entitled *L'Independant*.
We have received also the expected return to the charge of our foreign Correspondent who first started our Customs hare in No ii with the query as to whether the English were as hypocritical as the inhabitants of the United States. We could not answer him. Now this gentleman, like the character in *Les Kamtchatka* who *souhaitait l'extermination générale* sighs for the extinction of the Anglo-Saxon cousin-races. In that too we cannot help him ; we also regret that, there being Customs Houses, we cannot publish his letter. Mr. Pound sends us the Communication that follows. Its precise significance or bearing on the camera obscura of the Arts escapes us for the moment. But Mr. Pound always has his meanings and our hospitable columns are open to any one who will write with force.

We have, for instance been blamed for printing in our No iii the attack by Miss Markus on Modern German Art ; we shall be quite frightfully hammered on the head by our own particular supporters next month for printing praise of writers who are outside the modern more-or-less-Movement for which we more or less stand. We can't help that. The inhabitants of Budapest don't like Germans or German art ; relatively normal British and American criticism does support writers whom we should not print, and these are factors of the art world that editorially and dispassionately we see fit to take account of.

Mr. Pound's Communication runs :

DEATH OF ARSENE LUPIN.

The *Corriere de la Sera* reports from Paris (Feb. 18th) the death of Battistino Travail, "father of the oxyhydric flame", just as he was about to be pardoned a ten years' French prison sentence at the instance of the Italian government ; for services rendered in breaking the Austrian legation's safe in Berne. According to this report Travail happened to be in Berne and bored and, hearing that there were 200,000 francs in the safe, found very useful documents by accident. These he took to an Italian diplomat. The papers contained a list of Austrian secret agents in Italy and details of Austrian defenses in the Trentino... The diplomat offered him "*una somma importante*" but the burglar refused.

As a contribution to the "keying up" question. Let the stylists go to it. E. P.

II

L'INDÉPENDANT.

A Review of the current exhibition.

All Gaul, I said aloud,
Into three parts is divided,
Gaul divided, indeed my dears
If there were less talking—
If only they were fewer
TALKING. All Gaul, I screamed, in three parts,
Stamping my feet, flattening my hands on the cold desk
Howling : I hate the third part.
Here
The entire assembly fairly shook the rafters
With their laughing,
Shook the wet shingles and the Restoration chimney,
Of course with breeding and restraint—
Dignity one finds in Providence on Sunday.
Hear
Those bells, don't you hear those bells?
That's what I like about the Sabbath—bells—
Bells and Sunday painting ;
Which is the only second part
Because there are a dozen parts ;
And you can't get them anywhere else at that price
Madame, you can't get them at any price any where
At any other price.

Stepping aside to let the Academic Procession pass, the
boatman wiped his hands on his blue pants and went on talking.
Now you take Giotto—he's alright—know what Petrarch said?
Said the lower classes failed to understand.
Dam my eyes I vote with the lower classes—
Look at his eyes they're Chinese that's what they are ; *and*
A chinois San Francisco when he's visible

Of all aesthetic fashions is most risible ;
Now my son, if I do say it myself, can draw an eye,
A latin I which is silent
Like the Sunday rain in Wall Street...

Who ? Me ?
A Sunday Painter ?
Why my mother wouldn't let me play dominoes on Sunday—
I am only an ambitious hot-headed youth avid of notoriety—
Ask Tom—
And if I dont get it by wearing silver spangles
On these red tights,
Then *I will by spilling*
my bright incalculable soul
on eighteen foot canvas.
Let them resign, the whole dam staff—
And the sooner the better,
That's what I say.

The poor old Seine ; exhausted after its effort to outgrow
its banks, slid wearily under the Pont Royal,
Right down past the Grand Palais,
Got a glimpse of the roofs but didn't stop—
Strangely enough—didn't like the roofs perhaps—
Well neither do I—they don't look solid—
And the Palais should be solid through and through ;
I'm a royalist and I like things solid
One part solid through and through.
The Louvre—the Seine didn't stop for the Louvre
For the lanterns of the Louvre.
Isn't it maddening
Isn't it saddening
This exasperating indifference
To the Louvre—
To the Lanterns (oh those Lanterns) of the Louvre.
Louvre—Louvre.
My dear—
My dears all of you ;
The secret of my charm is simplicity—
But you've got to know something too—
For Lord's sake don't be naive—
Not with that sophisticated face ;
Watch the middleaged being girlish.
No, indeed
The next best thing is to know a lot
Know Heaps
And dress your best.
Some of these are well dressed but don't know anything.
Here's one that knows a little—
But you see what comes of following the style too closely.

And tomorrow—well you know what—
Tomorrow Gaul may be undivided—good Lord—
And Caesar (only it wasn't)
Looking for fresh worlds
Might settle in Costa Rica.
Which strikes me as being
Excruciatingly funny.
Caesar in Costa Rica—
I suppose there is humor in a crucifixtion.
Which might be any one of the three parts.
All of the parts.
All three.

Now that the sun is out of my eyes—
We will go on with the window closed
On Gaul which is divided
In three parts:
And these three be
Faith hope and charitee;
The greatest of these three—
I pause to let my words grip you
And move out of the sun
Which hurts my eyes—
The greatest is Hope.

Giovanni Scudo.

transatlantic review.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FROM WORK IN PROGRESS

I

by James Joyce

And there they were too listening in as hard as they could to the solans and sycamores and the wild geese and gannets and the migratories and mistlethrushes and the auspices and all the birds of the sea, all four of them, all sighing and sobbing, and listening.

They were the big four, the four master waves of Erin, all listening, four. There was old Matt Gregory and then besides old Matt there was old Marcus Lyons, the four waves, and oftentimes they used to be saying grace together right enough ; here now we are the four of us : old Matt Gregory and old Marcus and old Luke Tarpey : the four of us and sure thank God there are no more of us : and sure now you wouldn't go and forget and leave out the other fellow and old Johnny Mac Dougall : the four of us and no more of us and so now pass the fish for Christ sake, Amen : the way they used to be saying their grace before fish repeating itself for auld lang syne. And so there they were spraining their ears listening and listening to the oceans of kissening with their eyes glistening all the four when he was kiddling and cuddling his colleen bawn, the hero, that was very wrong and most improper, and cuddling her and kissing her with his poghue like Arrah-na-poghue, the dear dear annual, they all four remembered who made the world and how they used to be at that time in the vulgar era cuddling and kiddling her from under her mistlethrush and kissing and listening in the

good old bygone days of Dion Boucicault the elder in Arrah-na-pogue in one of the farback, pitchblack centuries when who made the world when they knew O'Clery, the man on the door, when they were all four collegians on the nod, whiteboys and oakboys, peep of day boys and peeping tom boys, with their slates and satchels playing Florian's fables in the queen's Ultonian colleges with another fellow. Ah ho! It brought the dear prehistoric scenes all back again as fresh as of yore, Matt and Marcus, and after that now there he was and his Arrah-na-poghue before the four of them so shocking and scandalous and now thank God there were no more of them and he poghuing and poghuing and there they were listening, as tired as they were, the three jolly topers, with their mouths watering along with the other fellow so pass the poghue for Christ' sake Amen. Listening and poghuing and watering all the four, the old connubial men of the sea, Luke and Johnny Mac Dougall and all wishening for anything at all of the bygone times for a cup of kindness yet, for four farback tumblerfuls of woman squash with them all four listening and spraining their ears for the millennium and all their mouths making water.

Johnny. Ah well sure that's the way (up) and it so happened there was poor Matt Gregory (up), their pater familias, and (up) the others and now really and (up) truly they were four dear old heladies and really they looked so nice and bespectable and after that they had their fathom-glasses to find out all the fathoms and their half a tall hat just now like the old marquess of Powerscourt, the old determined despot, only for the saltwater or the auctioneer there in front of the place near O'Clery's beside that ancient Dame street where statue of Mrs. Dana O'Connell behind the Trinity college that arranges all the auctions of the valuable colleges, Battersby Sisters, like the auctioneer Battersby Sisters that sells all the emancipated statues and powerscourts, James H. Tickell, the jaypee, off Hoggin Green going to the horse show before the flood along with another fellow and the shoeblacks and the redshanks

and plebeians and everyone highstepping to get out of his way and all the tercentenary horses and priesthunters from the Curragh and confusionaries and the authorities over from England and American—cattleraiders (so they say) all over in his grey half a tall hat (how do you do, jaypee?) and his—gallowglasses to find out all the improper colleges (and how do you do, Mr. Dame James? get out of my way!) and all the horsepowers. But now that reminds me of the poor Marcus of Lyons and poor Johnny the patrician, and what do you think of the four of us and there they were now listening right enough, the four saltwater widowers, and all they could remembore long long ago in the olden times Momonian and Lally when my heart knew no care and after that then there was the official landing of Lady James Casement in the year of the flood 1132 S.O.S. and the christening of Queen Battersby the Fourth according to her grace the bishop, alderwoman J. P. Bishop, Senior, and then there was the drowning of Pharoah and all his pedestrians and they were all completely drowned into the sea, the red sea, and then poor Martin Cunningham, the official out of the castle on pension, when he was completely drowned off Dunleary at that time in the red sea and a lovely mourning paper and thank God there were no more of him. And that now was how it was. Ay, ay! And so he was.

Marcus. And after that, not forgetting, there was the Flemish armada all scattered and all officially drowned there and then on a lovely morning after the universal flood at about eleven thirtytwo was it? off the coast of Cunningham and Saint Patrick the anabaptist and Saint Kevin the lacustrian and Powerscourt and Dana our first marents and Lapoleon the equestrian, and all they remembored and then there was the French fleet round about the year of Notre Dame 1132 P.P.C. or so landing from under Madam general Bonaboche, in his half a grey traditional hat and after that there he was, so terrestrial, poghuing her scandalous and very wrong, in single combat under the sycamores and all the gallowsbirds in Arrah-na-Poghue, so silvestrious,

near the queen's colleges in 1132 Bride street behind the century man on the door. And then again they used to give the grandest universal lectures (hello, Hibernia!) from sea to sea (Matt speaking!) according to the pictures postcard in the Latimer Roman history of Latimer repeating himself (Marcus Lyons speaking!) to the oceanfuls of collegians green and high classes and the poor scholars and all the old trinitarian senate and saints and sages and the Plymouth brethren nodding and sleeping away there like forgetmenots round their twelve tables in the four trinity colleges of Ulcer, Moonster, Leanstare and Cannought, the four grandest colleges of Killorcure and Killthemall and Killeachother and Killkelly-on-the-Flure. Those were the grandest gynecollege histories (Lucas calling, hold the line!) in the Jane Andersdaughter universary for auld acquaintance sake (this unitarian lady lived to a great age at or in or about No. 1132 or No. 1169 *bis* Fitzmary Round where she was seen by many and widely liked) for teaching the Fatima Woman history of Fatimiliafamilias repeating herself of the spirit of nature as divinely developed in time by psadatepholomy, the past and present (Johnny Mac Dougall speaking, give me trunks, miss!) and present and absent and past and present and—perfect *arma virumque romano*. Ah, dearo, dear! How it all came back to them to hear him there kiddling and cuddling her so nefarious before the four of us in his Roman catholic arms by the Cornelius Nepos, Mnepos, Anumque, Umque.

Queh? Quos?

Ah, dearo dearo dear! It was so sorry for all the whole twice two four of us and Lally when he lost part of his half a hat and repeating himself and telling him now to forget the past and contradicting all about Lally and his old fellow the Lagener and all the old drakes ever he had up in the bohereen and the old folks at home and Duignan and Lapole and the grand confarreation and he couldn't stop laughing over Tom Tim Tarpey, the Welshman, and the four middle aged widowers. And now that reminds me not to forget the four of the Welsh waves, leaping

laughing, in their half a Roman hat with an ancient Greek gloss on it in Chichester college auction and thank God they were all summarily divorced four years before, so they say, by their dear poor shehusbands in dear byword days and never brought to mind, to see no more the rainwater on the floor but still they parted, raining water laughing, on the best of terms and be forgot which was plainly foretold by their old pilgrim song *As I was going to Bally macarett we fell in with a lout by the name of Peebles* as also in another place by their orthodox proverb *That old fellow knows milk though he's not used to it latterly*. And so they parted. Ay, ay. The good go and the wicked is left over. Ay, ay. Ah, well, sure that's the way. Woman. Squash. Part. Ay, ay. By decree absolute.

Lucas. And, O so well they could remembore at that time Mrs. Dowager Justice Squelchman in her fullbottom wig and beard in or aring or around about the year of buy in disgrace 1132 or 1169 or 1768 Y.W.C.A. at the Married Male Family man's Auctioneer's court in Arrahnacuddle. Poor Johnny of the clan of Dougals, the poor Scotsman, dinna forget, so frightened on account of her full bottom and the four masters because he was so slow grooming her ladyship instead of back-scratching her materfamilias proper like any old methodist and all divorced according to their dear faithful. Ah, now, it was too bad! And poor Mark or Marcus Bowandcoat, the poor old chronometer, all persecuted by everybody by decree absolute because he forgot himself making wind and water and made a mess of all of himself and because he forgot to remember to sign an old morning proxy paper, a request in writing to herself on stamped parchment before saying his grace before fish and then and there and too there was poor Dion Cassius Poosycomb all drowned too before the world and her husband because it was most improper and most wrong when he attempwed to—well, he was shocking bad in his health, he said, with the shingles falling off him—because he—ah, well now, we won't be too hard on him as an old Manx presbyterian, and after that he made his last will and went to confession on his two bare marrowbones to Mother

Evangelist Sweeney and he was so sorry, he was really, because he left the bootbutton in the hansom cab and now, tell the truth, there were faults on both sides—well, he attempted (or so they say)—ah, now, forget and forgive, and sure he was only funning with his andrewmartins and his old age coming over him—well, he attempted or, the Connachy, he was tempted to attempt some hunnish familiarities after eating a bad crab in the red ocean and sure he was deadseasickabed (it was really too bad!) her poor old divorced male, in the hospice for the dying and trying to hold the nursetender's hand, (ah, the poor old coax!) and count the buttons and her hand and frown on a bad crab and dying to remembore who made a who a snore. Ah dearo dearo dear!

And where do you leave Matt? They were all so sorry for poorboir Matt in his saltwater hat that she grew all out of, too big for him, of Mnepos and his overalls all falling over her in folds—sure he hadn't the heart in her to pull them up—poor Matt, the old perigrime matriarch, and a queenly man, sitting there, a family all to himself, under geasa, Themistletocles, on his multilingual tombstone with her face to the wall in sight of the poorhouse, under all the auspices, amid the rattle of hailstorms with her ivyclad hat and gripping an old pair of curling tongs belonging to Mrs. Dana O'Connell to blow his brains with, with his can of tea from Anne Lynch and two cuts of Shackleton's brown loaf and dilisk, waiting for the end to come—God of heaven, when you think of it! Ah ho! It was too bad entirely! All devoured by active parlourmen laudabiliter of woman squelch and all on account of the smell of Shackleton and scratchman and his mouth watering and so now pass the loaf for Christ sake, Amen. And so. And all.

Matt. And loaf. So that was the end. And it can't be helped. Ah, God be good to us! Poor Andrew Martin Cunningham! Ah! Ay!

And still and all at that time they were always thinking (up) and not forgetting about auld lang syne (up) their four hosenbands that were four (up) beautidul sister masters. now happily married, and there they were always counting

and contradicting every night the lovely mother of periwinkle buttons according to the lapper part of their anachronism (up one up two up one up four) and after that there now she was in the end, the deary, the beautfour sisters and that was her modern republican name right enough and they used to be getting up from under at the kookaburra bell ringing all wrong inside of them (come in, come on, you lazy loafs!) all inside their poor old Shandon bellbox (come out to hell, you lousy louts!) so frightened, at all hours every night on their mistletoes, the four old oldsters, when nobody wouldn't even let them rest and getting into their way something barbarous, changing the one wet underdown bed they used to sleep under and putting on their half a hat and falling over all synopticals and a panegyric and repeating themselves, look all round the stool, walk everywhere for a jool to break fire to all the rancers, to collect all and bits of brown, the rathure's evelopmen in spirits of time in all fathom of space and slooping around in a bath slipper and go away to Oldpatrick and see a doctor Walker. And after that so glad they had their night tentacles and there they used to be flapping and cycling around the waists of the ships, as tired as they were, the clipperbuilt and the five fourmasters and Lally and Roe and he telling him before he forgot that—one about a goose a love a goldeny egg and Johnny Mac Gory, dear mister John, and all the other analist, the steamships and the women-o'-war, and playing ocean ladies' foursome and their pair of green eyes and peering in, so they say, through the steamy windows into the honeymoon cabins on board the big steamadories made by Fumadory and the saloon ladies' modern toilet chambers lined over prawn silk and rub off the salty catara off a windows and hee hee listening, the poor old quakers, to see all the hunnishmooners and the firstclass ladies enfamillias and shee shee all improper in a lovely mourning toilet under all their familiarities forgetting to say their grace before chambadory so pass the poghue for grace sake. Amen. And all hee hee hee quaking, so fright, and shee shee shaking. Aching. Ay, ay.

And then after that they used to be so forgetful counting

motherpeributts (up one up four) to membore her beaufu modern maiden name by the dream. From Greg and Doug on poor Greg and Mat and Mar and Lu and Jo, now happily buried, our four sisters. And there she was right enough, that lovely sight enough, the girleen bawn asthore as for days galore of planxty Gregory. Egory. Ay, ay.

But sure that reminds me now, like another tellmastory repeating yourself, how they used to be at the end of it all at that time (up) always, tired and all, over their singing (up) the top of the voice of Mamalujo sitting round two by two, the four confederates, up the wet air register in Old Man's House with their cold knees and their poor (up) quadrupeds fast asleep and all dolled up for their blankets and materny mufflers and plimsoles and their bowl of brown shackle and milky and clots for a cup of kindest yet with hold take hand and nurse and only touch of eat a lovely munkybown and wait the pinch and prompt porr Marcus Lyons to pass the teeth for choke sake Amensch when it so happen they were all sycamore and by the world forgot since the phlegmish hoopicough for all a possabled after eat a bad cramp and johnny magories and backscrat the poor bedsores and their farthing dip and read a letter or two every night before going to sleep in the twilight, a capitaletter for further auspices on their old one page codex book of old year's eve 1132, M.M.L.J. old style. their Senchus Mor by Mrs. Shemans, final buff lunch edition, and Lally through their gaugrene spentacles and all the good they did in their time for Roe and O'Mulconry a Conry ap Mul or Lap ap Morion and Buffler ap Matty Mac Gregory for Marcus on Podex by Daddy de Wyer, old bagabroth, and one by one and sing a mamalujo.

And after that now in the future please God start all repeating ourselves and all now united sansfamillias say oremus prayer for auld acquaintance to Peregrine and Michael and Farfassa and Peregrine for navigants et peregrinantibus in all the old and imperial sea and sing a lovasteamadorion in her doaty ducky little blue and roll a hoop and how she ran we never never shall forget and old Luke and Senchus Mor and another more for auld luke syne and

she haihaihail her kobbor kohinor sehehet on the praze savohohole shanghai.

Hear, O hear, Iseult la belle! Tristan, sad hero, hear!
Anno Domini nostri sancti Jesu Christi

Nine hundred and ninetynine million pound sterling in the blue black bowels of the bank of Ulster.
Braw bawbees and good gold pounds, galore, my girleen, a Sunday'll prank thee finely.
And no damn lout'll come courting thee or by the mother of the Holy Ghost there'll be murder!

O, come all ye sweet nymphs of Dingle beach to cheer Brinabride queen from Sybil surfriding
In her curragh of shells of daughter of pearl and her silverymonnblue mantle round her.
Crown of the waters, brine on her brow, she'll dance them a jig and jilt them fairly.

Yerra, why would she bide with Sig Sloomysides or the grogram grey barnacle gander?

You won't need be lonesome, Lizzy my love, when your *beau* gets his glut of cold meat and hot soldiering
Nor wake in winter, widow machree, but snore sung in my old Balbriggan *surtout*.
Wisha, won't you agree now to take me from the middle, say, of next week on, for the balance of my days, for nothing (what?) as your own nursetender?
A power of highsteppers died game right enough—but who, acushla, 'll beg coppers for you?

I tossed that one long before anyone.
It was of a wet good Friday too she was ironing and, as I'm given now to understand, she was always mad gone on me.
Grand goosegreasing we had entirely with an allnight eiderdown bed picnic to follow.
By the cross of Cong, says she, rising up Saturday in the twilight from under me, *Mick whatever your name is you're the most likable lad that's come my ways yet from the barony of Bohermore.*

II

MONSIEUR Aa L'ANTIPHILOSOPHE

Quatre Fragments

by TRISTAN TZARA.

I.

Capitaine!

les bolides, les forces ouvertes de la cascade nous menaçent, le nœud des serpents, le fouet de chaînes, avancent triomphalement dans les pays contaminés de fureur perpétuelle,

Capitaine!

toutes les accusations des animaux maltraités, en morsures au-dessus du lit, baillent en rosaces de sang, la pluie des dents de pierre et les taches d'excrément dans les cages nous ensevelissent en manteaux interminables comme la neige,

Capitaine!

les clartés du charbon devenant phoque foudre insecte sous tes yeux, les escadrons d'hallucinés, les monstres à roue, les cris des somnambules mécaniques, les estomacs

liquides sur des tablettes d'argent, et les cruautés des fleurs carnivores envahiront la journée simple et rurale et le cinéma de ton sommeil

Capitaine!

prends garde aux yeux bleus

II.

La chambre était pleine de meubles disparates. Un jour que j'étais sorti l'après-midi, je fus étonné qu'on me fit attendre 2 ou 3 minutes à la porte. Monsieur Aa était assis sur une caisse. Elle me pria, en riant, d'être sans embarras. La caisse était remplie d'objets précieux. Elle me répondit qu'elle ne m'avait pas entendu frapper. Le juge d'instruction entra. Ah Dieux! m'écriai-je, vous pleurez, mon cher Aa, vous êtes affligé jusqu'à pleurer et vous ne me dites pas un seul mot de vos peines. Les personnes qui suivaient le juge gardaient la porte d'entrée. Cette pensée m'inspira aussi. Le juge d'instruction était jeune. Je ne pouvais démêler si c'était de l'amour ou de la compassion, quoiqu'il me parût que c'était un sentiment doux et languissant qui fonctionnait sur sa figure comme un ver de feu. Le juge toucha tous les objets et essaya leur stabilité. Je me mis à table d'un air fort gai, mais à la lumière d'une chandelle qui était entre lui et moi, je crus apercevoir de la tristesse sur le visage et dans les yeux de mon cher ami le juge d'instruction. Il se penchait très souvent mais ne parlait pas. Le secours du ciel s'est joint à mes satisfactions. Il jalonnait l'endroit de poudre silencieuse et circonscrivit de cette façon le danger. Le juge donnait des ordres. Ces ordres me paraissaient lugubres comme les lueurs inverses de la galanterie festivale. Il me raconta qu'après s'être aperçu que je l'avais trompé, et que j'étais parti avec Monsieur Aa, il était monté à cheval pour me suivre, qu'il était arrivé à Saint-Denis une demi-heure après mon départ, qu'étant

bien certain que je me serais arrêté à Paris, il y avait passé 6 semaines à me chercher inutilement, et qu'un jour enfin il avait reconnu M. Aa à la Comédie gonflante, qu'il y était dans une parure si éclatante qu'il s'était imaginé qu'il devait cette fortune à une nouvelle grappe de ferraille éteinte dont l'extrait aurait rempli l'osier de feu palliatif. Il tira les cordes. Tous les deux jours. Je formai là-dessus un système de vie paisible et portative. On sait que le juge était sêvère. Malheureux chevalier tu vas donc perdre encore tout ce que tu aimes. 3 fois par jour. Pardonnez si j'achève en peu de mots un récit qui me tue. Un chat oublié par la compagnie de déménagement jaillit d'un vase de porcelaine et la justice sort solennellement. Pardonnez encore une fois si j'achève en peu de mots un récit qui me tue. Mais l'aquarium pancréatique des reins et des voyelles fait la traversée du désert en barques à voiles ; qui contentera donc les bouteilles de salutations comprimées, les conservatoires, les distilleries de dégoût gastrique et les poches ouvertes parsemées le long tout le long du missouri en fleurs ?

III.

— Cher Monsieur,

La lâcheté connaît son ordre, c'est le poids de la peur que nous portons tous dans les noyaux des os.

Les nerfs de l'océan sont les rails du vent et de la chaleur. Leurs luttes font les empreintes digitales des îles et les dents solitaires des rochers. Autour de la maison de foin, des gouttes d'insectes tombent à la clarté de soie et la phosphorescence des fruits attire les grains de nuages. Les nuages apportent les oiseaux robinets.

— Cher Monsieur,

Ce n'était point sans intentions que Monsieur Aa avait découvert la joyeuse complicité de l'estomac. L'inventaire de son dépôt cérébral dure depuis son adolescence, le résultat est nul sans alliage. Il est mat par jeu d'éclairs.

Il ouvre maintenant sa tente — un parapluie au-dessus du poumon et la chevelure abondante de l'air qu'il aspire.

— Cher Monsieur,

Les montagnes reçoivent un paquet de chocolat. Les montagnes sont derrière les jeunes filles qui se sont groupées sur l'escalier. Les fenêtres sont encore ouvertes. A leurs pieds on voit des corbeilles de fleurs et un chien de garde. Ce chien n'aboie pas, il est pensif. La jeune fille au milieu debout sur un tabouret tient une lettre cachetée dans la main droite. La main gauche s'appuie sur l'épaule d'une de ses sœurs. Elles sont sages.

— Cher Monsieur,

A l'approche de la dernière heure de vie quotidienne — j'ai senti — longtemps — le malaise fixé par la collectivité anonyme en un mot — et la signification sentimentale qu'il cache — terre et odeurs sous le nid et l'œuf. — Des mots deviennent des conclusions ennemies — aussitôt prononcées, prennent une existance qui agit directement sur la cellule et la spéculation du sang.

En dehors de leur sonorité ineffaçable, établie comme base d'une logique de marché et de compromis, rien ne peut garantir de leur vertu réelle, que la puissance que j'ai à les faire manœuvrer. Et encore ; — la réalité n'est que la conclusion d'un marchandage explicite.

Rien ne peut être efficace. Il faut toujours s'écarter. En nouant des paroles en une phrase, j'arrive facilement au point. J'y trouve toujours un résultat. Après n'importe quelle phrase. Le résultat et la phrase sont emportés par la moindre objection animale. Leur donner une valeur est un signe de vulgarité — il faudrait donc amortir le résultat avant de finir la phrase et ne pas mettre les points d'après les nécessités grammaticales. La syntaxe est algébrique et nous nous servons de logarythmes pour les calculs de finesse.

— Cher Monsieur,

A l'invasion liquide, un jour d'été virulent, à sa clarté, le gazon couleur de momie ouvre son mal.

J'ai rencontré en Italie un chanteur célèbre qui faisait

bouillir le sang de sa voix en d'innombrables capitulations. Je n'ai jamais pu connaître le but de cette étrange occupation.

IV.

Quand les yeux sortent de leur orbite la cravate des branches étrangle le feuillage anglais qui porte chapeau haut-de-forme gants blancs et souliers vernis de chlorophylle cordiale. Comment dit mon ami vous ne croyez pas à la vie des parallèles quoiqu'elles se prolongent et rajeunissent. Le final de symphonie est difficile la musique ne peut finir qu'entrecoupant de petits morceaux et recommençant des lambeaux de douceur.

C'est dommage dit-il encore on ne saura jamais si c'est le vent qui remue la feuille d'herbe ou si c'est l'herbe qui remue le vent. Mettre l'herbe dans un endroit sans vent — je ne crois ni dans le bon sens ni dans le paradoxe. Ma plaine n'a pas de vent n'a pas d'herbe il n'y a pas d'endroits il n'y a pas de mouches. Vivre sans sursauts sans avancer et d'humeur sans fausses tempêtes. Ma plaine aime l'ennui et les couleurs équivoques les sentiers bisexués ma plaine ressemble à toutes les plaines et les hommes à tous les hommes nom de dieu il n'y a pas de bonheur la vie se passe comme elle se passe le seul bonheur est de connaître l'ennui les faux insectes poétiques s'enferment dans la tour de chocolat sur la montagne de Zarathustra se sont les génies avec leurs secrétaires ils descendent deux fois par jour en ville pour téléphoner à l'imprimeur et mesurer le résultat de leur politique à l'échelle de l'orgueil animal. Mon cher Tzara quittons la pureté et l'impureté, l'intelligence et l'esprit parisien l'institut et l'Espagne ainsi que tous les Espagnols morts vivants anarchistes ou peaux-rouges toutes ces balivernes froides et cyniques qui existent ou n'existent que dans les gros cerveaux en fonction d'estomac. Le cerveau accapareur — ce n'est qu'un crabe qui est resté dans la bouillabaisse et se fait passer pour un empereur. C'était

une magnifique bouillabaisse avec orchestre et impressions de voyage.

Comment allez-vous comment déjà je vais bien ressuscite au vent n'importe où comment allez vous me dit mon ami je vais bien vous voulez du feu dit-il l'oiseau frisé sert de sourcil au crépuscule épanoui de tant de belle musique dit-il comment allez vous comment déjà je vais bien ressuscite au vent n'importe où comment allez vous me dit mon ami je vais bien voulez-vous du feu dit-il.

III.

by Ernest Hemingway.

At the lake shore there was another row-boat drawn up. The two indians stood waiting.

Nick and his father got in the stern of the boat and the indians shoved it off and one of them got in to row. Uncle George sat in the stern of the camp row boat. The young indian shoved the camp row boat off and got in to row Uncle George.

The two boats started off in the dark. Nick heard the oar locks of the other boat quite a way ahead of them in the mist. The indians rowed with quick choppy strokes. Nick lay back with his father's arm around him. It was cold on the water. The indian who was rowing them was working very hard but the other boat moved further ahead in the mist all the time.

"Where are we going Dad?" Nick asked.

"Over to the indian camp. There is an Indian lady very sick."

"Oh" said Nick.

Across the bay they found the other boat beached. Uncle George was smoking a cigar in the dark. The young indian pulled the boat way up the beach. Uncle George gave both the indians cigars.

They walked up from the beach through a meadow that was soaking wet with dew following the young indian who carried a lantern. Then they went into the woods and followed a trail that led to the logging road that ran back into the hills. It was much lighter on the logging

road as the timber was cut away on both sides. The young indian stopped and blew out his lantern and they all walked on along the road.

They came around a bend and a dog came out barking. Ahead were the lights of the shanties where the indian bark peelers lived. More dogs rushed out at them. The two indians sent them back to the shanties. In the shanty nearest the road there was a light in the window. An old woman stood in the doorway holding a lamp.

Inside on a wooden bunk lay a young indian woman. She had been trying to have her baby for two days. All the old women in the camp had been helping her. The men had moved off up the road to sit in the dark and smoke out of range of the noise she made. She screamed just as Nick and the two indians followed his father and Uncle George into the shanty. She lay in the lower bunk, very big under a quilt. Her head was turned to one side. In the upper bunk was her husband. He had cut his foot very badly with an axe three days before. He was smoking a pipe. The room smelled very bad.

Nick's father ordered some water to be put on the stove and while it was heating he spoke to Nick.

"This lady is going to have a baby, Nick", he said.

"I know" said Nick.

"You don't know," said his father "Listen to me. What she is going through is called being in labor. The baby wants to be born and she wants it to be born. All her muscles are trying to get the baby born. That is what is happening when she screams."

"I see" Nick said.

Just then the woman cried out.

"Oh Daddy can't you give her something to make her stop screaming?" asked Nick.

"No. I haven't any anaesthetic" his father said. "But her screams are not important. I don't hear them because they are not important."

The husband in the upper bunk rolled over against the wall.

The woman in the kitchen motioned to the doctor that the water was hot. Nick's father went into the kitchen and poured about half of the water out of the big kettle into a basin. In the water left in the kettle he put several things he unwrapped from a handkerchief.

"Those must boil" he said and began to scrub his hands in the basin of hot water with a cake of soap he had brought from the camp. Nick watched his father's hands scrubbing each other with the soap. While his father washed very carefully and thoroughly his hands he talked.

"You see Nick babies are supposed to be born head first but sometimes they're not. When they're not they make a lot of trouble for everybody. Maybe I'll have to operate on this lady. We'll know in a little while."

When he was satisfied with his hands he went in and went to work.

"Pull back that quilt will you George?' he said, "I'd rather not touch it."

Later when he started to operate Uncle George and three indian men held the woman still. She bit Uncle George on the arm and Uncle George said, "Damn squaw bitch!" and the young indian who had rowed Uncle George over laughed at him. Nick held the basin for his father. It all took a long time.

His father picked the baby up and slapped it to make it breathe and handed it to the old woman.

"See, it's a boy Nick " he said. "How do you like being an interne?"

Nick said, "All right." He was looking away so as not to see what his father was doing.

"There. That gets it" said his father and put something into the basin.

Nick didn't look at it.

"Now" his father said "There's some stitches to put in. You can watch this or not Nick just as you like. I'm going to sew up the incision I made."

Nick did not watch. His curiosity had been gone for a long time.

His father finished and stood up. Uncle George and the three indian men stood up. Nick put the basin out in the kitchen.

Uncle George looked at his arm. The young indian smiled reminiscently.

"I'll put some peroxide on that, George" the doctor said.

He bent over the indian woman. She was quiet now and her eyes were closed. She looked very pale. She did not know what had become of the baby or anything.

"I'll be back in the morning" the doctor said standing up, "The nurse should be here from St. Ignace by noon and she'll bring everything we need."

He was feeling exalted and talkative like football players in the dressing room after a game.

"That's one for the medical journal George" he said "doing a cæsarian with a jack-knife and sewing it up with nine foot tapered gut leaders."

Uncle George was standing against the wall looking at his arm.

"Oh you're a great man all right" he said.

"Ought to have a look at the proud father. They're usually the worst sufferers in these little affairs," the doctor said, "I must say he took it all pretty quietly."

He pulled back the blanket from the indian's head. His hand came away wet. He mounted on the edge of the lower bunk with the lamp in one hand and looked in. The indian lay with his face toward the wall. His throat had been cut from ear to ear. The blood had flowed down into a pool where his body sagged the bunk. His head rested on his left arm. The open razor lay edge up in the blankets.

"Take Nick out of the shanty, George" the doctor said.

There was no need of that. Nick standing in the door of the kitchen had a good view of the upper bunk when his father, the lamp in one hand, tipped the indian's head back.

It was just beginning to be daylight when they walked along the logging road back toward the lake.

"I'm terribly sorry I brought you along Nickie" said his father, all his post operative exhilaration gone." It was an awful mess to put you through."

"Do ladies always have such a hard time having babies?" Nick asked.

"No that was very very exceptional."

"Why did he kill himself Daddy?"

"I don't know Nick. He couldn't stand things I guess."

"Do many men kill themselves Daddy?"

"Not very many Nick."

"Do many women?"

"Hardly ever."

"Don't they ever?"

"Oh yes. They do sometimes."

"Daddy?"

"Yes."

"Where did Uncle George go?"

"He'll turn up all right."

"Is dying hard Daddy?"

"No I think it's pretty easy Nick. It all depends."

They were seated in the boat, Nick in the stern, his father rowing. The sun was coming up over the hills. A bass jumped making a circle in the water. Nick trailed his hand in the water. It felt warm in the sharp chill of the morning.

In the early morning on the lake sitting in the stern of the boat with his father rowing he felt quite sure that he would never die.

NOTES & REVIEWS

I

THE QUARTER'S BOOKS

London, March.

The "serious" books of the last quarter (1), the well written books, the literary works of art—it is presumed that there have been some. Would that I might invent their names and sketch, with fancy, their notable virtues, the divine serenity of the latest philosopher's reflections, the electric energy of the last political satire! It would save so much trouble to the authors and to myself and be a suitable occupation for this season of the year in England when freely to let the fancy rove before a fire of logs is the only antidote to meteorological horrors. Since Christmas the weather has been grim; we have been fog-bound, snowbound, frost-bound and wind-racked; two strikes and a political situation have confounded our faith and soured our humanity. It is not a season for putting forth books. Those publishers who did well last autumn out of the public taste went for the New Year to the South of France and those who did badly went to sleep. The Blue Trains are now returning full of the fat publishers; the thin ones are waking up. There is one more month to Lady Day and who knows what treasures may not be blown in upon us by the winds of March? But the presses will not wait, so I write what I can about the beauties of the hibernating period.

I am safe at all events in introducing to anybody's notice Sacheverell Sitwell's *Southern Baroque Art* (Grant Richards)

(1) Note. We had asked Mr. Williams for a note on the "serious" books published in Great Britain during the last quarter—the "serious" books that were well written. Serious books in British Trade and Literary parlance are books that are not works of the imagination; thus *Paradise Lost* is not serious: Ruff's guide to the Turf is. (Ed.)

for it is a rare and most original book which will make some readers pant with annoyance. The most genuine thing about the art of the Sitwell family is that it *is* baroque : Edith, Osbert and Sacheverell have gone full circle to the point where the eighteenth century begins again. We lag a little behind and something may divert us on our way to catch them up ; but there they are anyhow, a gifted lady and two gifted gentlemen of—shall we say ?—mature youth, reclining luxuriously in ample loggias, floating in ample coloured drapèries on clouds, dissembling in masses behind shadowy pillars, and listening with approval to interminable roulades by miraculous *cast rati*. Fireworks, harlequinades, pageantry, virtuosity—these are their pastimes, and the more men cry out against their perversity the more assuredly they strut and stiffen the gay fans of their poetical peacocks' tails. Sacheverell Sitwell knows what baroque means and, in quite a solid book, illustrated by photographs of Bourbon kings, frescoes by Tiepolo and Apulian architecture he devotes four essays to explaining it. And he explains—that is what will cause explosions in club armchairs—not by ratiocination, not by analysis, not by bare enumeration, but by representation, by evocation, by *feux d'artifice* in words and by elaborate arabesques of rhetoric so studied and yet so agile that their art conceals the wide knowledge that makes them possible.

By the time you have read to the end of the first essay and followed the nocturnal serenade which greeted King Ferdinand in the avenues of the palace at Caserta, Solimena, Tiepolo, Luca Giordano, the Certosa of Padula and the emotional sensuality of Southern Italy are knit together in a new vision of an art which, whether it please one or not, was exuberant and fertile. "*Indes Galantes*" which follows, is still deeper in conception, still more brilliantly extravagant in execution. Spain—that is the idea—might have given a wholly new orientation to the baroque had she but used the knowledge and hatred of the Turk which burned in the veins of the Greek Theotocopulo. He, the artist E Greco, who was familiar with all the developments of Italian Art, visited Spain. He painted the St. Maurice for the Escurial church. Philip II disapproved and the chance was gone. Had he approved, had El Greco been appointed the chief artist and architect... "Listen", sings Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, assuming the posture of Harlequin about to transform reality, "and I will tell you..."

> "Once the picture was in its place upon the altar, a furious battle broke out... The church doors were everywhere opening to let out the Crusaders whose arms had just been blessed. In the biggest churches of all they were blessed to the strains of the loudest music that the building could hold. They were revived by the censers that dangled high in the air and were swung from below with ropes. Meanwhile the second and more noisy sort of bells were pealing out very loudly ; they looked as if

pretending to jump down and crush the crowd with their weight each time they swung free outside the brick arches that held them... Then the music suddenly rolled out through all the open doors. It gathered force as it spread out after these narrow openings. Then it caught upon the wind, climbed up and rode it as if it were a horse ; it was soon galloping fast, far ahead of the procession, the flying clothes of the rider spreading out over the heads of the crowd, till the music caught them up like a great sail, flapping lazily in the wind..."

"And what the blazes has all this got to do with El Greco?" snorts the Colonel. What indeed!

But note the virtuosity of the images in all the bravura passages! Sacheverell Sitwell, like baroque art, is speaking to the imagination of the senses ; if you listen with that, his fantasia, perfectly lucid, cadenzas, fiorituri, *mezza di voice* and all... Bravo Paganini!

And so let us pass to Aldous Huxley's *Antic Hay* (Chatto & Windus) ; for if this was not published within the last three calendar months at least I have re-read it during that time. It gains on second reading. Nobody gets so much humour out of melancholy as this inspired conversationalist. One can picture him as a modern and perverse Narcissus, not sitting on the bank, but standing naked in the stream, absorbed, now in hilarious, now in agonised, contemplation of those parts that might be most obviously reflected in the water. Reflections, indeed! There is a rare quality in Aldous Huxley's reflections whether he puts them into the mouth of a sailor, a booster, a disillusioned young gentleman or a woman of Mayfair worn nearly as thin as a well-sucked acid drop. Imbecility, vanity, futility, honour-fudge ; beauty-bosh ; ideals-idiocy... the only real things, we are to understand, are the monkey instincts, for they dominate the external movements in all grotesquenesses. The criticism applicable to the Voltairean scepticism of Aldons Huxley is that it is a partial view and leads, if too faithfully followed, to the same extravagances as the Sadic Salvationism of D. H. Lawrence. But, for a wit, Mr. Huxley takes a high place...

And then... Those who want an entertaining half hour might as well read what Mr. J. B. Haldane has to say about the future triumphs of science, wind-power, ecto-genetic babies and no more ploughmen in *Daedalus*, a paper originally read to a society called the Heretics and now published as a half crown pamphlet by Dent. It is young and exuberant ; the speech on the kidneys put by Mr. Huxley into the mouth of his Spearwater just catches its tone. Mr. Bertram Russell is to express another attitude towards Science in another pamphlet : *Icarus*. It will not be so amusing.

But, for a real, sound corrective to all this occidental modernity we must go to the East. We do it too seldom because when the East talks to the West it seems to be talking nonsense in general. A book like *Caste and Outcast* by D. G. Mukerji is therefore all the more worth reading—it is simple, direct and intelligible. It is just autobiography by a young man who was brought up to be a Brahmin priest, who dedicated himself, wandered for two years as a beggar and served the family temple. But he grew tired of ritual and an Indian university unsettled him still further : he was driven to the United States where he lived with out-at-elbow Anarchists and paid for lectures by waiting in a boarding house. His memories of his childhood and of his wanderings in India reveal to us a phase of the eternal process of the Eastern mind. It puts even *Kim* to shame for it knows where the West misjudges and where the East is inarticulate. It is, too, a work of art ; its words make living scenes.

Orlo Williams.

II

COUPS D'ŒIL

Paris, March.

Dans un désir de simplifier qui n'est en somme qu'une manifestation de la paresse, poètes, romanciers et philosophes ont cherché, au long des siècles, le mot qui pût à lui seul désigner plusieurs d'entre eux et cependant définir chacun, sa nature propre, ses goûts, son inspiration. Ainsi, tour à tour, a-t-on parlé de symbolisme, de cubisme, de futurisme, etc...

Aujourd'hui ce qui jadis se baptisait pédantesquement *école littéraire* ne fait plus aucune illusion. Dada, pour un temps au moins a eu raison des coopératives de petits talents, qui n'ont jamais été de réelles communautés de cœurs ou d'intelligences. Dans une lettre ouverte à Jacques Rivière, que publia *Littérature* en décembre 1919, rappelant que dès 1916, il avait à Zurich, pris Dada pour titre de Revue, Tzara écrivait ! *quelques amis et moi pensions n'avoir rien de commun avec les futuristes et les cubistes. Au cours des campagnes contre tout dogmatisme et par ironie envers la création d'écoles littéraires*, Dada *devint le mouvement dada.* A vrai dire, sans pousser l'optimisme jusqu'à proclamer le triomphe de l'intelligence dans l'époque, il faut reconnaître que la campagne de Tzara contre *tout dogmatisme* n'a pas été sans effet. Or, privés de chapelles où se réfugier, beaucoup ne savent que faire de leurs petites personnes ; la responsabilité de soi-même n'est pas de ces jouets qui assurent la paix aux parents et l'amusement aux enfants ; elle oblige les uns et les autres à l'examen de conscience et c'est pourquoi, en fait, les opportunistes la redoutent si fort.

Un siècle dont l'intelligence n'a pas trouvé le tiède, le sûr le mol asile, constamment interroge et s'interroge. Tout événement y est prétexte à méditation ; la mort de Maurice Barrès contraignit par exemple, ce qu'on nomme l'élite intellectuelle à un exercice collectif d'introspection ; avec Barrès, il est vrai, disparaissait un des deux hommes de la génération antérieure dont les esprits d'aujourd'hui ne se sentent pas différents par

Gide et Barrès furent les deux aînés auxquels le jeune vingtième siècle prit et demande encore ; tandis que leurs contemporains

doivent s'avouer impuissants, eux deux, eux seuls qu'on avait accusés en d'autres temps du fatal pouvoir de désagréger les âmes, ont aidé les nôtres à se retrouver, à se composer.

Barrès mort, il fallut donc récapituler ; on voulut enfin savoir quel homme il avait été ; on voulut surtout savoir pourquoi l'époque lui reconnaissait l'inquiétude et le sens de la grandeur dont elle se croyait marquée.

A la vérité on ne put enfermer tout Barrès dans un cercle de lettres, dans un carré de syllabes, et, parce qu'on n'arrivait point à le résumer, on résolut de le partager ; il s'agissait de mettre en pièces un nouvel empire de Charlemagne, et, une fois désarticulé, d'en donner les morceaux à des héritiers. Drieu La Rochelle divisa le tout par deux et proposa comme successeurs Louis Aragon et Henry de Montherlant.

Soit mépris, soit incapacité, Aragon, jusqu'ici, n'a point exercé d'action ; il est donc impossible de dire qu'il continue un homme, qui, tout en semblant s'intéresser à son seul orgueil, exerça toujours une influence directe et indéniable. Or, poète et romancier, Aragon s'est révélé *littérateur* ; il est d'ailleurs dans la bonne moyenne, mais en vérité, ses trois livres *Feu de joie* (AU SANS PAREIL), *Anicet* (NOUVELLE REVUE FRANÇAISE) et les *Aventures de Télémaque* (NOUVELLE REVUE FRANÇAISE) font de lui un écrivain plus proche d'Anatole France que de Barrès ou des grands inquiets dont il se réclame. Son prochain recueil de contes *Libertinage* (annoncé à la NOUVELLE REVUE FRANÇAISE) révélera-t-il en lui les qualités et les défauts vivants, humains ?

Quant à Henry de Montherlant, il méprise l'inquiétude et ne cesse de le répéter à qui veut l'entendre. Dès lors, comment le considérer comme un fils spirituel de Maurice Barrès, dont voici le dernier conseil : *Il faut des songes, des ombres, une espèce d'oisiveté et de solitude et aussi quelque inquiétude*. Dans le *Songe* (BERNARD GRASSET, ÉDIT.) et dans le *Paradis à l'ombre des épées* (BERNARD GRASSET, ÉDIT.), Montherlant manifeste une suffisance que notre époque pardonne moins que tout autre défaut ; à la vérité, Henry de Montherlant est en dehors d'un siècle sur lequel il rêve d'agir. De ce siècle, il ignore l'esprit, les préoccupations et le mal, ce mal que Marcel Arland dans la *Nouvelle Revue Française* de février appelait un *nouveau mal du siècle* ; l'esprit nouveau n'est pas systématiquement dans les livres comme un Bouddha au milieu d'une cheminée ; il est dans la vie et c'est lui qui demande la révision des valeurs, la destruction des idole ; du point de vue littéraire, il est l'ennemi juré de cette poésie que Pascal composait, méprisant, aux travaux des brodeurs.

Or, au moment où, grâce à l'action dont Tzara fut le promoteur, le dogmatisme intellectuel s'effondre, au moment où tombent en poussière les temples des déesses cataloguées et des formules, voici que M. Henry de Montherlant, auteur économe, qui cherche à hypothéquer sa jeunesse et son *Paradis*

à l'ombre des épées, au nom de la grandeur de son pays, de la sienne et de celle de sa religion, reprend la vieille distinction de Charles Maurras, parle du Tibre et de l'Oronte, met à droite tout ce qu'il aime et à gauche tout ce qu'il déteste et croit ainsi sauver le monde. Il fait des devoirs de style, propose en exemple un jeune garçon qui, d'ici deux ans, vaudra tout juste le premier coureur cycliste venu, et, par précaution oratoire, baptise femmes certaines des créatures musclées et ambigues qu'il rencontre dans les stades. Voilà bien avant les olympiques une littéraire sportive digne de devenir une littéraire officielle ; mais déjà Henry de Montherlant nous annonce que le sport l'a déçu. Vraiment ? Il a vu le collège, la guerre, le terrain de football et quelques petites arènes d'Espagne où il a tué des petits taureaux. O les gestes taurins, la tauromachie soupire notre fringant et pi ffant homme de plume, mais qu'il regarde donc un peu dans la rue et qu'il se rappelle que le ton tranchant n'est jamais le ton qui peut convaincre ; il s'annonçait viril, athlète même ; qu'a-t-il apporté à ses jeunes frères dont il se prétendit le mentor ? il n'a rien dit qui pût apaiser la douloureuse incertitude de l'adolescence en quête, celle que Drieu La Rochelle notait dans *Mesure de la France* (BERNARD GRASSET ÂDIT.) ; *J'épiais les visages avec l'espoir efféminé de me trouver face à face avec un enfant énergique*. Drieu La Rochelle connut, lui, la chaude, l'humaine inquiétude ; il ne sut point se répondre à lui-même, et il semble aujourd'hui tomber dans la simple incertitude et perdre l'énergie qui fit le ton et la valeur de ses premières paroles ; cette incertitude est à la fois un mal et une preuve d'intelligence trop clairvoyante pour conclure, dira-t-on, mais déjà l'éclectisme de qui répète des noms et a besoin de contacts étrangers pour prendre notion de soi apparaît, signe d'insuffisance et de contradiction. Il faut se résigner à ne pase chercher l'enfant énergique hors de soi-même et prendre notion de son corps et de son âme ; au reste, pour Drieu La Rochelle, aussi bien que pour Montherlant, le sport n'est qu'un moyen de développer une individualité dont ils sentent bien l'un et l'autre que le temps est venu d'établir le règne. Leur erreur est de confondre la vie du muscle avec la vie toute entière ; nous ne sommes *muscles* que dans la proportion d'un cinquième me dit Delteil le jour où il m'annonça que son prochain livre serait une apologie de la vue, du toucher, de l'ouïe, de l'odorat et du goût et s'intitulerait *les cinq sens*. Delteil demande qu'on renifle, qu'on caresse chaque phrase de ses livres : *sur le fleuve Amour* (LA RENAISSANCE DU LIVRE) et de *Choléra* (SIMON KRA). Mais ceux qui n'ont ni muscles, ni sensualité qui leur permettent d'oublier toutes les minutes d'une existence sur laquelle nul ne veut plus avoir d'illusions ? Il faut se faire du bruit à soi-même répond Ribemont-Dessaignes qui écoute les cris, les révolutions et les guerres dont s'accompagnent la poursuite amoureuse et les aventures qu'il décrit dans son roman l'*Autruche aux yeux clos* (AU SANS PAREIL).

Se faire du bruit à soi-même ? N'est-ce point chercher quelle activité aura gratuitement raison des journées les plus longues ? Je pense à Barrès qui — chaque âge a ses plaisirs — délaissa le Quartier Latin de sa jeunesse pour le Palais Bourbon, la ligue des Patriotes. Mais qu'on imagine un Barrès adolescent de 1914 à 1918, au lieu de s'épanouir avec lenteur et conscience, il eût, en une seule nuit, fleuri de mille aventures ; les hommes d'aujourd'hui poussent plus vite que leurs aînés. Qu'on les compare aux champignons si l'on veut, mais que n'aillent point dire qu'ils sont vénéneux ceux dont les estomacs délabrés ne parviennent point à les diriger. Les plus intelligents ont compris que dans le désarroi naissaient les hommes nouveaux, et, je pense à Guillaume Thomas dont Cocteau *(Thomas l'Imposteur*, NOUVELLE REVUE FRANÇAISE), nous dit qu'il se baptisa lui-même de Fontenoy, *et, tel l'enfant Septentrion dansa deux jours et plut.*

Thomas l'Imposteur n'est pas Thomas le menteur ; au contraire Thomas est un poète qui a su découvrir sa vérité et la réaliser simplement, parfaitement ; du dernier trapèze, pour ne point briser la courbe de sa vie, du dernier trapèze, il saute très haut, dans la mort. Certains frères de Thomas, ses frères impurs, sont retombés dans le marécage quotidien ; ils s'étourdissent avec le snobisme de l'amour et des affaires, les frivolités du jour ; d'ici un lustre, on ne pourra plus croire qu'ils aient jamais été. Je cite Morand lui-même qui avoue : *Dans deux ans, je serai démodé.* C'est qu'à la vérité, bien des désordres extérieurs qui réalisent un tourment interne, deviennent incompréhensibles si on considère leur seule apparence ; certains font semblant de les croire pittoresques. Paul Morand qui voit tous les détails de son époque, mais se révèle trop pressé, trop paresseux ou trop indifférent pour en saisir l'esprit, Paul Morand, à dire vrai, diffère à peine de ceux qu'on appelait avant la guerre les écrivains du boulevard. L'auteur de *Lewis et Irène* (BERNARD GRASSET), a un don d'observation auquel il doit une cocasserie qui d'ailleurs ne ressemble en rien à de l'audace ; il a beau énumérer des actes, préciser des gestes, accumuler des descriptions, l'humanité de ses personnages ne se révèle point. Morand juxtapose, désarticule ; il ne fait ni analyse, ni synthèse ; ses héros n'ont point de personnalité véritable, et leur inconsistance ne ressemble pas du tout à celle qui résulte du travail minutieux, lyrique et inquiet, semblable à celui qu'entreprit un Proust, par exemple. Benjamin Crémieux, parlant du *Bon Apôtre* (SIMON KRA), de Philippe Soupault dénonça une crise de la personnalité, qui donne d'ailleurs toute sa profondeur et tout son humour à la poésie d'aujourd'hui. Dans son second roman, *A la dérive* (FERENCZI), Philippe Soupault raconte l'existence d'un homme *né pour partir*. La crise de la personnalité (qui est d'ailleurs le contraire de l'impersonnalité foncière d'un Morand) condamne aux plus terribles recherches, aux courses à travers le globe ; si l'on ne se trouve pas soi-même quelque part, c'est la folie,

le désir perpétuel de détruire et un sadisme forme du désespoir qui préfère anéantir spontanément ce en quoi il a mis son bonheur plutôt que de s'y perdre. Or, cette inquiétude dont l'époque est marquée, ne peut avoir que mépris pour les formes figées d'un art où certains prétendent enfermer l'homme et sa pensée. Dans son roman *Faîtes vos jeux* (PUBLIÉ DANS LES FEUILLES LIBRES), dans son roman où il parvient à fixer les plus fugitifs instants de la vie de l'homme, Tzara écrit : *ma sympathie se dirigeait vers ces imprudents pour qui les réalisations artistiques n'étaient qu'une tentative de s'échapper, un gage insuffisant, un emprunt d'impossible auquel on souscrit par faiblesse et par commodité avec la pointe du cœur dédaigné, sans se soucier du prix et de l'insomnie ultérieure que le geste coûte.*

Faites vos jeux, sourit Tzara ; pour gagner la partie, il faut qu'une belle activité nous donne le magnétisme tout puissant et c'est pourquoi Tzara écrit encore : *Mes yeux ont besoin de cette distraction impersonnelle, mes jambes, mes bras et mon cerveau ne fonctionnent que s'il y a autour d'eux un mouvement similaire. De ce stimulant en apparence cérébral, sont parties de chez nous les plus hardies initiatives.*

Ces hardies initiatives font toute l'influence de Tzara, son rayonnement, et, à dire le vrai, c'est de ces hardies initiatives que se nourrit l'esprit de l'époque. L'action de Tzara est incontestable sur un siècle qu'il n'a pas cherché à séduire par les moyens vulgaires. On reconnaîtra bien un jour tout ce qu'il a fait pour l'intelligence d'un pays dont il a voulu être le fils, et, je m'étonne que lui marchandent un droit de cité, ceux là, qui savent très bien que Ronsard était d'origine romaine et Mme de Noailles aussi qu'on a coutume d'appeler une fort grande poétesse. Hélas, il faut compter avec la mauvaise volonté de beaucoup et s'attendre aux trahisons et aux erreurs. Tzara commença par le commencement et travailla d'abord aux démolitions nécessaires ; aujourd'hui qu'il crée, qu'il bâtit, certains font encore semblant de ne pas voir quel sens donnait aux indispensables destructions celui qui écrivit : *L'absence de système est encore un système.* A la vérité, l'individualisme demeure pour Tzara la meilleure condition de cette honnêteté d'esprit et d'âme, sans quoi rien ne se peut entreprendre ; avant la besogne, il faut débarrasser le terrain, faire table rase, *tabula rasa*, disent en latin les philosophes de toutes les langues, mais maintenant que le premier édifice s'achève, qu'on me permette de marquer quelque étonnement de certaines restrictions ; je souhaite que ceux qui ont à charge d'avertir l'époque et de désigner les meilleurs, n'oublient pas que dans un siècle pressé Tzara fut le parfait dandy de l'intelligence et montra que, même dans des manifestations extrêmes, l'aristocratie de l'homme permet seule la grandeur de l'œuvre.

René Crevel.

III

AND FROM THE UNITED STATES

The Quarter's Books.

There is a picture that recurs many times in anecdotes of the early days in colonial and independent America. It is of the Yankee pedlars starting forth in the Spring from the New England towns. Through Massachusetts and up the Mohawk trail into New York, they went, their wares of pots and pans, swung over the wagons' sides, glistening in the sun and clattering as they bumped over the stony roads. It is even recorded that certain little primers and moral text books from Boston found their way into the pedlar's load.

That was long before these days of syndicalized culture and mail order distribution: these shrewd nomads, who peddled and drank and loved, and then drove on, long before the present order of advance sales from dumny copies—blank leaves between board covers. However, there is something analagous between the glittering pile of tin ware, the heap of store made clothes, the gentle sentimentality of *A Child's Last Prayer*, and *She Died Young Yet Forgiven*, and the publishers' advance notices, the Spring and Fall array of the book sellers. In a small home on the Hudson, I was shown, once, an exquisite cameo brooch that came, I was told, from just such a pedlar's cart in days before the Revolution.

We find few cameos but plenty of rather noisy tinpan work in a season's literary output in America. We find little enough, even, of what Mr. Munson—our younger American critic—chooses to term fifth rate work. *Horses and Men* is outstanding on the Fall lists. Mr. Sherwood Anderson, in the obscurity of commercial advertising work, wrote his *Winesburg Ohio*, and it passed comparatively unnoticed until the award of the *Dial* prize in 1921 brought him a degree of prominence. The book, a noteworthy achievement in itself, held promise. In his early novels this promise seemed lacking, and in his second volume of stories, *The Triumph of the Egg*, it was only partly fulfilled. *Many Marriages*, morbidly hypersexual, was a backward step. It called forth such denunciations of his entire

work as this of Mr. Samuel Pessin : *that there is such a thing as a primitive America is a romantic illusion—its dulness, its elemental naïveté, its Leyendecker aesthetica are not signs of undeveloped powers, but rather the hard facts of degeneration—Sherwood Anderson is the prophet of a race that has grown old in stupidity—his so-called epics of primitive America are clumsy rhapsodies of senile dumbness.* With *Horses and Men* Mr. Anderson has returned to the short story. A return of his reserve leaves him no longer open to an attack in bad taste, and there is progress over his earlier work. The groping questioner as he manipulates his grotesques through an abstract net-work of emotions (for it is still hard to accept most of them as human beings) has begun to find explanations where formerly were only suggestions. He has avoided slipping into a too unpliable formula, although still the obvious construction of some of his stories detracts from their artistic value.

There have been two recent interpretations of Negro and Southern life, both placed on a somewhat artificial plane. Mr. Waldo Frank has stepped from his adopted East Side New York to the contemplation of another subject people. In his short novel *Holiday*, he has given the incidents leading up to a lynching party. His style adapts itself to the expression of negro melody, and the inevitability of negro pathos. His situations are idealized and exaggerated, and he has handled, subtly and carefully, the relationship of the races. He seems to be the only American able to handle mysticism and carry it above the realm of sentimentality and superstition. It is no advance over his former work and *City Block* remains his real achievement. Mr. Jean Toomer, who has, himself, some negro blood in his veins, has written, in *Cane*, a volume of negro sketches. They are uneven, but show decided potential ability. His style derives from that of Mr. Frank and is itself clear and adapted to the melody he portrays.

Dr. William Carlos Williams has presented us with *The Great American Novel*. Although it is painted, so to speak, on a large canvas, and the general impression is of bold strokes, there is a careful attention to detail, and the effect is produced by a gradual accumulation of these details. If the irony is at times forced, and the smooth flow—well, hardly that phrase, but at any rate, the flow of the narrative is interrupted by an occasional back-fire, there remains a glorious and unsuppressed hoop-la that is contagious. Why have some men a sense of humour and others none ? Beside, and beyond all that, the book contains some excellent prose and some better poetry.

Miss Willa Cather has come nearer to the success of her short stories, with her short novel, *A Lost Lady*, than she has been able with her more conventionally lengthened efforts. Her pictures of the Middle West are eminently successful despite a decided tendency to idealize and effeminize them. One thinks of Katherine Mansfield's *Je ne parle pas* in connection with

Miss Cather's book. There is the same deftness and skill in character delineation, the same groping for comprehension. Their's is the same formula of environmental conflict, the crucifiction of sensitive beings on callous situations. Mr. Ernest Hemingway's *Three Stories* shows a sensitive feeling for the emotional possibilities of a situation. His method is realistic, but unlike most of his school he has not killed his work on the shallow hardness of photography. *Out of Season* relies for its effect on the power of suggestion and in spite of its surface crudities is one of the best bits of suggestive writing I have seen. Mr. Floyd Dell has not as yet been able to repeat the success of his *Moon Calf*. His last novel, *Janet March*, purported to be the feminine counterpart of his first ,progresses slowly through much adolescence and more very "serious" social propoganda. It is unfortunate that the undeniable talent of Mr. Dell has so far been swamped in his own immersion in the class struggle. *Streets of Night*, by Mr. John Dos Passos, was suppressed in Boston before I could obtain a copy. I am told now that a movement is on foot to suppress it nationally. It has joined a very considerable and distinguished company. I offer that in its favor.

Mr. Thomas Beer has written a biography of Stephen Crane. It was time! It takes him from New Jersey to New York and on to Europe and with a deal of humour traces in a background of notable personages encountered on the way. As a portrait of the intellectual dry-rot of America in the 90's it is unsurpassed, and as an explanation or recognition of the sources of artistic ability it is distinctly valuable and sometimes very irritating. Let us thank God there were no apologies.

During this last season the American theatre has confined itself chiefly to imported products, and since publication usually follows production there has been a paucity of published American plays. Mr. Colin C. Clements deserves mention for a small volume called P*lays for a Folding Theatre*. The best of these show the influence of Mr. Eugene O'Neil. He has O'Neil's aptitude for the producing of atmosphere, and he seems able to manipulate dialogue to suit his purposes. He is in danger at times of falling into a mamby-pamby expression of too "nice" sentiments, but he has decided ability and promise.

During the last season in America there has been more poetry published than ever before, bad, indifferent, and some very good. Mr. E. E. Cumming's *Tulips and Chimneys*, and Mr. Wallace Stevens' *Harmonium*, stand out as the most noteworthy of the latter. Mr. Cummings, first famous as a typographical revolutionist and later for more entirely poetic attributes has collected the best of his work in his latest volume. Here there is a more mature genius, no longer raucous, no longer sophomoric. He has a tremendous ability for metaphor and paraphrase coupled with a startlingly original lyricism. His perverse wit seems to delight in stopping just short of sentimen-

tality and riding triumphantly away on a word or phrase. Mr. Stevens has published for some time in magazines. *Harmonium* is his first collection in book form. For that reason it is full of excellent material, and it is astonishing that the effect should be of a single organism. His imagination is accumulative and piles up gorgeous and fantastic arrays of words and phrases. With these his slightly austere intellect weaves a complex pattern. Mr. Stevens has a keenly developed sense of physical and harmonic movement, and his perfected, two-dimentional still-lifes stand like rests or held chords in the progression of his complete harmony. Mr. Ramon Guthrie's *Trobar Clus* derives something from Mr. Pound, but that has become an over-reiterated cliche. It is hard to give credit to a modern song maker, and Mr. Guthrie, himself, disillusions us in the middle of his book by a return to the more familiar expressionistic manner. He does both very well. Mr. Matthew Josephson's *Galimathias*—contains a large number of excellently chosen figures, and a large number of others which seem forced and a trifle clumsy. He has, however, that saving grace, so seldom found, an excellent and well proportioned sense of humour.

The trading done, the pedlar's cart drives on, out of sight, around a curve in the Berkshire hills. A little girl, holding a child's Bible in her hand turns to her mother and asks, "and next year, will he have something new, do you think, next year?"

K. J.

In Our Time. By Ernest Hemingway. (*Paris: The Three Mountains Press* $2.) "Here ends the inquest into the state of contemporary English prose, as edited by Ezra Pound and printed at The Three Mountains Press." This brief comment is affixed to the sixth and last volume in a series of six selected by the editor as most indicative of the present trend in English literary expression. In eighteen chapters the longest of which measures scarcely two pages Mr. Hemingway gives pictures of life in the army, in Italy, in the bull rings of Spain, in the gardens of the King of Greece. He projects the moments when life is condensed and clean-cut and significant, presenting them in minute narratives that eliminate every useless word. Each tale is much longer than the measure of its lines.

"In 1919 he was travelling on the railroads in Italy ———," Mr. Hemingway begins the story of a chance encounter "with a very nice boy and shy." He goes on to say "It was early September and the country was pleasant ————. At Bologna he said good-bye to us to go on the train to Milano and then to Aosta to walk over the pass into Switzerland. He was very eager to walk over the pass while the weather held good. The last I heard of him the Swiss had him in jail near Sion."

In Chapter VI Mr. Hemingway states abruptly that "They shot the six cabinet ministers at half-past six in the morning against the wall of a hospital," and then allows the reader to note: "There were pools of water in the courtyard. There were wet dead leaves on the paving of the courtyard. It rained hard. All the shutters of the hospital were nailed shut. One of the ministers was sick with typhoid"—the sort of detached circumstances that always penetrate deep into the consciousness in the wake of a bald and impressive fact.

A number of chapters follow the army—through long marches when "the whole battery was drunk going along the road in the dark", or in sharp encounters at the front. "We'd jammed an absolutely perfect barricade across the bridge. It was simply priceless. A big old wrought iron grating from the front of a house. Too heavy to lift and you could shoot through it and they would have to climb over it. It was absolutely topping"———and the reader experiences a moment of triumph with the men who put up the barricade.

Chapter IV is the shortest in the book and contains only eight lines but it leaves a vivid impression of the scene that took place "in a garden at Mons."

"The first German I saw climbed up over the garden wall. We waited till he got one leg over and then potted him. He had so much equipment on and looked awfully surprised and fell down into the garden." That German somehow becomes more important and to be remembered than the hundreds of others who probably fell the same day.

M. R.

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L'ENFANT DE CENT ANS

by Paul Morand.

Quand j'appris que Diane, endormie, venait, grâce au laissez-passer d'un poison, de franchir cette frontière si mal gardée qui nous sépare de la mort, je n'en fus pas surpris. — « Que sommes-nous ? avait dû se dire son extravagante philosophie à l'Ambre des Pagodes ; que sommes-nous sinon une provisoire réunion de cellules à qui il est arrivé la commune et inutile aventure d'avoir composé notre corps ? Tôt ou tard, ce hasard devait cesser, et chaque « atome » reprendre ses destinées particulières, n'est-ce pas ?

Il n'est cependant pas donné à tous les hasards d'être aussi réussi que celui-là qui fut Diane. On la représentait volontiers comme stupide mais sa bouche était si rouge que tout ce qu'elle disait me semblait intelligent. Parfaitement belle ; sans doute à cause de cela, frappée d'une malédiction dont les causes étaient obscures, mais les effets évidents : Diane ne pouvait croire à la réalité de ce qui n'était pas elle ; le

sentiment pénible mais consolant que nous avons de faire partie de l'humanité et même d'un ensemble de mondes ne parvenait pas, en elle, à prendre forme. C'était une de ces créatures qui, sans avoir un chagrin, — un de ces chagrins de femme sur lesquels chacun peut mettre un nom ou un prénom, — ne tiennent absolument pas à la vie. Dès son enfance, il en avait été ainsi ; Diane grandit parmi un univers auquel elle n'accorda point foi ; aussi, à sa vingtième année, fit-elle cette neurasthénie — comme disent les romanciers du XIXe siècle, — qui, un an plus tard, fut sa fin. Son âme perdant toute pesanteur quitta la terre, ballon lâché par la main d'un enfant distrait. Un des derniers épisodes de sa vie, j'y assistai. Ce fut, puisqu'elle devait mourir peu après, peut-être son ultime effort pour ne pas céder à ce vertige mortel de l'inexistence. Je tâchai de la sauver. Je lui tendis la main, de façon, il est vrai, intéressée, puisque je l'aimais : ce fut en vain.

* * *

Dix heures quarante-cinq du matin est une heure pas très originale, mais pas compromettante non plus et qu'on rencontre à tout âge, avec plaisir, pour peu qu'on n'ait pas, la veille au soir, commis d'excès. Donc, ce jour-là, lorsque je descendit dans le hall, j'étais comme l'hôtel lui-même, ouvert à tous venants. Les palmiers de la salle d'attente avaient été nettoyés feuille à feuille, le portier, rasé de frais, au lieu d'être sur la défensive et de répondre non à tout, s'offrait comme un trait d'union doré entre les différents désirs de chaque appartement ; récemment réveillée par le balai aspirateur, la couleur des fleurs du tapis brillait d'un éclat neuf ; le maître d'hôtel préparaît ses déjeuners comme une bataille ; du sous-sol ne montait aucun cri des messieurs dont la manucure faisait saigner les ongles, enfin, comble d'harmonie, la téléphoniste casquée était à son poste et chargeait à la tête des numéros demandés.

C'est dire que toute la joie qui pouvait maintenant survenir ne devait amener qu'un excès de bonheur et ne plus

laisser à désirer que des catastrophes. Cette facilité apparut à la porte de l'ascenseur — Diane

Elle se trouva, serrée entre le plaisir de rencontrer quelqu'un pour qui elle disait avoir de la sympathie et le besoin de sauvegarder une liberté dont elle n'avait d'ailleurs pas l'emploi.

Je vis qu'elle allait s'écrier : « — Cher ami Je ne pourrai pas vous voir. J'ai beaucoup de courses à faire. Je repars demain » et, prenant les devants :

— Chère amie, dis-je, malheureusement je ne pourrai pas vous voir. J'ai un tas de courses à faire. Je repars demain. »

Le visage de Diane s'éclaira aussitôt. Ses yeux s'adoucirent. Comme les chats, elle restait d'elle-même volontiers près de vous à condition qu'on ne parût pas la désirer.

— Allons, dit-elle, vous vous occuperez bien un peu de moi.

Je la tenais.

Ainsi avec son chapeau, miroir de la mode, une de ses joues un peu plus rouge que l'autre (à cause de sa glace qui, d'un côté, l'éclairait mieux) sa jupe serrée comme un pansement, son foulard noué sur l'épaule, Diane s'acheminait vers la mort.

Sous prétexte de citer Emerson, je la prends par la taille.

« — De quelque côté que nous regardions la nature, nous ne voyons, Diane, que le visage d'un homme déguisé. »

— Cet homme est une femme, me répond-elle et cette femme c'est moi. Ma vie est une fête à laquelle j'ai invité tout le monde ; mais personne n'est venu.

Elle est victime de la vieille erreur philosophique qu'elle reprend, entre ses lèvres un pendentif dont elle fait jouer sur ses dents calibrées les saphirs calibrés :

— Si je meurs, l'univers meurt aussi.

— Laissez cela, Diane, j'ai horreur des femmes qui sucent leur pendentif et des hommes qui jouent avec leurs clés.

— Trouvez-moi une raison de vivre.

Depuis que je la connais, j'ai souvent essayé de faciliter

à Diane une évasion hors d'elle-même, hors de cet univers clos où elle s'enferme par orgueil, cet orgueil qui, bien plus que le goût des plaisirs perd les femmes et surtout les meilleures. Je lui ai donné la clé des champs, nous avons fait ensemble des promenades à âme, je lui ai traduit ses rêves, je l'ai assurée que le surnaturel n'était que du naturel pas encore expliqué, puis l'ai poussée dehors vers les objets, les arts, les métiers, les figures, les modes.

Aujourd'hui je lui décris les origines de la cathédrale de Chartres, l'art du Bénin, la radiotélégraphie.

Mais depuis longtemps Diane ne m'écoute plus. Son regard est devenu fixe et elle est rentrée en elle-même. Quand j'essaye, à sa suite, d'y pénétrer, je suis mis dehors.

Je la menace. Je lui prédis que ce manque d'adaptation la perdra. Je lui dis qu'il est facile d'être altier. Je perds mon temps à m'offrir en exemple, accroché à tous les objets pour mieux flotter, me moquant des symboles, sans révolte, prenant tout comme allant de soi.

— Soyez donc vulnérable. Diane. Soyez donc mortelle. Réconciliez-vous avec le sentiment. Que diriez-vous de l'amour ?

— S'il vous plaît ?

— Aimer, c'est se placer au cœur des choses...

— Au cœur des choses il y a toujours moi.

— Vous êtes une statue de pierre, Diane, un monolithe, un aérolithe.

Diane ne prête pas l'oreille, alors que les autres femmes, quand on leur parle d'elles-mêmes, sont comme des lézards quand on siffle : se tiennent immobiles et écoutent.

Je brusque les choses :

— Si vous ne m'aimez pas, Diane, je me tuerai.

— Jamais dit-elle en riant. Votre nœud de cravate est beaucoup trop bien fait... Non, ne me croyez cruelle qu'envers moi-même. Tenez, ce matin même, saisissez votre « chance » comme on dit ici ; comptez jusqu'à trois. Bien. Maintenant montrez-moi trois choses, trois êtres, trois spectacles, trois bibelots, comme vous l'entendrez, à votre choix. Si cela parvient à m'émouvoir, si vous accomplissez

ce miracle de me soumettre à autre chose qu'à moi-même, de faire qu'autrui puisse répondre pour moi aux cruelles interrogations que je me pose, et par de nouvelles dépendances, en somme, de m'affranchir, je vous en aurai de la reconnaissance.

— Qu'entendez-vous par là ?

— Vous verrez.

Diane était de ces beautés qui ont besoin d'être éclairées de l'intérieur pour qu'on les admire. Dès qu'elle s'animait, j'étais vaincu. Elle m'apparut soudain directe, émouvante. Je fis appeler un taxi, le portier de l'hôtel, comme un merle bleu, se mit à siffler dans la rue.

— Au Caledonian Market, dis-je, sans hésiter.

Après vingt minutes d'une piste noire, nous arrivâmes à un grand rectangle pavé de pierres, compartimenté en barrières de bois et qui était bien ce qu'il semblait être, un marché aux bestiaux, sauf que ce jour-là, le bétail était remplacé par des objets. Tous les vendredis se tient ici la foire à la ferraille de Londres. L'on connaît celle de Rome, près du Tibre, où se débitent des pincettes et des chasubles d'occasion, celle de Madrid, marché mondial des vieilles clés et des bouts de cigares dans des malles de zinc bleu comme des ailes de papillons tropicaux, la brocante du boulevard Richard-Lenoir, à Paris, peu abondante, car les familles françaises sont celles qui, dans l'univers entier, revendent le moins leurs déchets ; enfin la foire aux puces de Pétrograd où sont ouverts à même la neige des in-quarto de notre XVIIIe siècle, avec les noires gravures d'Eisen. Rien de tout cela ne vaut le Caledonian Market, car Londres est le marché de l'inconnu, la cité du hasard.

Devant nous, à terre, sur des tapis de rafia, s'effilochant comme la barbe de l'Ancien Marinier, des collections de pipes, des téléphones gothiques, des assiettes cassées, des clubs de golf rouillés, des perles fausses, des fauteuils d'infirme, des bottines crevées, pendues par leurs cordons. Chez un marchand, au parfum d'un Lvow récent, qui s'abritait sous une ombrelle rose tendue de dentelle noire, en waterproof, à la bouche une pipe renversée à cause du

vent et qui vendait non seulement une encaustique pareille à du fromage de Chester et une citronade couleur de chlore, mais aussi des couteaux, des pots de bière et des presse-papier, j'eus le bonheur de découvrir une de ces boules en verre, dites boules-panorama, qui reflètent, en les incurvant, les spectacles qu'on leur représente ; tordus, étirés sur leurs côtés, elles concentrent en leur milieu les objets et la lumière avec une intensité de diamant.

Pour ne pas influencer Diane, je m'adressai à moi-même :

— Les bibelots, me dis-je, loin, par leur accumulation, de fatiguer, sont excessivement toniques ; les boucles de soulier, les bateaux dans les bouteilles, les fleurs en papier, et par-dessus tous les objets en glace, outre qu'ils forment, séparés ou combinés, autant de poèmes, sont une façon secrète, pour les amateurs, de s'exprimer, de se confesser, de se dire, en pleine rue, des secrets. Je veux chanter la beauté des glaces, de tout fragment de miroir, de la moindre feuille de verre dès qu'elle est étamée. Je compte fonder bientôt la S.A.G. ou Société des Amis des Glaces...

— Votre imagination est forte, me répondit Diane, votre vie sentimentale est active et votre vie intellectuelle...

— ... est nulle, terminai-je. Je me rappelle avoir entendu jadis une conférence sur l'âme nègre où l'on disait d'eux exactement cela.

— Certainement, vous me rappelez les nègres : vous vous amusez de tout ce qui brille.

Je lui tendis en l'air la boule où, sur nous, monstres macrocéphales, un ciel en coupole (toutes les lois de la lumière et de la vision étant réformées), s'effondrait.

— Y a-t-il rien de plus séduisant ? Regardez : Vous commencez de revenir à la vie ; vous êtes sensible à ceci, n'est-ce pas ?

— Non, fit-elle.

— Vous ne comprenez pas ce derme magique, qu'est le tain d'une glace, toutes choses recréées, rectifiées. Un simple miroir et vous doublez automatiquement votre capital comme disent les martingales. Que n'y a-t-il pas là-dedans ?

— Je n'y vois, fit-elle, que moi-même.
Premier et élégant échec.

***

Nous reprîmes notre taxi et arrivâmes, après un très long détour, à un terrain vague situé au sud-est de Londres, que dominait Shootershill, et au milieu duquel une fête foraine s'étendait comme une gale et un gala multicolores. Sur un des bas-côtés se trouvait garée une vieille Ford, incroyablement carrossée ; elle s'ouvrait en boîte à surprise : un des pans violemment orné d'images populaires s'abattait et transformait à certaines heures la voiture en boutique. Sur le réservoir on lisait en lettres rouges :

Character reading
(diseuse de bonne aventure)
Highest Testimonials
(les meilleurs certificats)

et au-dessous, en cursive :

Mrs. Taylor attends all race meetings
(Mrs. Taylor assiste à toutes les
réunions hippiques).

Mrs. Taylor était vêtue dans le goût des « coster girls », tablier noir, canotier de paille piqué d'une rose, pendants d'oreille cassés, collier de perles noires qui déteignaient sur sa peau. Son nez était cuit au whisky.

— Hullo ! Dearie ! fit-elle.

— Faites à madame la boule de cristal, dis-je, et tâchez de la tirer du néant.

— Encore une boule, répliqua Diane.

— Je vois un nuage blanc ... il se dissipe : Vous perdrez un procès, commença sans hésitation l'enchantreesse en fixant la boule... un drôle de procès... on dirait un procès contre vous-même... un adversaire d'apparence peu dangereux... mais qui gagnera...

Je triomphais.

— Les devins ne font que lire nos propres pensées par

la racine, alors que nous ne les voyons jamais que par le dessus, fit Diane. Dans ce cristal gras et jaune, mon pauvre ami, ce que votre Mrs. Taylor vient de me montrer, c'est encore moi-même.

***

Ainsi, rien ne réussissait à distraire ma compagne. Je n'étais pas parvenu à obtenir son acquittement, à lui procurer cet assoupissement qu'elle semblait attendre de moi ; jusqu'ici deux expériences avaient échoué.

Qu'allais-je pouvoir faire pour elle dans ces cinq minutes qui précédaient notre séparation ? Quel astre lui montrer, quel objet parfait, unique, non périssable, qui pût, en me rehaussant à ses yeux, entreprendre sa guérison ? Je pensai à une machine électrique, à une dague (mais c'était au Bargello à Florence), à un compas jésuite pour mesurer les étoiles (mais c'était, retour de Chine, à Berlin).

— Si j'échoue, pensais-je, je la perds à jamais.

C'est alors que l'idée me vint de la conduire au premier étage du British Museum dans le département des antiquités américaines, salle du Mexique. Je l'arrêtai devant le *crâne de cristal.*

Sous un jour distillé par une verrière cela nous aveugla. Il est peu fréquent, n'est-ce pas de se trouver ainsi devant un objet sans mélange, devant une idée pure qui accepte de prendre une forme sans en être ni alourdie, ni diminuée ? Imaginez une goutte d'eau gelée : tel ce crâne, grandeur naturelle, fait d'un seul bloc de cristal de roche, parfaitement poli avec ses dents indiquées d'un trait, le seul qui eut rayé ce pur diamant ; les orbites au lieu d'être pleines d'ombre et d'épouvante, étaient des orbites, au fond desquelles luisait un jour plus clair que les yeux les plus clairs ; la tête s'éclairait par derrière, par dessus, de tous les côtés d'où que vint la lumière elle s'en nourrissait, la contractait au cœur du cristal, où se forment les idées. Il n'y avait pas de doute que ce crâne continuât de briller la nuit d'un même feu, tant il semblait créer son propre éclat.

— C'est un spectacle polaire, fit Diane, avidement penchée sur ce bloc glacé comme une femme sur sa ressemblance.

— Avouez que vous voilà enfin ravie à vous-même. Cette tête fut rapportée d'Amérique par Cortez et offerte par lui à Charles-Quint. C'est un sonnet de Mallarmé, un iceberg trouvé dans l'Equateur... Chaque année, je reviens à Londres, rien que pour le voir...

Je me tus. Diane se tenait près de moi, comme privée de vie.

— C'est magnifique, mais...

Je l'interrompis :

— On a beau me fournir l'occasion la plus rare de passer de l'abstrait au concret, s'efforcer de me réconcilier avec mon époque, me démontrer que l'idée la plus sombre, celle de notre fin dernière peut devenir, par l'art, la chose la plus claire, cela non plus, n'est-ce pas, ne me convainct pas ? Et avec irritation : « Décidément, que vous êtes pauvre Que vous êtes vieille Rappelez-vous l'Ecclésiaste : « L'enfant de cent ans sera maudit. »

De la tête, elle me fit signe que oui. Je lui pris la main ; elle me suivit avec abandon.

— Vous n'allez pas me dire que dans cette boule-là, aussi, vous vous êtes rencontrée vous-même ?

— Si, répondit Diane. Je m'y suis vue, morte.

Paul Morand.

THE HIGGLER

by A. E. Coppard.

On a cold April afternoon a higgler was driving across Shag Moor in a two-wheeled cart.

H. Witlow
Dealer in Poultry
Dinnop

was painted on the hood ; the horse was of mean appearance but notorious ancestry. A high upland common was this moor, two miles from end to end, and full of furze and bracken. There were no trees and not a house, nothing but a line of telegraph poles following the road, sweeping with rigidity from north to south ; nailed upon one of them a small scarlet notice to stonethrowers was prominent as a wound. On so high and wide a region as Shag Moor the wind always blew, or if it did not quite blow there was a cool activity in the air. The furze was always green and growing, and taking no account of seasons, often golden. Here in summer solitude lounged and snoozed ; at other times, as now, it shivered and looked sinister.

Higglers in general are ugly and shrewd, old and hard, crafty and callous, but Harvey Witlow though shrewd was not ugly ; he was hard but not old, crafty but not at all unkind. If you had eggs to sell he would buy them, by the score he would, or by the long hundred. Other odds and ends he would buy or do, paying good bright silver, bartering a bag of apples, carrying your little pig to market, or fetching a tree from the nurseries. But the season was

backward, eggs were scarce, trade was bad—by crumps, it was indeed!—and as he crossed the moor Harvey could not help discussing the situation with himself.

"If things don't change, and change for the better, and change soon, I can't last and I can't endure it; I'll be damned and done, and the quicker I'll have to sell," he said, prodding the animal with the butt of his whip "this cob. And" he said, as if in afterthought, prodding the footboard "this cart, and go back to the land. And I'll have lost my fifty pounds. Well that's what war does for you. It does it for you, sir," he announced sharply to the vacant moor, "and it does it for me. Fifty pounds! I was better off in the war. I was better off working for farmers; much; But it's no good chattering about it, it's the trick of life; when you get so far then you can go and order your funeral. Get along, Dodger!"

The horse responded briskly for a few moments.

"I tell ye," said Harvey adjuring the ambient air, "you can go and order your funeral. Get along, Dodger!"

Again Dodger got along.

"Then there's Sophy, what about Sophy and me?"

He was not engaged to Sophy Daws, not exactly, but he was keeping company with her. He was not pledged or affianced, he was just keeping company with her. But Sophy, as he knew, not only desired a marriage with Mr. Witlow, she expected it, and expected it soon. So did her parents, her friends and everybody in the village, including the postman who didn't live in it but wished he did, and the parson who did live in it but wished he didn't.

"Well, that's damned and done, fair damned and done now, unless things take a turn, and soon, so it's no good chattering about it."

And just then and there things did take a turn. He had never been across the moor before; he was prospecting for trade. At the end of Shag Moor he saw standing back in the common, fifty yards from the road, a neat square house set in a little farm. Twenty acres, perhaps. The house was girded by some white palings; beside it was a snug

orchard in a hedge covered with blackthorn bloom. It was very green and pleasant in front of the house. The turf was cleared and closely cropped, some ewes were grazing and under the blackthorn, out of the wind, lay half a dozen lambs, but what chiefly moved the imagination of Harvey Witlow was a field on the far side of the house. It had a small rickyard with a few small stacks in it ; everything here seemed on the small scale, but snug, very snug ; and in that field and yard were hundreds of fowls, hundreds, of good breed, and mostly white. Leaving his horse to sniff the greensward, the higgler entered a white wicket gateway and passed to the back of the house, noting as he did so a yellow waggon inscribed *Elizabeth Sadgrove. Prattle Corner.*

At the kitchen door he was confronted by a tall gaunt woman of middle age with a teapot in her hands.

"Afternoon, ma'am. Have you anything to sell?" began Harvey Witlow, tilting his hat with a confident affable air. The tall woman was cleanly dressed, a superior person ; her hair was grey. She gazed at him.

"It's cold," he continued. She looked at him as uncomprehendingly as a mouse might look at a gravestone.

"I'll buy any mottal thing, ma'am. Except trouble ; I'm full up wi' that already. Eggs? Fowls?"

"I've not seen you before," commented Mrs. Sadgrove a little bleakly, in a deep husky voice.

"No, 'tis the first time as ever I drove in this part. To tell you the truth, ma'am, I'm new to the business. Six months. I was in the war a year ago. Now I'm trying to knock up a connection. Difficult work. Things are very quiet."

Mrs. Sadgrove silently removed the lid of the teapot, inspected the interior of the pot with an intent glance, and then replaced the lid as if she had seen a blackbeetle there.

"Ah, well," sighed the higgler. "You've a neat little farm here, ma'am."

"It's quiet enough," said she.

"Sure it is, ma'am. Very lonely."

"And it's difficult work, too." Mrs. Sadgrove almost smiled.

"Sure it is, ma'am ; but you does it well, I can see. O, you've some nice little ricks of corn, ah! I does well enough at the dealing now and again, but it's teasy work, and mostly I don't earn enough to keep my horse in shoe leather."

"I've a few eggs, perhaps," said she.

"I could do with a score or two, ma'am, if you could let me have 'em."

"You'll have to come all my way if I do."

"Name your own price, ma'am, if you don't mind trading with me."

"Mind! Your money's as good as my own, isn't it?"

"It must be, ma'am. That's meaning no disrespects to you," the young higgler assured her hastily, and was thereupon invited to enter the kitchen.

A stone floor with two or three mats ; open hearth with burning logs ; a big dresser painted brown, carrying a row of white cups on brass hooks and shelves of plates overlapping each other like the scales of fish. A dark settle half hid a flight of stairs with a small gate at the top. Under the window a black sofa, deeply indented, invited you a little repellingly, and in the middle of the room stood a large table, exquisitely scrubbed, with one end of it laid for tea. Evidently a living room as well as kitchen. A girl, making toast at the fire, turned as the higgler entered. Beautiful she was : red hair, a complexion like the inside of a nut, blue eyes, and the hands of a lady. He saw it all at once, jacket of bright green wool, black dress, grey stockings and shoes, and forgot his errand, her mother, his fifty pounds, Sophy—momentarily he forgot everything. The girl stared strangely at him. He was tall, clean shaven, with a loop of black hair curling handsomely over one side of his brow.

"Good afternoon," said Harvey Witlow, as softly as if he had entered a church.

"Some eggs, Mary," Mrs. Sadgrove explained. The

girl laid down her toasting fork. She was less tall than her mother, whom she resembled only enough for the relationship to be noted. Silently she crossed the kitchen and opened a door that led into a dairy. Two pans of milk were creaming on a bench there, and on the flags were two great baskets filled with eggs.

"How many are there?" asked Mrs. Sadgrove, and the girl replied: "Fifteen score, I think."

"Take the lot, higgler?"

"Yes, ma'am," he cried eagerly, and ran out to his cart and fetched a number of trays. In them he packed the eggs as the girl handed them to him from the baskets. Mrs. Sadgrove left them together. For a time the higgler was silent.

"No," at length he murmured, "I've never been this road before."

There was no reply from Mary. Sometimes their fingers touched, and often, as they bent over the eggs, her bright hair almost brushed his face.

"It is a loneish spot," he ventured again.

"Yes," said Mary Sadgrove.

When the eggs were all transferred her mother came in again.

"Would you buy a few pullets, higgler?"

"Any number, ma'am," he declared quickly. Any number; by crumps, the tide was turning. He followed the mother into the yard, and there again she left him, waiting. He mused about the girl and wondered about the trade. If they offered him ten thousand chicken, he'd buy them, somehow, he would. She had stopped in the kitchen. Just in there she was, just behind him, a few feet away. Over the low wall of the yard a fat black pony was strolling in a field of bright greensward. In the yard, watching him, was a young gander, and on a stone staddle beside it lay a dead thrush on its back, its legs stiff in the air. The girl stayed in the kitchen; she was moving about though, he could hear her; perhaps she was spying at him through the window. Twenty million eggs he would

buy if Mrs. Sadgrove had got them. She was gone a long time. It was very quiet. The gander began to comb its white breast with its beak. Its three-toed feet were a most tender pink, shaped like wide diamonds, and at each of the three forward points there was a toe like a small blanched nut. It lifted one foot, folding the webs, and hid it under its wing and sank into a resigned meditation on one leg. It had a blue eye that was meek—it had two but you could only see one at a time—a meek blue eye, set in a pink rim that gave it a dissolute air, and its beak had raw red nostrils as if it suffered from the damp. Altogether a beautiful bird. And in some absurd way it resembled Mrs. Sadgrove.

"Would you sell that young gollan, ma'am?" Harvey enquired when the mother returned.

Yes, she would sell him, and she also sold him two dozen pullets. Harvey packed the fowls in a crate.

"Come on," he cried cuddling the squawling gander in his arms, "you needn't be afeard of me, I never kills anything afore Saturdays."

He roped it by its leg to a hook inside his cart. Then he took out his bag of money, paid Mrs. Sadgrove her dues, said "Good day, ma'am, good day," and drove off without seeing another sign or stitch of that fine young girl.

"Get along, Dodger, get along wi' you." They went bowling along for nearly an hour, and then he could see the landmark on Dan'el Green's Hill, a windmill that never turned though it looked a fine competent piece of architecture, just beyond Dinnop.

Soon he reached his cottage and was chaffing his mother, a hearty buxom dame, who stayed at home and higgled with any chance callers. At this business she was perhaps more enlightened than her son. It was almost a misfortune to get into her clutches.

"How much you give for this?" he cried, eyeing with humourous contempt an object in a coop that was neither flesh nor rude red herring.

"O crumps," he declared, when she told him: "I am damned and done!"

"Go on with you, that's a good bird, I tell you, with a full heart, as will lay in a month."

"I doubt it's a hen at all," he protested. "O what a ravenous beak! Damned and done I am."

Mrs. Witlow's voice began indignantly to rise.

"O well," mused her son, "it's thrifty perhaps. It ain't quite right, but it's not so wrong as to make a fuss about, especially as I be pretty sharp set. And if it's hens you want," he continued triumphantly, dropping the crate of huddled fowls before her, "there's hens for you ; and a gander! There's a gander for you, if it's a gander you want."

Leaving them all in his cottage yard he went and stalled the horse and cart at the inn, for he had no stable of his own. After supper he told his mother about the Sadgroves of Prattle Corner. "Prettiest girl you ever seen, but the shyest mottal alive. Hair like a squirrel, lovely."

"An't you got to go over and see Sophy tonight," enquired his mother, lighting the lamp.

"O lord, if I an't clean forgot that. Well I'm tired, shan't go tonight. See her tomorrow."

Mrs. Sadgrove had been a widow for ten years—and she was glad of it. Prattle Corner was her property, she owned it and farmed it with the aid of a little old man and a large lad. The older this old man grew, and the less wages he received (for Elizabeth Sadgrove was reputed a "grinder"), the more ardently he worked ; the older the lad grew the less he laboured and the more he swore. She was thriving. She was worth money was Mrs. Sadgrove. Ah! And her daughter Mary, it was clear, had received an education fit for a lord's lady ; She had been at a seminary for gentlefolks' females until she was seventeen. Well, whether or no, a clock must run as you time it ; but it wronged her for the work of a farm, it spoiled her, it completely deranged her for the work of a farm ; and this was a pity and foolish, because some day the farm was coming to her as didn't know hay from a bull's foot.

All this, and more, the young higgler quickly learned,

and plenty more he soon divined. Business began to flourish with him now; his despair was gone, he was established, he could look forward, to whatever it was he wanted to look forward, with equanimity and such pleasurable anticipation as the chances and charges of life might engender. Every week, and twice a week, he would call at the farm, and though these occasions had their superior business inducements they often borrowed a less formal tone and intention.

"Take a cup of tea, higgler?" Mrs. Sadgrove would abruptly invite him; and he would drink tea and discourse with her for half an hour on barndoor ornithology, on harness, and markets, the treatment of swine, the wear and tear of gear. Mary, always present, was always silent, seldom uttering a word to the higgler; yet a certain grace emanated from her to him, an interest, a light, a favour, circumscribed indeed by some modesty, shyness, some inhibition, that neither had the wit or the opportunity to overcome.

One evening he pulled up at the white palings of Prattle Corner. It was a calm evening in May, the sun was on its downgoing, chaffinches and wrens sung ceaselessly. Mary in the orchard was heavily veiled; he could see her over the hedge, holding a brush in her gloved hands, and a bee skep. A swarm was clustered like a great gnarl on the limb of an apple tree. Bloom was thickly covering the twigs. She made several timid attempts to brush the bees into the skep but they resented this.

"They knows if you be afraid of 'em;" bawled Harvey, "I better come and give you a hand."

When he took the skep and brush from her she stood like one helpless, released by fate from a task ill-understood and gracelessly waived. But he liked her shyness, her almost uncouth immobility.

"Never mind about that," said Harvey, as she unfastened her veil, scattering the white petals that had collected upon it; "when they kicks they hurts, but I've been stung

so often that I'm 'nocolated against 'em. They knows if you be afraid of 'em."

Wearing neither veil nor gloves he went confidently to the tree, and collected the swarm without mishap.

"Don't want to show no fear of them," said Harvey. "Nor of anything else, come to that," he added with a guffaw, "nor anybody."

At that she blushed and thanked him very softly, and she did look straight and clearly at him.

Never anything beyond a blush and a thank-you. When in the kitchen, or the parlour, Mrs. Sadgrove sometimes left them alone together Harvey would try a lot of talk, blarneying talk or sensible talk, or talk about events in the world that was neither the one nor the other. No good. The girl's responses were ever brief and confused. Why was this? Again and again he asked himself that question. Was there anything the matter with her? Nothing that you could see; she was a bright and beautiful being. And it was not contempt, either, for despite her fright, her voicelessness, her timid eyes, he divined her friendly feeling for himself; and he would discourse to his own mother about her and her mother:

"They are well-up people, you know, well off, plenty of money and nothing to do with it. The farm's their own, freehold. A whole row of cottages she's got, too, in Smoorton Comfrey, so I heard; good cottages, well let. She's worth a few thousands, I warrant. Mary's beautiful. I took a fancy to that girl the first moment I see her. But she's very highly cultivated—and, of course, there's Sophy."

To this enigmatic statement Mrs. Witlow offered no response; but mothers are inscrutable beings to their sons, always.

Once he bought some trees of cherries from Mrs. Sadgrove and went on a July morning to pick the fruit. Under the trees Mary was walking slowly to and fro, twirling a clapper to scare away the birds. He stood watching her from the gateway. Among the bejewelled trees she passed, turning the rattle with a listless air, as if beating time to

a sad music that only she could hear. The man knew that he was deeply fond of her. He passed into the orchard, bade her Good morning, and, lifting his ladder into one of the trees nearest the hedge, began to pluck cherries. Mary moved slimly in her white frock up and down a shady avenue in the orchard waving the clapper. The brightness of sun and sky was almost harsh; there was a little wind that feebly lifted the despondent leaves. He had doffed his coat; his shirt was white and clean. The lock of dark hair drooped over one side of his forehead; his face was brown and pleasant, his bare arms brown and powerful. From his high perch among the leaves Witlow watched for the girl to draw near to him in her perambulation. Knavish birds would scatter at her approach, only to drop again into the trees she had passed. His soul had an immensity of longing for her, but she never spoke a word to him. She would come from the shade of the little avenue, through the dumb trees that could only bend to greet her, into the sunlight whose dazzle gilded her own triumphant bloom. Fine! Fine! And always as she passed his mind refused to register a single thought he could offer her, or else his tongue would refuse to utter it. But his glance never left her face until she had passed out of sight again, and then he would lean against the ladder in the tree, staring down at the ground, seeing nothing or less than nothing, except a field mouse climbing to the top of a coventry bush in the hedge below him, nipping off one thick leaf and descending with the leaf in its mouth. Sometimes Mary rested at the other end of the avenue; the clapper would be silent and she would not appear for—O, hours! She never rested near the trees Witlow was denuding. The mouse went on ascending and descending, and Witlow filled his basket, and shifted his stand, and wondered.

At noon be got down and sat on the hedge bank to eat a snack of lunch. Mary had gone indoors for hers, and he was alone for awhile. Capriciously enough, his thoughts dwelt upon Sophy Daws. Sophy was a fine girl too; not

such a lady as Mary Sadgrove—O lord, no! her father was a gamekeeper!—but she was jolly and ample. She had been a little captious lately, said he was neglecting her. That wasn't true; hadn't he been busy? Besides, he wasn't bound to her in any sort of way, and of course he couldn't afford any marriage yet awhile. Sophy hadn't got any money, never had any. What she did with her wages—she was a parlour-maid—was a teaser! Harvey grunted a little, and said "Well!" And that is all he said, and all he thought, about Sophy Daws then, for he could hear Mary's clapper begin again in a corner of the orchard. He went back to his work. There at the foot of the tree were the baskets full of cherries, and those yet to be filled.

"Phew, but that's hot!" commented the man, "I'm as dry as a rattle."

A few cherries had spilled from one basket and lay on the ground. The little furry mouse had found them and was industriously nibbling at one. The higgler nonchalantly stamped his foot upon it, and kept it so for a moment or two. Then he looked at the dead mouse. A tangle of entrails had gushed from its whiskered muzzle.

He resumed his work and the clapper rattled on throughout the afternoon, for there were other cherry trees that other buyers would come to strip in a day or two. At four o'clock he was finished. Never a word had he spoken with Mary, or she with him. When he went over to the house to pay Mrs. Sadgrove, Mary stopped in the orchard scaring the birds.

"Take a cup of tea, Mr. Witlow," said Mrs. Sadgrove; and then she surprisingly added: "Where's Mary?"

"Still a-frightening the birds, and pretty well tired of that, I should think, ma'am."

The mother had poured out three cups of tea.

"Shall I go and call her in?" he asked, rising.

"You might," said she.

In the orchard the clappering had ceased. He walked all round, and in among the trees, but saw no sign of Mary; nor on the common, nor in the yard. But when he went

back to the house Mary was there already, chatting at the table with her mother. She did not greet him, though she ceased talking to her mother as he sat down. After drinking his tea he went off briskly to load the baskets into the cart. As he climbed up to drive off Mrs. Sadgrove came out and stood beside the horse.

"You're off now?" said she.

"Yes, ma'am; all loaded, and thank you."

She glanced vaguely along the road he had to travel. The afternoon was as clear as wine, the greensward itself dazzled him; lonely Shag Moor stretched away, humped with sweet yellow furze and pilastered with its telegraph poles. No life there, no life at all. Harvey sat on his driving board, musingly brushing the flank of his horse with the trailing whip.

"Ever round this way on Sundays?" enquired the woman, peering up at him.

"Well, not in a manner of speaking, I'm not, ma'am," he answered her.

The widow laid her hand on the horse's back, patting vaguely. The horse pricked up its ears, as if it were listening.

"If you are, at all, ever, you must look in and have a bit of dinner with us."

"I will, ma'am, I will."

"Next Sunday?" she went on.

"I will, ma'am, yes, I will," he repeated, "and thank you."

"One o'clock?" The widow smiled up at him.

"At one o'clock, ma'am; next Sunday; I will, and thank you," he said.

She stood away from the horse and waved her hand. The first tangible thought that floated mutely out of the higgler's mind as he drove away was: "I'm damned if I ain't a-going it, Sophy!"

He told his mother of Mrs. Sadgrove's invitation with an air of curbed triumph. "Come round—she says. Yes—I says—I 'ull. That's right—she says—so do!"

On the Sunday morn be dressed himself gallantly. It was again a sweet unclouded day. The church bell at Dinnop had begun to ring. From his window, as he fastened his most ornate tie, Harvey could observe his neighbour's two small children in the next garden, a boy and girl clad for church-going and each carrying a clerical book. The tiny boy placed his sister in front of a henroost and, opening his book, began to pace to and fro before her, shrilly intoning: "Jesus is the shepherd, ring the bell. O lord, ring the bell, am I a good boy? Amen. O lord, ring the bell." The little girl bowed her head piously over her book. The lad then picked up from the ground a dish which had contained the dog's food, and presented it momentarily before the lilac bush, the rabbit in a hutch, the axe fixed in a chopping block, and then before his sister. Without lifting her peering gaze from her book she meekly dropped two pebbles in the plate, and the boy passed on, lightly moaning, to the clothes-line post and a cock scooping in some dust.

"Ah, the little impets!" cried Harvey Witlow. "Here Toby! Here Margaret!" He took two pennies from his pocket and lobbed them from the window to the astonished children. As they stooped to pick up the coins Harvey heard the hoarse voice of neighbour Nathan, their father, bawl from his kitchen: "Come on in, and shut that bloody door, d'y'ear!"

Harnessing his moody horse to the gig Harvey was soon bowling away to Shag Moor, and as he drove along he sung loudly. He had a pink rose in his button hole. Mrs. Sadgrove received him almost affably, and though Mary was more shy than ever before Harvey had determined to make an impression. During the dinner he fired off his bucolic jokes, and pleasant tattle of a more respectful and sober nature; but after dinner Mary sat like Patience, not upon a monument but as if upon a rocking-horse, shy and fearful, and her mother made no effort to inspire her as the higgler did, unsuccessful though he was. They went to the pens to look at the pigs, and as they leaned against the low walls and

poked the maudlin inhabitants, Harvey began: "Reminds me, when I was in the war..."

"Were you in the war!" interrupted Mrs. Sadgrove.

"O yes, I was in that war, ah, and there was a pig... Danger? O lord bless me it was a bit dangerous, but you never knew where it was or what it 'ud be at next; it was like the sword of Damockels. There was a bullet once come 'ithin a foot of my head, and it went through a board an inch thick, slap through that board." Both women gazed at him apprehendingly. "Why I might 'a been killed, you know," said Harvey, cocking his eye musingly at the weather vane on the barn. "We was in billets at St. Gratien, and one day a chasseur came up—a French yoossar, you know—and he began talking to our sergeant. That was Hubert Luxter, the butcher: died a month or two ago of measles. But this yoossar couldn't speak English at all, and none of us chaps could make sense of him. I never could understand that lingo somehow, never; and though there was half a dozen of us chaps there, none of us were man enough for it neither. 'Nil compree' we says 'non compos'. I told him straight: 'you ought to learn English,' I said, it's much easier than your kind of bally chatter.' So he kept shaping up as if he was holding a rifle, and then he'd say 'Fusee—bang!', and then he'd say 'cushion'—kept on saying 'cushion'. Then he gets a bit of chalk and draws on the wall something that looks like a horrible dog, and says 'cushion' again."

"Pig," interjected Mary Sadgrove, softly.

"Yes, yes!" ejaculated Harvey, "so 'twas! Do you know any French lingo?"

"O yes" declared her mother, "Mary knows it very well."

"Ah," sighed the higgler, "I don't, although I been to France. And I couldn't do it now, not for luck nor love. You learnt it, I suppose. Well, this yoossar wants to borrow my rifle, but of course I can't lend him. So he taps on this horrible pig he'd drawn, and then he taps on his own head, and rolls his eyes about dreadful! 'Mad?' I says. And that was it, that was it. He'd got a pig on his

little farm there what had gone mad, and he wanted us to come and shoot it ; he was on leave and he hadn't got any ammunition. So Hubert Luxter he says 'Come on, some of you', and we all goes with the yoossar and shot the pig for him. Ah, that was a pig! And when it died it jumped a somersault just like a rabbit. It had got the mange, and was mad as anything I ever see in my life ; it was full of madness. Couldn't hit him at all at first, and it kicked up bobs-a-dying. 'Ready, present, fire!' Hubert Luxter says and bang goes the six of us, and every time we missed him he spotted us and we had to run for our lives."

As Harvey looked up he caught a glance of the girl fixed on him. She dropped her gaze at once and, turning away, walked off to the house.

"Come and take a look at the meadow," said Mrs. Sadgrove to him, and they went into the soft smooth meadow where the black pony was grazing. Very bright and green it was, and very blue the sky. He sniffed at the pink rose in his buttonhole, and determined that come what may he would give it to Mary if he could get a nice quiet chance to offer it. And just then, while he and Mrs. Sadgrove were strolling alone in the soft smooth meadow, quite alone, she suddenly, startlingly, asked him : "Are you courting anybody?"

"Beg pardon, ma'am?" he exclaimed.

"You haven't got a sweetheart, have you?" she asked, most deliberately.

Harvey grinned sheepishly : "Ha ha ha," and then he said, "No."

"I want to see my daughter married," the widow went on, significantly.

"Miss Mary!" he cried.

"Yes," said she ; and something in the higgler's veins began to pound rapidly. His breast might have been a revolving cage and his heart a demon squirrel. "I can't live for ever," said Mrs. Sadgrove, almost with levity, "in fact, not for long, and so I'd like to see her settled soon

with some decent understanding young man, one that could carry on here, and not make a mess of things."

"But, but," stuttered the understanding young man, "I'm no scholar, and she's a lady. I'm a poor chap, rough, and no scholar, ma'am. But mind you..."

"That doesn't matter at all," the widow interrupted, "not as things are. You want a scholar for learning, but for the land... "

"Ah, that's right, Mrs. Sadgrove, but..."

"I want to see her settled. This farm, you know, with the stock and things are worth nigh upon three thousand pounds."

"You want a farmer for farming, that's true, Mrs. Sadgrove, but when you come to marriage, well, with her learning and French and all that...!"

"A sensible woman will take a man rather than a box of tricks any day of the week," the widow retorted. "Education may be a fine thing, but it often costs a lot of foolish money."

"It do, it do. You want to see her settled?"

"I want to see her settled and secure. When she is twenty-five she comes into five hundred pounds of her own right."

The distracted higgler hummed and haa-ed in his bewilderment as if he had just been offered the purchase of a dubious duck. "How old is she, ma'am?" he at last huskily, enquired.

"Two and twenty nearly. She's a good healthy girl for I've never spent a pound on a doctor for her, and very quiet she is, and very sensible; but she's got a strong will of her own, though you might not think it or believe it."

"She's a fine creature, Mrs. Sadgrove, and I'm very fond of her, I don't mind owning up to that, very fond of her I am."

"Well, think it over, take your time, and see what you think. There's no hurry I hope, please God."

"I shan't want much time," he declared with a laugh, "but I doubt I'm the fair right sort for her."

"O, fair days, fair doings! said she inscrutably, "I'm not a long liver, I'm afraid."

"God forbid, ma'am!" His ejaculation was intoned with deep gravity.

"No, I'm not a long-living woman." She surveyed him with her calm eyes, and he returned her gaze. Hers was a long sallow face, with heavy lips. Sometimes she would stretch her features (as if to keep them from petrifying) in an elastic grin, and display her dazzling teeth; the lips would curl thickly, no longer crimson, but blue. He wondered if there were any sign of a doom registered upon her gaunt face. She might die, and die soon.

"You couldn't do better than think it over, then, eh?" she had a queer frown as she regarded him.

"I couldn't do worse than not, Mrs. Sadgrove," he said gaily.

They left it at that. He had no reason for hurrying away, and he couldn't have explained his desire to do so, but he hurried away. Driving along past the end of the moor, and peering back at the lonely farm where they dwelled amid the thick furze snoozing in the heat, he remembered that he had not asked if Mary was willing to marry him! Perhaps the widow took her agreement for granted. That would be good fortune, for otherwise how the devil was he to get round a girl who had never spoken half a dozen words to him! And never would! She was a lady, a girl of fortune, knew her French; but there it was, the girl's own mother was asking him to wed her. Strange, very strange! He dimly feared something, but he did not know what it was he feared. He had still got the pink rose in his buttonhole.

At first his mother was incredulous; when he told her of the astonishing proposal she declared he was a joker; but she was soon as convinced of his sincerity as she was amazed at his hesitation. And even vexed: "Was there anything the matter with this Mary?

"No, no, no! She's quiet, very quiet indeed I tell you, but a fine young woman, and a beautiful young woman. O, she's all right, right as rain, right as a trivet, right as ninepence. But there's a catch in it somewheres, I fear. I can't see through it yet, but I shall afore long, or I'd have the girl, like a shot I would. "Tain't the girl, mother, it's the money, if you understand me."

"Well, I don't understand you, certainly I dont'. What about Sophy?"

"O lord!" He scratched his head ruefully.

"You wouldn't think of giving this the go-by for Sophy, Harvey, would you! A girl as you ain't even engaged to, Harvey, would you!"

"We don't want to chatter about that," declared her son. "I got to think it over, and it's going to tie my wool, I can tell you, for there's a bit of craft somewheres, I'll take my oath. If there ain't, there ought to be!"

Over the alluring project his decision wavered for days, until his mother became mortified at his inexplicable vacillation.

"I tell you," he cried, "I can't make tops or bottoms of it all. I like the girl well enough, but I like Sophy, too, and it's no good beating about the bush. I like Sophy, she's the girl I love; but Mary's a fine creature, and money like that wants looking at before you throw it away, love or no love. Three thousand pounds! I'd be a made man."

And as if in sheer spite to his mother; as if a bushel of money lay on the doorstep for him to kick over whenever the fancy seized him; in short (as Mrs. Witlow very clearly intimated) as if in contempt of Providence he began to pursue Sophy Daws with a new fervour, and walked with that young girl more than he was accustomed to, more than ever before; in fact, as his mother bemoaned, more than he had need to. It was unreasonable, it was a shame, a foolishness; it wasn't decent and it wasn't safe.

On his weekly visits to the farm his mind still wavered. Mrs. Sadgrove let him alone; she was very good, she did

not pester him with questions and entreaties. There was Mary with her white dress and her red hair and her silence; a girl with a great fortune, walking about the yard, or sitting in the room, and casting not a glance upon him. Not that he would have known it if she did, for now he was just as shy of her. Mrs. Sadgrove often left them alone, but when they were alone he could not dish up a word for the pretty maid; he was dumb as a statue. If either she or her mother had lifted so much as a finger then there would have been an end to his hesitations or suspicions, for in Mary's presence the fine glory of the girl seized him incontinently; he was again full of a longing to press her lips, to lay down his doubts, to touch her bosom—though he could not think she would ever allow that! Not an atom of doubt about *her* ever visited him; she was unaware of her mother's queer project. Rather, if she became aware he was sure it would be the end of him. Too beautiful she was, too learned, and too rich. Decidedly it was his native cunning, and no want of love, that inhibited him. Folks with property did not often come along and bid you help yourself. Not very often! And throw in a grand bright girl, just for good measure as you might say. Not very often!

For weeks the higgler made his customary calls, and each time the outcome was the same; no more, no less. "Some dodge," he mused, "something the girl don't know and the mother does." Were they going bankrupt, or were they mortgaged up to the neck, or was there anything the matter with the girl, or was it just the mother wanted to get hold of him? He knew his own value if he didn't know his own mind, and his value couldn't match that girl any more than his mind could. So what *did* they want him for? Whatever it was Harvey Witlow was ready for it whenever he was in Mary's presence, but once away from her his own craftiness asserted itself: it was a snare, they were trying to make a mock of him!

But nothing could prevent his own mother mocking him, and her treatment of Sophy was so unbearable that if the

heart of that dusky beauty had not been proof against all impediments, Harvey might have had to whistle for her favour. But whenever he was with Sophy he had only one heart, undivided and true, and certain as time itself.

"I love Sophy best. It's true enough I love Mary, too, but I love Sophy better. I know it; Sophy's the girl I must wed. It might not be so if I weren't all dashed and doddered about the money; I don't know. But I do know that Mary's innocent of all this craftiness; it's her mother trying to mogue me into it".

Later he would be wishing he could only forget Sophy and do it. Without the hindrance of conscience he could do it, catch or no catch.

He went on calling at the farm, with nothing said or settled, until October. Then Harvey made up his mind, and without a word to the Sadgroves he went and married Sophy Daws and gave up calling at the farm altogether. This gave him some feeling of dishonesty, some qualm, and a vague unhappiness; likewise he feared the cold hostility of Mrs. Sadgrove. She would be terribly vexed. As for Mary, he was nothing to her, poor girl; it was a shame. The last time he drove that way he did not call at the farm. Autumn was advancing, and the apples were down, the bracken dying, the furze out of bloom, and the farm on the moor looked more and more lonely, and most cold, though it lodged a flame-haired silent woman, fit for a nobleman, whom they wanted to mate with a common higgler. Crafty, you know, too crafty!

The marriage was a gay little occasion, but they did not go away for a honeymoon. Sophy's grandmother from a distant village, Cassandra Fundy, who had a deafness and a speckled skin, brought her third husband, Amos, whom the family had never seen before. Not a very wise man, indeed he was a common man, stooping like a decayed tree, he was so old. But he shaved every day and his hairless skull was yellow. Cassandra, who was yellow too, had

long since turned into a fool ; she did not shave, though she ought to have done. She was like to die soon, but everybody said old Amos would live to be a hundred ; it was expected of him, and he, too, was determined.

The guests declared that a storm was threatening, but Amos Fundy denied it and scorned it.

"Thunder p'raps, but 'twill clear ; 'tis only de pride o' der morning."

"Don't you be a fool," remarked his wife, enigmatically, "you'll die soon enough."

"You must behold der moon ;" continued the octogenarian ; "de closer it is to der wheel, de closer der rain ; de furder away it is, de furder der rain."

"You could pour that man's brains into a thimble," declared Cassandra of her spouse, "and they wouldn't fill it—he's deaf."

Fundy was right ; the day did clear. The marriage was made and the guests returned with the man and his bride to their home. But Fundy was also wrong, for storm came soon after and rain set in. The guests stayed on for tea, and then, as it was no better, they feasted and stayed till night. And Harvey began to think they never would go, but of course they couldn't and so there they were. Sophy was looking wonderful in white stockings and shiny shoes and a red frock with a tiny white apron. A big girl she seemed, with her shaken dark hair and flushed face. Grandmother Fundy spoke seriously, but not secretly to her.

"I've had my fourteen touch of children," said Grandmother Fundy. "Yes, they were flung on the mercy of God—poor little devils. I've followed most of 'em to the churchyard. You go slow, Sophia."

"Yes, granny."

"Why," continued Cassandra, embracing the whole company, as it were with her disclosure, "my mother had me by some gentleman!"

The announcement aroused no response except sympathetic, and perhaps encouraging, nods from the woman.

"She had me by some gentleman—she ought to ha' had a twal' month, she did!"

"Wasn't she ever married?" Sophy enquired of her grandmother.

"Married? Yes, course she was," replied the old dame, "of course. But marriage ain't everything. Twice she was, but not to he, she wasn't."

"Not to the gentleman?"

"No! Oh no! He'd got money—bushels! Marriage ain't much, not with these gentry."

"Ho, ho, that's a tidy come-up!" laughed Harvey.

"Who was the gentleman?" Sophy's interest was deeply engaged. But Cassandra Fundy was silent, pondering like a china image. Her gaze was towards the mantlepiece, where there were four lamps—but only one usable—and two clocks—but only one going—and a coloured greeting card a foot long with large letters *KEEP SMILING* adorned with lithographic honeysuckle.

"She's hard of hearing," interpolated grandfather Amos, "very hard, gets worse. She've a horn at home, big as that..." His eyes roved the room for an object of comparison, and he seized upon the fire shovel that lay in the fender. "Big as that shovel. Crown silver it is, and solid, a beautiful horn, but"—he brandished the shovel before them—"her wont use 'en."

"Granny, who was that gentleman?" shouted Sophy. "Did you know him?"

"No! no!" declared the indignant dame. "I dunno ever his name, nor I don't want to. He took hisself off to Ameriky, and now he's in the land of heaven. I never seen him. If I had, I'd a given it to him properly; O, my dear, not blay-guarding him, you know, but just plain language! Where's your seven commandments?"

At last the rain abated. Peeping into the dark garden you could see the fugitive moonlight hung in a million raindrops in the black twigs oi all sorts of bushes and trees, while along the cantle of the porch a line of rain drops hung, even and regular, as if they were nailheads made

of glass. So all the guests departed, in one long staggering, struggling, giggling and guffawing body, into the village street. The bride and her man stood in the porch, watching, and waving hands. Sophy was momentarily grieving: what a lot of trouble and fuss when you announced that henceforward you were going to sleep with a man because you loved him true! She had said goodbye to her Grandmother Cassandra, to her father and her little sister. She had hung on her mother's breast, sighing an almost intolerable farewell to innocence—never treasured until it is gone, and thence-forward a pretty sorrow cherished more deeply than wilder joys.

Into Harvey's mind, as they stood there at last alone, momentarily stole an image of a bright-haired girl, lovely, silent, sad, whom be felt he had deeply wronged. And he was sorry. He had escaped the snare, but if there had been no snare he might this night have been sleeping with a different bride. And it would have been just as well. Sophy looked but a girl with her blown hair and wet face. She was wiping her tears on the tiny apron. But she had the breasts of a woman and decoying eyes.

"Sophy, Sophy!" breathed Harvey, wooing her in the darkness.

"It blows and it rains, and it rains and it blows," chattered the crumpled bride, "and I'm all so bescambled I can't tell wet from windy."

"Come, my love," whispered the bridegroom, "come in, to home."

6

Four or five months later the higgler's affairs had again taken a rude turn. Marriage, alas, was not all it might be; his wife and his mother quarrelled unendingly. Sometimes he sided with the one and sometimes with the other. He could not yet afford to instal his mother in a separate cottage, and therefore even Sophy had to admit that her

mother-in-law had a right to be living there with them, the home being hers. Harvey hadn't bought much of it; and though he was welcome to it all now, and it would be exclusively his as soon as she died, still, it was her furniture and you couldn't drive any woman (even your mother) off her own property. Sophy, who wanted a home of her own, was vexed and moody, and antagonistic to her man. Business, too, had gone down sadly of late. He had thrown up the Shag Moor round months ago; he could not bring himself to go there again, and he had not been able to square up the loss by any substantial new connections. On top of it all his horse died. It stumbled on a hill one day and fell, and it couldn't get up, or it wouldn't—at any rate, it didn't. Harvey thrashed it and coaxed it, then be cursed it and kicked it; after that he sent for a veterinary man, and the veterinary man ordered it to be shot. And it was shot. A great blow to Harvey Witlow was that. He had no money to buy another horse. Money was tight with him, very tight; and so he had to hire at fabulous cost a decrepit nag that ate like a good one. It ate—well, it would have astonished you to see what that creature disposed of, with hay the price it was, and corn gone up to heaven nearly. In fact Harvey found that he couldn't stand the racket much longer, and as he could not possibly buy another it looked very much as if he was in queer street once more, unless he could borrow the money from some friendly person. Of course there were plenty of friendly persons but they had no money, just as there were many persons who had the money but were not what you might call friendly; and so the higgler began to reiterate twenty times a day, and forty times a day, that he was entirely and absolutely damned and done. Things were thus very bad with him, they were at their worst—for he had a wife to keep now, as well as a mother, and a horse that ate like Satan, and worked like a gnat—when it suddenly came into his mind that Mrs. Sadgrove was reputed to have a lot of money, and had no call to be unfriendly to him. He had his grave doubts about the size of her purse

but there could be no harm in trying so long as you approached her in a right reasonable manner.

For a week or two he held off from this appeal, but the grim spectre of destitution gave him no rest, and so, near the close of a wild March day he took his desperate courage and his cart and the decrepit nag to Shag Moor. Wild it was, though dry, and the wind against them, a vast turmoil of icy air strident and baffling. The nag threw up its head and declined to trot. Evening was but an hour away, the fury of the wind did not retard it, nor the clouds hasten it. Low down the sun was quitting the wrack of storm, exposing a jolly orb of magnifying fire that shone flush under caves and through the casements of cottages, casting a pattern of lattice and tossing boughs upon the interior walls, lovelier than dreamed-of pictures. The heads of mothers and old dames were also imaged there, recognisable in their black shadows; and little children held up their hands between window and wall to make five-fingered shapes upon the golden screen. To drive on the moor then was to drive into blasts more dire. Darkness began to fall, and bitter cold it was. No birds to be seen, neither beast nor man; empty of everything it was except sound and a marvel of dying light, and Harvey Witlow of Dinnop with a sour old nag driving from end to end of it. At Prattle Corner dusk was already abroad: there was just one shaft of light that broached a sharp-angled stack in the rickyard, an ark of darkness, along whose top the gads and wooden pins and tilted straws were miraculously fringed in the last glare. Hitching his nag to the palings he knocked at the door, and knew in the gloom that it was Mary who opened it and stood peering forth at him.

"Good evening," he said, touching his hat.

"Oh!" the girl uttered a cry, "Higgler! What do you come for?" It was the longest sentence she had ever spoken to him; a sad frightened voice.

"I thought" he began "I'd call—and see Mrs. Sadgrove. I wondered..."

"Mother's dead," said the girl. She drew the door further back, as if inviting him, and he entered. The door was shut behind him, and they were alone in darkness, together. The girl was deeply grieving. Trembling, he asked the question: "What is it you tell me, Mary?"

"Mother's dead," repeated the girl, "all day, all day, all day." They were close to each other, but he could not see her. All round the house the wind roved lamentingly, shuddering at doors and windows. "She died in the night. The doctor was to have come, but he has not come all day," Mary whispered; "all day, all day. I don't understand; I have waited for him, and he has not come. She died, she was dead in her bed this morning, and I've been alone all day, all day, and I don't know what is to be done."

"I'll go for the doctor," he said hastily, but she took him by the hand and drew him into the kitchen. There was no candle lit; a fire was burning there, richly glowing embers, that laid a gaunt shadow of the table across a corner of the ceiling. Every dish on the dresser gleamed, the stone floor was rosy, and each smooth curve on the dark settle was shining like ice. Without invitation he sat down.

"No," said the girl, in a tremulous voice. "you must help me." She lit a candle: her face was white as the moon, her lips were sharply red, and her eyes were wild. "Come", she said, and he followed her behind the settle and up the stairs to a room where there was a disordered bed, and what might be a body lying under the quilt. The higgler stood still staring at the form under the quilt. The girl, too, was still and staring. Wind dashed upon the ivy at the window and hallooed like a grieving multitude. A crumpled gown hid the body's head, but thrust from under it, almost as if to greet him, was her naked lean arm, the palm of the hand lying uppermost. At the foot of the bed was a large washing bowl, with sponge and towels.

"You've been laying her out! Yourself!" exclaimed Witlow. The pale girl set down the candle on a chest of

drawers. "Help me now," she said, and moving to the bed she lifted the crumpled gown from off the face of the dead woman, at the same time smoothing the quilt closely up to the body's chin. "I cannot put the gown on, because of her arm, it has gone stiff." She shuddered, and stood holding the gown as if offering it to the man. He lifted that dead naked arm and tried to place it down at the body's side, but it resisted and he let go his hold. The arm swung back to its former outstretched position, as if it still lived and resented that pressure. The girl retreated from the bed with a timorous cry.

"Get me a bandage" he said, "or something we can tear up."

She gave him some pieces of linen.

"I'll finish this for you," he brusquely whispered, "you get along downstairs and take a swig of brandy. Got any brandy?"

She did not move. He put his arm around her and gently urged her to the door.

"Brandy," he repeated, "and light your candles."

He watched her go heavily down the stairs before he shut the door. Returning to the bed he lifted the quilt. The dead body was naked and smelt of soap. Dropping the quilt he lifted the out-stretched arm again, like cold wax to the touch and unpliant as a sturdy sapling, and tried once more to bend it to the body's side. As he did so the bedroom door blew open with a crash. It was only a draught of the wind, and a loose latch—Mary had opened a door downstairs, perhaps—but it awed him, as if some invisible looker were there resenting his presence. He went and closed the door; the latch had a loose hasp, and tiptoeing nervously back he seized the dreadful arm with a sudden brutal energy, and bent it by thrusting his knee violently into the hollow of the elbow. Hurriedly he slipped the gown over the head and inserted the arm in the sleeve. A strange impulse of modesty stayed him for a moment: should he call the girl and let her complete the robing of the naked body under the quilt? That preposterous

pause seemed to add a new anger to the wind, and again the door sprang open. He delayed no longer, but letting it remain open, he uncovered the dead woman. As he lifted the chill body the long outstretched arm moved and tilted like the boom of a sail, but crushing it to its side he bound the limb fast with the strips of linen. So Mrs. Sadgrove was made ready for her coffin. Drawing the quilt back to her neck, with a gush of relief he glanced about the room. It was a very ordinary bedroom, bed, washstand, chest of drawers, chair and two pictures—one of deeply religious import, and the other a little pink print, in a gilded frame, of a bouncing nude nymph recumbent upon a cloud. It was queer : a lot of people, people whom you wouldn't think it of, had that sort of picture in their bedrooms.

Mary was now coming up the stairs again, with a glass half full of liquid. She brought it to him.

"No, you drink it," he urged, and Mary sipped the brandy.

"I've finished—I've finished," he said as he watched her, "she's quite comfortable now."

The girl looked her silent thanks at him, again holding out the glass. "No, sup it yourself," he said ; but as she stood in the dim light, regarding him with her strange gaze, and still offering the drink, he took it from her, drained it at a gulp and put the glass upon the chest, beside the candle. "She's quite comfortable now. I'm very grieved, Mary," he said with awkward kindness, "about all this trouble that's come on you."

She was motionless as a wax image, as if she had died in her steps, her hand still extended as when he took the glass from it. So piercing was her gaze that his own drifted from her face and took in again the objects in the room, the washstand, the candle on the chest, the little pink picture. The wind beat upon the ivy outside the window as if a monstrous whip were lashing its slaves.

"You must notify the registrar," he began again, "but you must see the doctor first."

"I've waited for him all day," Mary whispered, "all day. The nurse will come again soon. She went home to rest in the night." She turned towards the bed. "She has only been ill a week."

"Yes?" he lamely said. "Dear me, it is sudden."

"I must see the doctor," she continued.

"I'll drive you over to him in my gig." He was eager to do that.

"I don't know," said Mary slowly.

"Yes, I'll do that, soon's you're ready. Mary," he fumbled with his speech, "I'm not wanting to pry into your affairs, or any thing as don't concern me, but how are you going to get along now? Have you got any relations?"

"No," the girl shood her head, "No".

"That's bad. What was you thinking of doing? How has she left you—things were in a baddish way, weren't they?"

"O no," Mary looked up quickly. "She has left me very well off. "I shall go on with the farm; there's the old man and the boy—they've gone to a wedding to-day; I shall go on with it. She was so thoughtful for me, and I would not care to leave all this, I love it."

"But you can't do it by yourself, alone?"

"No. I'm to get a man to superintend, a working bailiff," she said.

"Oh!" And again they were silent. The girl went to the bed and lifted the covering. She saw the bound arm and then drew the quilt tenderly over the dead face. Witlow picked up his hat and found himself staring again at the pink picture. Mary took the candle preparatory to descending the stairs. Suddenly the higgler turned to her and ventured: "Did you know as she once asked me to marry you?" he blurted.

Her eyes turned from him, but he guessed—he could feel that she *had* known.

"I've often wondered why," he murmured, "why she wanted that."

"She didn't," said the girl.

That gave pause to the man ; he felt stupid at once, and roved his fingers in a silly way along the roughened nap of his hat.

"Well, she asked me to," he bluntly protested.

"She knew" Mary's voice was no louder than a sigh "that you were courting another girl, the one you married."

"But, but," stuttered the honest higgler, "if she knew that why did she want for me to marry you ?"

"She didn't," said Mary again ; and again, in the pause, he did silly things to his hat. How shy this girl was, how lovely in her modesty and grief!

"I can't make tops or bottoms of it," he said, "but she asked me, as sure as God's my maker."

"I know. It was me, I wanted it."

"You!" he cried, "you wanted to marry me!"

The girl bowed her head, lovely in her grief and modesty : "She was against it, but I made her ask you."

"And I hadn't an idea that you cast a thought on me," he murmured. "I feared it was a sort of trick she was playing on me. I didn't understand, I had no idea that you knew about it even. And so I didn't ever ask you."

"O, why not, why not? I was fond of you then," whispered she. "Mother tried to persuade me against it, but I was fond of you—then."

He was in a queer distress and confusion : "O, if you'd only tipped me a word, or given me a sort of look," he sighed, "Oh, Mary!"

She said no more but went downstairs. He followed her and immediately fetched the lamps from his gig. As he lit the candles : "How strange" Mary said "that you should come back just as I most needed help. I am very grateful."

"Mary, I'll drive you to the doctor's now."

She shook her head ; she was smiling.

"Then I'll stay till the nurse comes."

"No, you must go. Go at once."

He picked up the two lamps, and turning at the door

said: "I'll come again tomorrow." Then the wind rushed into the room: "Goodbye," she cried, shutting the door quickly behind him.

He drove away in deep darkness, the wind howling, his thoughts strange and bitter. He had thrown away a love, a love that was dumb and hid itself. By God, he had thrown away a fortune, too! And he had forgotten all about his real errand until now, forgotten all about the loan! Well, let it go; give it up. He would give up higgling; he would take on some other job; a bailiff, a working bailiff, that was the job as would suit him, a working bailiff. Of course there was Sophy; but still—Sophy!

MEMORIES

by Luke Ionides*

V (continued).

I had a visit one day from a man who told me that he had been guilty of some stabbing done in England when another man was arrested, tried and condemned for the deed, who was perfectly innocent; "would I help him to try and get the man released?" I said I should have to take him to the British Consul and have him sent back to England to be tried, and I was not astonished when he refused, telling me that he had been attacked by some men, and that he seized his companion's knife and stabbed a man after great provocation. He then went away and I never saw him again. On my return to England I told the authorities, and heard that the prisoner was of extremely good behaviour, and would be shortly released.

Our head man was a Spartan called Syllavationo, the head of his clan, who thought no end of himself. He used to call me and Negroponte, a sort of connection of mine, "Silken-bred". So I said to him: "Why do you call me that? There isn't a thing you can do that I can't do better. I'll walk against you, I'll run or ride or jump against you and I'll drink against you."

Being an athlete in good training at the time, I beat him at everything and finally we came to the dinner, where we had to drink against each other, tumbler against tumbler, of red wine. But after a time I found it had not sufficient

* Obiit 18th March, 1924.

effect on him, so I ordered a bottle of Bass. The result was that he got thoroughly intoxicated and left the hotel. Fortunately for him he was discovered sitting in the snow and was taken to his rooms in the village and put to bed where he remained for two or three days. After that we were no longer "Silken-bred".

When the railway was being built from Chernavoda to Kustendki, John Barclay went to Constantinople to fetch some money. There were no steamers running at that time, and he had to wait for a sailing vessel. As some rather lengthened delay took place, the men at work on the railway, not receiving their money, mutinied, and they assembled above the heights near Moorfatlaar. John Barclay's brothers and young Stanley and Baldwin were in a tent, expecting to be attacked at any moment, when John Barclay returned from Constantinople. He went to the tent where he heard of the mutiny. He took a hunting crop and went out of the tent and shouted "Who's your leader?" When several men came forward headed by a Montenegrin, John Barclay said: "Are you the leader of this mutiny?" The man said "Yes". "Then take this!" said Barclay and felled him to the ground. There came a rush forward, but the Montenegrins shouted, "Back, you dogs! Don't you know a brave man when you see him?" The Montenegrin became Barclay's body-servant and a faithful one he was too.

I was once going to Chernavoda on business when the train stopped at a wayside station from which a line ran to the quarries, which were worked by Montenegrins. I should say that they would do no spade work and nothing but blasting. The stones were carried to Kustendji to form the harbour. There was a little gang-master who had to receive the loads of stones and have them carted for Kustendji. As they had not come down at the time they were expected, he reproached the head man who was a Montenegrin; from reproaches he went to abuse, and the Montenegrin lost his temper and took out a pistol and pointed it at him. The little gang-master snapped his

fingers in the man's face and said: "That for your pistol!" The Montenegrin doubled up with laughter, all his anger gone, and patted the little gang-master on the shoulders and said: "Very good man!" and that was the end of it.

I left Kustendji with my servant in a Tartar cart to go back to Brailla. After driving a certain distance the driver asked me where we were going, and I said "Hirschova", upon which he asked me where it was. There I was, in a sort of desert, being taken by a man who didn't know his way. He re-assured me and told me he could find it. After going for many hours, we arrived at a village, and he ran to see one of the natives and found that the village was inhabited by Lipovans, a Russian sect who for various reasons got themselves expelled from Russia. They seem to be at enmity with the rest of creation, particularly with Christians of the Orthodox Church. One man offered to take us to Hirschova for five piastres (about one shilling) pre-paid. He tied his horse on to the cart and sat next to the driver, and led the way for some two or three hours, when all of a sudden, he jumped off the cart and rushed to his horse and said: "There's Hirschova", pointing in a certain direction, but I was too quick for him. I pointed my revolver at him and told him I should shoot him unless he got on to the cart at once. He got on and we proceeded, and found that instead of taking us to Hirschova he had taken us into the wilderness, hoping we should be destroyed by the wolves which were supposed to be abundant at that time. It was several hours before we reached Hirschova and I asked the Austrian Consul for hospitality. He at once had the Lipovan looked up on hearing the story of our journey.

He did his duties as a host most perfectly, giving us an abundance of food and beds for the few hours that were left of the night. On leaving his hospitable house I was sorry to hear him say that he would not let the Lipovan go before he had administered a sound whipping. There was too much beating of the peasants going on in those days and I was troubled by it.

We then, in order to cross the Danube, got into a boat which was pushed along the ice; it went along until the boat floated in any place where the ice was thin. Then the men would get on to the boat and jump off on the next reach of ice we met, and they had ropes to haul the boat on to it, and so till we reached the opposite shore. There I found a sledge waiting for me, with six or eight horses, I forget which, and fur rugs. We sat in the sledge and for the first half hour I thought it the most delicious thing imaginable. Then I began feeling the warmth of the fur and pulled down the collar of my coat; my moustache and beard got coated with ice, so I put up the collar again, and was uncomfortable with the water trickling down inside it After we had been going about an hour the driver turned round and pointed to the prints on the snow, and quickly said: "A good number of wolves were about here not very long ago." However, we never saw any and arrived safely at Brailla

The wolves were a real danger, towards the end of winter, because before that they found enough dead animals to live on. They are cowardly and do not attack live animals except under stress of hunger. My cousin Aglaia Mavocordato was going in a sledge with her child from one estate to another. After a time the driver, who was driving, standing behind, said that wolves were coming as the horses were restive. He urged them on at a great pace, and presently she turned round, saw that the man was gone from his seat, and knew he must have fallen off. The horses went on at a gallop and got her home in safety. Then she armed some men and sent them on horseback in hopes of saving the coachman, but they found the wolves had eaten him, all but his legs from the knees downwards, which were in thick leather boots covered with porpoise oil.

A strange thing happened to me once on the railway between Chernavoda and Kustendji. I took the train one winter afternoon at Chernavoda and arrived at Medjidgie, where I was asked whether I should mind waiting

some time for the directors who had come from England to finish their deliberations with the local directors. I said I didn't mind in the least ; I lit a cigar and waited.

It may have been about two hours before we set off again at about six. A few miles from Kustendji the train stopped and the directors got out to see the cause, and they found there was a quarrel between the driver and the stoker. There was a fire visible and the stoker maintained that it was a danger signal, while the driver said the fires were lighted every night by Tartar shepherds. They decided he was right and got back into the carriage and the train started ; but after it had gone about a hundred yards it stopped again. Then the directors in the carriage said—"There's murder, let's get out." They rushed forward and the stoker said : "There, I was right—there's a train on the line some fifty yards ahead." We hadn't been there many minutes when a cavalcade appeared from Kustendji ; several men on horseback who shouted with joy when they saw us safe and sound. Then they told us what had happened. The driver of the train carrying stone ahead, finding he was short of water, and thinking that the express had passed two hours earlier, left his train to go to Kustendji to get some water, with the intention of coming back and fetching his train. When he reached Kustendji the horrified people at once telegraphed to Medjidgie to stop the express and they were told that it had just started, and as there was no means of communicating with it, they got some horses and galloped at full speed in hopes of being able to stop it ; so they were overjoyed to find there had not been a collision ; for if it had not been for the accident of the quarrel between the stoker and driver we should have gone full tilt into the stone train and should certainly have all been smashed. Although the stoker had claimed to be right the Tartar fire was not a signal, and the stone train had not even got its rear-lights. I have always thought that one of the most wonderful escapes anybody ever had

In 1863 I returned to England and pursued many pleasant friendships, of which I am now giving the record.

VI.

It has always been a matter of regret to me that I never made the acquaintance of Thackeray. He went in 1844 with my father to Jerusalem. The Patriarch of the Greek Church had put at my father's disposal his palace in Jerusalem, on account of the love the Greek Church authorities had for my grandfather, and my father invited Mr. Thackeray, Sir Emerson Tennant and Colonel Taylor to go with him. There was some festival at Jerusalem, and as people found it difficult to procure a shelter, they were all much touched by my father's offer.

During their journey Thackeray and my father agreed that they would often meet when they returned to London, but Thackeray being a very famous man and my father a very modest one, the latter hesitated to call, so the acquaintance dropped. Thackeray alludes to my father in one of his books, saying that Mr. Ionides is only Mr. Johnson.

My father kept up his acquaintance with Sir Emerson Tennant, better known as Mr. Emerson, author of the History of Greece, which we were all made to read. Sir Emerson became Governor of Ceylon and he always boasted that he made the elephant familiar to the British public by writing about it : he often told us stories of how elephants were caught and tamed.

He had also many interesting stories about the natives especially one of a man who was accused of murder. The judge was about to pronounce sentence on him, there being nine witnesses against him, when a man in the body of the Court asked whether he might ask some questions. On the Judge assenting, he asked that the nine witnesses should be dismissed from the Court and then had in one by one. He cross-examined each one in succession, with so much ability that they had to confess in the end that they had all been concerned in the murder, upon which the Judge asked the questioner if he had studied law ; and he answered that he had only read one book and that book was a Cingalese translation of Aristotle's logic.

A friend of Tennant's was a Dr. Bowring connected with Japan and China. My father got to know him when he lived in our neighbourhood through his being a great linguist and taking a great interest in Greek popular songs. He was made Governor of Hong-Kong and knowing that the Chinese had some favourite poisons, he took the precaution of inoculating himself by taking them in small doses so that if one were given to him, it should have no effect. A highly placed Chinese official did try to poison him, but fortunately died before he could succeed in doing so. His coffin was transported on board ship for burial, but as he was a very fat man the gases caused an explosion; the remains were collected and were finally buried with due ceremony.

I used to meet Charles Dickens at our friends the Bicknells. I was a youth at the time and found fault with his dress which I considered very loud. I was always much interested in the fact that the conductor of the omnibus in which I used to go up occasionally from Tulse Hill to town, called Taylor, was supposed to be the prototype of Sam Weller. Taylor was a most amusing man. One day one of the passengers complained of the income tax, and Taylor at once said: "I wish I had to pay a lot of income tax!" His father was the driver of the omnibus, a man over sixty, with a bush of dark hair in which there was not a single white hair showing. We all read "Pickwick" as it came out, and Sam Weller was one of our heroes.

One of the most interesting men I ever met I was introduced to by Haweis, namely Renan. He told me in the course of conversation that his most intimate friend with whom he exchanged a weekly letter, was a Greek and on my asking his name, Renan told me it was Leonidas Shauta—my uncle. That naturally added to our intimacy, and we had some very interesting talks. I had just heard a Hibbert lecture of his on the pre-Christian practices of the Aztecs and the Incas of Peru. The Incas had "Virgins of the Sun" and their rules were identical with those of the Roman Vestal Virgins, and in both cases unchastity was punished

by walling in the culprit, which was also done in the Christian nunneries later. Among the Aztecs they had a curious rite. When they had small wars they selected one of the handsomest of the enemy captives and put him in a palace where he was indulged with every luxury; then, on a certain day, a figure in dough was crucified and then taken down, the prisoner was killed and pieces of dough were dipped in his blood and eaten by the people. Renan was a delightful talker and he seemed pleased at my having read so many of his books. There was, to my mind, nothing of the priest about him, and I was astonished when after meeting him, I read that he had been brought up as a priest.

My uncle Leonidas seems to have known all the literary celebrities of his time. He used to stay with George Sand, knew Balzac and nearly all the great French authors as well as the German. Mr. Gladstone stayed with him and he stayed with John Stuart Mill. He was a very clever and cultivated man; he was a lawyer, but never practised, and he had a huge library. He had, when in Greece, a man-servant who was occasionally sacked, and when out of service, he turned brigand. After a time my uncle would take him back again. My uncle used to keep his banknotes in his books and I strongly suspect the servant of having helped himself to them. He continued his friendship with Renan up to his death.

THE MAKING OF AMERICANS

Being the History of a Family's Progress.

by GERTRUDE STEIN.

II

Could one believe it that he was a grown man and he was hen living like the man who comes into his place now to do a little selling to the servants in the kitchen. And yet that was one whole full life for him ; and then there was the old world where there had been for him such a very different kind of living. Yes as he stands there talking to his children of the things that are never real now any more to his feeling, a man comes up the walk and slinks back when he sees them and goes sneaking to the kitchen and there he sells little things to the women who buy them out of Irish fun or just to be kind to him, for his things are really not good enough for them, they are things for people poorer than any that work in a kitchen ; and so Mr. Dehning goes on talking to his children and it is all more real to their feeling than it is now to his thinking, for they have it in their fear which young ones always have inside them, and he, he has it only as a dim beginning as being like a baby or an old grown man or woman. Nay how can he ever have it in him to feel it now as really present to him, such things as meekness or poor ways or self-attendance or no comforts, it is only a fear that could make such things be now as present to him, and he has not such a fear ever inside him, not for himself ever or even

for his children, for he is strong in a sense of always winning. It is they, the children, who, though they too feel a strougth inside them and talk about it very often, yet way down deep in them they know they have no way to be really certain ; and always they are brave, good-looking, honest, prosperous children and the father feels strong pride as he looks around him.

The Dehning family was made of this father and mother and three children. Mr. Dehning was very proud of his children and proud of all the things he knew that they they could teach him. There were two daughters and a son of them.

Julia Dehning was named after her grandmother, but, as her father often told her, she never looked the least bit like her ; and yet there was a little in her that made the old world not all lost to her, a little that made one always remember that her grandmother and her father had had always a worn old world to remember.

Yes Julia looked much like her mother. That fair good-looking prosperous woman had stamped her image on each one of her children, and with her eldest, Julia, the stamp went deep, far deeper than just for the fair good-looking exteriour.

Julia Dehning was now just eighteen and she showed in all its vigor, the self-satisfied crude domineering American girlhood that was strong inside her. Perhaps she was born too near to the old world to ever attain quite altogether that crude virginity that makes the American girl safe in all her liberty. Yes the American girl is a crude virgin and she is safe in her freedom.

And now, so thought her mother, and Julia was quite of the same opinion, the time had come for Julia to have a husband and to begin her real important living.

Under Julia's very American face, body, clothes and manner and her vigor of the domineering and crude virgin, there were now and then flashes of passion that lit up an older well hidden tradition. Yes in Julia Dehning the prosperous, good-looking, domineering woman was a

very attractive being. Julia irradiated energy and brilliant enjoying, she was vigourous, and like her mother, fair and firmly compacted, and she was full of bright hopes, and strong in the spirit of success that she felt always in her. Julia was much given to hearty joyous laughing and to ardent honest feeling, and she hit the ground as she walked with the same hard jerking with which her mother Mrs. Dehning always rebuked her husband's sinning. Yes Julia Dehning was bright and full of vigour, and with something always a little harsh in her, making underneath her young bright vigourous ardent honest feeling a little of the sense of rasping that made us fly just now from her mother's talking.

And so those who read much in story books surely now can tell what to expect of her, and yet, please reader, remember that this is perhaps not the whole of our story either, neither her father for her, nor the living down her mother who is in her, for I am not ready yet to take away tha character from our Julia, for truly she may work out as the story books would have her or we may find all different kinds of things inside her, to prove the story book tradition is all wrong for her, and so reader, please remember, the future is not yet certain for her, and be you well warned reader, from the vain-glory of being sudden in your judgment of her.

After Julia came the boy George and he was not named after his grandfather. It was right that in his name he should not sound as if it were that of his grandfather, so at least his mother decided for him, and the father, he laughed and left her to do the way she liked it. And so the boy was named George and the name of the grandfather was there but hidden as an initial to be only used for signing.

The boy George bade fair to do credit to his christening. George Dehning now about fourteen was strong in sport and washing.

It's a great question this question of washing. One never can find any one who can be satisfied with anybody

else's washing. I knew a man once who never as far as any one could see ever did any washing, and yet he described another with contempt, why he is a dirty hog sir, he never does any washing. The french tell me it's the Italians who never do any washing, the french and the italians both find the spanish a little short in their washing, the english find all the world lax in this business of washing, and the East finds all the West a pig, which never is clean with just their little cold water washing. And so it goes.

Yes it has been said that even a flea has other littler fleas to bite him, and so it is with this washing, everybody can find some one to condemn for his lack of washing. Even the man who, when he wanted to take a little hut in the country to live in, and they said to him, but there is no water to have there, and he said, what does that matter, in this country one can always have wine for his drinking, he too has others who for him don't think enough about their washing; and then there is the man who takes the bath-tub out of his house because he don't believe in promiscuous bathing; and there is the plumber who says, yes I have always got to be fixing bath—tubs for other people to get clean in, and I, I haven't got time enough to wash my hands even; and then there are the french bohemians, now one never would think of them as extravagantly cleanly beings, and yet in a village in Spain they were an astonishment to all the natives, why do you do so much washing, they all demanded of them, when your skin is so white and clean even when you first begin to clean them; and then there is the dubious smelly negro woman who tells you about another woman who is as dirty as a dog and as ragged as a spring chicken, and yet some dogs certainly do sometimes do some washing and this woman had certainly not much sign of ever having had such a thing happening; and then there is the virtuous poor woman who brings her child to the dispensary for a treatment and the doctor says to her, no I won't touch her now anymore until you clean her, and the woman cries out in her indignation, what you think I am poor like a beggar,

I got money enough to pay for a doctor, I show you I can hire a real doctor, and she slams the door and rushes out with her daughter. Yes it certainly is very queer with her. All this washing business is certainly most peculiar. Surely it is true that even little fleas have always littler ones to bite them.

There are some humble souls, as saints among the sinners, who may have doubts whether they are as clean as all the others. Many people in the world give thanks that they are so much cleaner than all the others. Some, perhaps, sometimes feel that they are not as clean as their ideal of really being clean demands, but then they know they are cleaner than almost all the others. Poor things, they often suffer, trying so hard to be cleaner than any of the others, clean as the very highest reach of cleanness offers, poor idealists, would that their noble souls could be content with the daily bathing that contents so many others, but then here below we must always suffer when we are really truly noble in our nature, and this is what one must pay down below here always, for being nobler, cleaner than any of the others.

Yes it certainly is all very funny, and so we come back to talk some more about George Dehning, George who in this washing is always strong to do all his duty. Yes George Dehning was strong in sporting and in washing and he did the latter very often.

George Dehning was a fair athletic chap, cheery as his father and full of excellent intentions, and though these were almost all lost on their way to their fulfillment, remember, George was only fourteen just then, that time with a boy when he never can have much sense in him, for it nearly always is then with boys that the meekest of them are reckless dare-devil heedless unreflecting fellows, and so reader do not make too much for him of any present weakness in him. For him, too, the old world was not altogether lost behind him. Sometimes the boy had a way with him, and it would show clear in spite of the fair cheery sporty nature he had in him, a way of looking

sleepy and reflecting, and his lids would never be really ever very open, and he would be always only half showing his clear grey eyes that, very often, were bright alive and laughing.

Later such a way of looking could be of great service to him. It would not matter if he never really could have wisdom in him, this look could help him always in his dealings with all men and be of much service too to him with women. He will listen then, and with his veiled eyes it will be as if he were full with thinking, and with himself always well hidden, and so he will be wise; or for a woman, it will be as if he were always in a dream of them. Wisdom and dreaming, both good things when shown at the right time by a young grown man, who wants to be succeeding, always, in every kind of living.

And so for the moment we leave the sporty cheery well washed George Dehning with his background and his future of wisdom and of dreaming, both now pretty well hidden away in the depths of him.

And then there was the littlest one whose name had been all given without regard to the old world behind them. They called her Hortense for that was both elegant and not used by them. The father let the mother do as she liked with the naming, he laughed and a little he did not like it in him and then a little he was proud of his Miss Jenny and her way of doing.

And so the littlest was Hortense Dehning. She too had the stamp of the fair prosperous woman who had set her seal so firmly on her children, but little Hortense had perhaps a little more in her of that sweet good woman who had born many children and then had died away and left them for that was all she knew then to do for them.

The little Hortense Dehning was not of much importance yet in the family living. Hortense was ten now and full of adoration for her big sister and yet most of all for her brother. She was not very strong and she could not run after him in his playing, but sometimes he would sit and talk to her about himself and his resolutions and the elabor-

ated purposes that he was always losing. George was always very moral and too he was very hopeful. He always began his to-morrow with himself full of a firm resolution to do all things every minute and to do them all very complicatedly. George felt always he must bring up this little sister for he George was the only one who knew the right ways for her.

And so he preached a great deal to her, and little Hortense was very devout and adored her instructor. There was always a dependent loyal up-gazing sweetness in her.

Being the baby of the family she was much petted by her father and always she was overawed by her brother, who was very careful to be noble to her. She was not just then very much with her mother for she was not at this time very important to her. The mother was so busy with her Julia, to find an important and good husband for her. And so little Hortense was left much to her brother and to the governesses they had for her.

For us now as well as for her mother the important matter in the history of the Dehning family is the marrying of Julia. I have said that a strong family likeness bound all the three children firmly to their mother. That fair good-looking prosperous woman had stamped her image on each one of her children, but with only the eldest Julia was the stamp deep, deeper than for the fair good-looking exteriour.

All the family had always looked up to Julia. They delighted in her daring and in a kind of heroical sweetness there was in her. They respected in her, her educated ways and her knowing always what was the right way she and all of them should be doing. It was not for nothing she was a crude domineering virgin. And she was strong in the success she knew always that she had inside her, and the family always admired and followed after.

Her father loved her energy and vigour, he loved her happiness and the ardent honest feeling in her. He was always very ready to yield to her, he liked to hear her when she explained to him in her quick decisive manner the new

faith she had so strongly in her, the new illusions and the theories and new movements that the spirit of her generation had taught to her. And he laughed at her new fangled notions and her education and all her modern kinds of improvements as he called them, and he abused them and too the way she had to believe that she knew more than her mother, but always it amused the father to have his bright quick daughter explain all these new ways to him. Mr. Dehning knew well the value of what he had learned by living, but his was a nature generous in its feelings and he was always ready to listen to his children when they could fairly demonstrate their ideas to him.

But Henry Dehning's pride and pleasure in his Julia was all exceeded by the loud voiced satisfaction of the mother to whom this brilliant daughter always seemed as the product of the mother's own exertions. In her, Mrs. Dehning, it was the vanity and exultation of creation as well as of possession, and she never fairly learned how completely it was the girl who governed all the family life and how very much of this young life was hidden from her knowledge.

Mr. Dehning had never concerned himself very much with the management of the family's way of living and the social life of his wife and children. These things were all always arranged by Mrs. Dehning and he was well content to let her do it though he often grumbled at the foolishness and the expense and at his children always having everything they ever wanted and so being sure to be always good for nothing.

But always he was very proud of his wife and of his children, though, a little, he always felt it was not right, their new fangled ways of doing, and yet, truly, he was very proud of them always, and indeed they were a group to gratify the pride that he had in him, they were so vigourous prosperous and good-looking, and honest, and always respectful to him, and surely they had good hope of later winning for themselves all the happiness and success he could wish them.

Julia Dehning at eighteen had lived through much of the experience that can prepare a girl for womanhood and marriage.

I have said, there were a number of young men and boys connected with the Dehning family, uncles and cousins, generous decent considerate fellows, frank and honest in their friendships, and simple in the fashion of the elder Dehning. With this kindred Julia had always lived as with the members of one family. These men did not supply for her the training and experience that helps to clear the way for an impetuous woman through a world of passions, they only made a sane and moral background on which she in her later life could learn to lean.

With any member of this kindred there would be, in a young and ardent mind, no thought of love or marriage; nor were the sober business men, young, old, or middle-aged, who came a great deal to the house, attractive to her temper, for Julia was ambitious for passion and position and she needed, too, a strain of romance. No such kind of a man had really come yet to her and Julia was all ripe for real experience, for even with her well guarded life she had found the sickened sense that comes with learning that some men do wrong. Passionate tempers have greatly this advantage of the unpassionate variety; you can never guard them with such care but that they find themselves full up with real experience and with the after-taste of disillusion, but vitally as they are always hit they always rise and plunge once more, while their poorly passionate fellows who receive a vital blow never rise to faith again.

Julia as a little girl had had the usual experiences of governess guarded children. She was first the confidant, then the advisor, and last the arranger of the love affairs of her established guardians. Then at her finishing school she became acquainted with that dubious character, the adventuress, the type to be found always in all kinds of places, a character eternally attractive in its mystery and daring, and always able to attach unto itself the most

intelligent and honest of its comrades and introduce them to queer vices.

And so Julia Dehning, like all other young girls, learnt many kinds of lessons, and she saw many of the kinds of ways that lead to wisdom, and always her life was healthy vigourous and active. She learnt very well all the things young girls of her class were taught then and she learnt too, in all kinds of ways, all the things girls always can learn, somehow, to be wise in. And so Julia was well prepared now to be a woman. She had singing and piano playing and sport and all regular school learning, she had good looks, honesty, and brilliant courage, and in her young way a certain kind of wisdom.

Always Julia was a passionate young woman and she had too a heroical kind of sweetness in her way of winning. She was a passionate young woman in the sense that always she was all alive and always all the emotions she had in her being were as intense and present to her feeling as a sensation like a pain is to others who are less alive in their living. And all this time too, Julia Dehning was busily arranging and directing the life and aspirations of her family, for she was strong always in her good right to lead them.

And so Julia Dehning when she was seventeen came out upon the world, and she was filled full with courage and experience and wisdom, and she was well ready now with this energy and widom to cope with and conquer all the world and all men and women.

There is nothing more joyous than being healthful young and energetic, and loving movement sunshine and clean air. Combine all this with owning of a horse and courage enough to ride him wildly, and God is good to overflowing to his children. It is pleasant too to have occasionally a sympathetic comrade on such rides. Jameson was a pleasant man of thirty five or thereabouts, a good free rider and an easy talker. Julia knew him first at home and met him usually while riding to the station to meet her father and the city train. They would then either gallop home together or go about riding through the glowing meadows

of low oaks, racing cheerily along the country roads, and dipping here and there into a pleasant wood that broke the open country into shadow. They met too, occasionally, in riding parties that went in search of new country to discover and explore. It was all very pleasant and unaggressive, but Julia began to notice that Mrs. Jameson frowned on her in anger now, whenever they all met together. Then too Jameson grew gradually less comradely, more intimate, and gross. Julia understood at last and did not ride with him again.

Such incidents as these are common in the lives of all young women and only are important in those intenser natures that, by their understanding, make each incident into a situation. Such natures suck a full experience from every act, and live so much in what, to others, means so little, for is it not all common and to be expected.

In Julia Dehning all experience had gone to make her wise now in a desire for a master in the art of life, and it came to pass that in Alfred Hersland brought by a cousin to visit at the house she found a man who embodied her ideal in a way to make her heart beat with surprise.

To a bourgeois mind that had within it a little of the fervour for diversity, there can be nothing more attractive than a strain of singularity that yet keeps well within the limits of conventional respectability, a singularity that is, so to speak, well dressed and well set up. This is the nearest approach the middle class young woman can ever hope to make to the indifference and distinction of the really noble. When singularity goes further and so gets to be always stronger, there comes to be in it too much real danger for any middle class young woman to follow it farther. Then comes the danger of being mixed by it so that no one just seeing you can know it, and they will take you for the lowest, those who are simply poor or bad because they have no other way to do it. Surely no young person with any kind of middle class tradition will ever do so, will ever put themselves in the way of such danger, of getting so that no one can tell by just looking that they are not like

them who by their nature are always in an ordinary undistinguished degradation. No!, such kind of a danger can never have to a young one of any middle class tradition any kind of an attraction.

No, singularity that is neither crazy, sporty, faddish, or a fashion, or low class with distinction, such a singularity, I say, we have not made enough of yet so that any other one can really know it, it is as yet an unknown product with us. It takes time to make queer people, and to have others who can know it, time and a certainty of place and means. Custom, passion, and a feel for mother earth, are needed to breed vital singularity in any man, and alas, how poor we are in all these three.

The Herslands were a Western family. David Hersland, the father, had gone out to a Western state to make his money. His wife had been born and brought up in the town of Bridgepoint. Later Mr. Hersland had sent his son Alfred back there to go to college and then to stay on and to study to become a lawyer. Now it was some years later and Alfred Hersland had come again to Bridgepoint, to settle down there, to practice law there, and to make for himself his own money.

The Hersland family had not had their money any longer than the others of the foreign american community, but they had taken to culture and to ideas quicker.

Alfred Hersland was well put together to impress a courageous crude young woman, who had an ambition for both passion and position and who needed too to have a strain of romance with them.

Hersland was tall and well dressed and sufficiently good looking, and he carried himself always with a certain easy dignity and grace. His blonde hair, covered a well shaped head. His features were strongly marked, regular and attractive, his expression was pleasing, his talk was always interesting, and his manners were dignified and friendly. His eyes and voice meant knowledge, feeling, and a pleasant mystery.

Julia Dehning threw herself eagerly into this new acquain-

tance. She no longer wanted that men should bring with them the feel of out of doors, for out of doors with men now was soiled to her sense by the grossness of the Jamesons Alfred Hersland brought with him the world of art and things, a world to her but vaguely known. He knew that some things made by men are things of beauty, and he spoke this knowledge with interest and conviction.

The time passed quickly by with all this joy of fresh experience and new faith.

Not many months from this first meeting, Julia gave her answer. "Yes, I do care for you," she said, "and you and I will live our lives together, always learning things and doing things, good things they will be for us whatever other people may think or say."

THE AFTERNOON

by Catherine Wells.

A long low white house with a clock face set in in the middle of its upper story, basked, tranquilly domestic, in the hot sunshine of an early afternoon. It centred in a stone porch flanked by pillars, in whose shadowed depth the house door, standing open, showed a dim interior; rows of green sunblinds veiled its straight Georgian windows like drooped eyelids, and a broad sweep of immaculate gravel encircled a smooth lawn where oval beds of clustered begonias reposed like gaily coloured mats. Beyond was a fence of posts and chains, a meadow with grazing cows, cornfields stacked with grain, and rolling woodland. Little sounds intensified the quiet, the faint whirring of a distant reaper, a gentle cawing from the tall elms behind the house. On the sunny margin of the porch slept a Newfoundland upon his haunches, head between his paws; a sheep dog lay stretched out sideways like an overturned Noah's ark lamb.

The house awoke. There was a burst of sound, somewhere within a door had opened. The dogs stirred. Dimly seen shapes moved in the hall, a white dress flashed from the shadow, grew brighter in advancing, and came out into the portico, a tall and graceful woman, chatting and smiling with the foremost couple of half-a-dozen men in shooting jackets. There emerged with them a smell of Harris tweed, leather, and birds. "Where's the coffee, Wuzzie?" called a blond-bearded man to her from the rear, and turning sharply just avoided collision with a man-servant

who followed him, bearing it on a tray. Cane chairs were scraped into sociable position, but the blond-bearded man's rapid movements baulked them of their occupants. "We ought to be getting off", he shot at large across the chatter, and dissatisfied with his effect, caught his wife by the arm, shook it slightly, and said in a voice that felled competition, "Wuzzie, we must be getting *off*."

She smiled at him. "Old Fusser!" she said amiably. "Have you ordered the cars round?" and took a cup of coffee for him from the tray held at his oblivious elbow.

"Oh, haven't *you*?" he replied in a voice at the last pitch of exasperation, and swivelled round on his heel to the retreating man-servant. "Cars, SHARP, Willis!"

"S'sir," and the man vanished smartly.

Under the impetus of the host coffee-cups were hastily drained, boots stamped on the flags, hands felt for reassurance in pockets, cigarettes were thrown away in the flush of their youth, and as an afterthought fresh ones lit. "Aren't you coming with us, Mrs. Eveson?" said plaintively a tall thin man with insecure eyeglasses, standing with a concave sideways curve from head to heel. "Not again, I'm afraid. I've changed," replied the smiling lady in the white dress, and stepped back as her husband butted in between them, upsetting the tall man's curve. He despised men who drooped beside his wife, and troubled little about them. "Where are those cars, Wuzzie?" he began, but with a whirr from the shrubbery like rising pheasants first one very glittering and then one extraordinarily battered motor-car swept round into the gravel path, drew up before the porch with a smart gride of brakes and halted, panting. The blond-bearded man, his foot on the step of the glittering car, rounded up his companions with his eyes. "Coming with me, Preston?" he called to a man in grey who stood a little apart with his back to the rest, examining his gun. "Right-O" replied a pleasant voice, as the gun still held attention, but two other men climbed in behind their host and the chauffeur started.

"Wuzzie!" shouted the blond-bearded man, jumping

round in his seat as the car took the curve; "have tea ready when we come back!" but the chauffeur pulling up to allow him to make this remark learnt with little delay that he had done the wrong thing, and plunged forward again with a spurt that took him through the gate. The gate was held open by a gardener's boy who had sprung into existence like a special creation. A short, spectacled man in rubber waders, very sporting in attire up to the waistline and thereafter frankly clerical, assumed loving control of the battered car, and there was nothing for the tall man with the curve to do but to unbend it and get in.

The lady in the white dress turned about to her last guest. "Is there anything the matter, Mr. Preston?" she called out advancing. And then at his side, in a quick soundless whisper, "*Coming back to tea?*"

"*Yes*," he said as soundlessly, and then aloud, "All right now, thanks." He straightened up, did not look at her, and got into the battered car. The car started, jibbed, jerked forward with a lunge that threw its occupants violently forward and nearly took it on the grass, and finally settled down to the path through the gate. The lady in white stood in the porch smiling brightly and waving them off, her eyes on the tall curved man as long as he looked at her. Then they slid for an instant to the back of the man in grey.

She was alone. Her lips moved in a happy little smile, her brown eyes softened.

The gardener's boy shut the gate slowly and very thoroughly, and prepared to cease to exist again.

"George," she called.

The boy started round and ran across the grass towards her with a clutch at his cap.

"Please find Wates and tell him I want to speak to him."

"Yessm."

The dark-haired lady sat down on one of the cane chairs, and the dogs grouped themselves about her on the understanding that they were all three now finally arranged for the afternoon. She clasped her hands about her knee,

leaning forward, and her smile came and went. A pink flush crept into her cheek. She remained so lost in thought—it might have been a moment, it might have been hours...

Wates scraped his boots on the gravel and ventured to clear his throat.

The lady in white looked up and saw him. "Oh! Wates," she said, and seemed for a moment to wonder what it was she had to say next.

Wates cleared his throat again helpfully.

"Wates, there are altogether too many wasps."

Wates looked as if convicted of being over-zealous, and stood reproved.

"I do wish you could find the nest."

"I've 'unted and 'unted, 'm, and George he's 'unted. All round the fence we bin—I've knowd 'em before foot o' the fence. All round the garding we bin." He paused, and added brightly, "If ther'd bin a nest I bet a guinea we'd a seen it."

"Then perhaps they are not in the garden."

"Didn't know as how they'd bin so bad these last days."

"Wates, they're awful! Look there now!" and the lady in white pointed up into the air where a yellow body sailed past and away.

"That's a waps," said Wates in triumph.

"There's another! And there! Now where are they going?" She walked swiftly after the flying wasps, stopped to pick up the track of another, hurried after it to the fence. She became suddenly active, sent the man for sticks to mark the nests when found, dived through the chains and set out across the lumpy turf of the meadow in the trail of the wasps. The man followed her, and across the meadow they went, growing smaller, stopping, going on again, over a stile and along a hedge. till her white dress became only an occasional shimmer through the bushes, and at last disappeared completely.

The dogs, who had seemed to entertain foggy and ill-shaped ideas of following her, turned their minds to the rearrangement of their disrupted afternoon. The New-

foundland sat down, yawned enormously and blinked; the sheep dog also sat, and bit for a moment at a fancied flea. Presently they had settled again into the positions out of which the lunch party had disturbed them. They blinked as they lay, and then with an occasional heaving sigh, drowsed to sleep...

The man-servant came out into the porch, collected the scattered cups, picked up the cigarette box, rearranged the cane chairs exactly in line, and disappeared with his tray...

Silence settled upon the house once more. The sunshine poured upon it, still and quietly, no slightest breeze shivered the green blinds; the trees stood straight and motionless. The dark shadows of the pillars crept minutely to the east, the clock face in the wall above altered invisibly. A tiny beetle, glossy green and gold, emerged from a crack between the flagstones, paused to reconnoitre, and began one of those immense, motiveless journeys with an air of concentrated purpose, that are peculiar to its kind. Its route lay very near the larger dog. It stopped once in its approach to his slowly heaving bulk, and resumed its way with a momentary hastening. It passed into the shadow and out of sight...

The gardener's boy appeared again through the laurels. There was a pool of black treacly fluid on the gravel, exuded from the battered motor car. He noted this, fetched a shovelful of sand, strewed it over slowly and thoroughly, scraped it up, and restored to the gravel walk its spotless complexion...

Inch by inch the minute hand of the clock on the wall crept round its circle, inch by inch the shadows slid away to the east. It seemed as if the place fell into a slumber so profound that it scarcely breathed. And yet beneath the surface of the placid scene a thousand minute activities interlaced and spun the eternal fabric of life, a spider laid her eggs, a group of ants fed busily upon the carcase of a beetle, and left it at the end a hollow shuck of brittleness that would presently shiver into the earth, a tiny insistent maggot tunnelled its arduous way a little further into the

great tree that in years to come its remote progeny would kill, half-open buds expanded softly into flowers, a burnet moth whose chrysalis clung along a grass haulm by the fence bit its way right through the skinny stuff, crept out into the sunlight and lay and quivered there, lustrous in green and scarlet. To a hearing finer than any human creature's, the silence would have seemed a felted clamour of tappings, rustlings, flutterings, crepitations, tearings and gnawings, a murmurous mass of infinitely small busy sounds like the soft confusion of an orchestra before the arrival of its conductor. But to us a silence, unfathomable, profound...

The clock hand was well on its second revolution when the lady in white appeared distantly at the stile again, and came slowly towards the house with her gardener in attendance. Their voices grew through sound to words. "Cyanide will soon settle them", she was saying, and he, "A pot of tar now, on the end of a stick, and just pour it into the holes evening time, 'll do 'em like fun-oh." "But I've got the cyanide," she insisted.

"H'm," He seemed to reflect. "You got to be keerful now, with that stuff."

"Oh, it's the deadliest poison. I'll show you how to be careful. It's quite the surest way."

"Hum", he said again, and then in a quietly conclusive tone, "Don't know as how I keer to 'andle it."

"Oh nonsense, Wates," she answered briskly ; "I'll get it ready now," and went through the conservatory door by the drawingroom into the house.

Presently she reappeared at an upper window, pulling its green sunblind partly up and looking out, and then her head and garden hat could be seen fitfully as she moved about the bedroom within.

The purr of an approaching motor-car brought her to the window. The smart motor with her husband in it alone, swept round the trees before the gate, her husband got out, spoke some directions to the chauffeur, and the car went on. He opened the gate and came in.

The lady in white left the window and met him in the porch.

"You... ah!" she caught her words back in astonishment. Her husband's face was leaden white.

"We've—we've—" He spoke huskily and with little sound, like a man who has lost his voice. "We've had an accident, Wuzzie." He put a hand against the pillar, and looked at it. His mouth twitched. He did not see the terror leaping in her eyes. "Preston—stumbled—fell on his gun—"

"Hurt?" she gasped.

He spoke with lowered head, in respect for the tragic fact. "Killed outright, Wuzzie. Poor chap... Good chap he was!..."

His voice broke for an instant. His hand went to his eyes... "Good thing he wasn't married, Wuzzie... haven't got to tell some poor woman."

His wife had turned her face from him towards the house. She stood quite still. He looked up and put his hand reassuringly on her shoulder. "It's a shock, isn't it, Wuzzie? I feel it I can tell you. I—I was fond of him... Came along to tell you, old girl, in case you heard there'd been an accident and got frightened about me."

"Ah—yes!" she said. Her voice startled him, it had a sound as if it were breaking on the edge of a Scream. "Are you sure?" she said.

"Sure? What?"

"He's dead?"

"Oh!" He cleared his throat of something like a sob. "Blew the side of his head away, poor chap."

With a cry she broke from his hand and away into the house.

Her husband looked after her, surprised, and followed her to the door. "Wuzzie!" he called, but she had gone.

He stood for a moment as if puzzled, and then turned back and dropped into one of the cane chairs. He pulled at his beard, took out a cigarette case, began to light a cigarette in an habitual manner, and threw it away impa-

tiently. His hand shook. He sat staring before him uneasily, as if something confronted him that he could not see.

A noise above, a sound oddly like someone falling, caught at his attention. He raised his head, listened, got up and went into the house quietly. "Wuzzie!" he called gently. His heavy tread could be heard going upstairs...

There was a sound of knocking up there, that became all at once louder. And then the crash of a door burst open...

A violent bell-ringing from above suddenly filled the house. The blond-bearded man came leaping downstairs. Through the gateway whirred the old motor car with three of the other men returning. Their host rushed from the house like a man distraught, his face working soundlessly.

"A doctor," he shouted. "Fetch a doctor, for God's sake!"

The tall drooping man was arrested in descent and pushed back into the car. "Get a doctor instantly!" shouted the blond-bearded man, beside himself. "My wife's had an accident."

There was an instant of silence between the four men. For that briefest space of time there came to them a strange perception, for that instant it was as if a door had burst open into an inner world beneath the placid surface of life, and there was let in upon then a blurred welter of sounds, of laughter and songs of beauty, and the faint persistent sound of someone weeping through the night.

The blond-bearded man slammed that door with an inspiration of speech.

"I was going upstairs to tell her about Preston," he began in a husky, forced tone...

THE DIFFERENCE

by Ethel Colburn Mayne.

The tall, good-looking, stormy-eyed old woman in her decent faded mourning greeted Sidney Ludlow with a sigh. "Well, Mr. Ludlow, it was kind of you to come. After your dusty walk you'd like a cup of tea—I've seen to that, you may be sure. And while you are enjoying it, you'll tell me all about the graves in France."

"I wish you could have come with us yourself, Mrs Unthank. We were looked after from the first step to the last. No matter that we couldn't speak the language—there was someone with us all the time that could. So we had only just to look about us; never any trouble or confusion."

Mrs. Unthank poured out the tea, and set his cup and plate before him. "You'll be glad of it, I know. Good food and drink."

He might be glad of it; but Sidney Ludlow thought, as he received the tea and its appurtenances, that this wasn't the first time he'd seen a bit of decent food. However, that was Mother Unthank's way. Before the war they had been neighbours; he and Unthank had joined up together, then they had been separated, and he'd never known that Unthank had been killed till he came home when all had long been over. Now he lived seven miles away from Mother Unthank; they had never met again until to-day, when he had come, as promised in his letter from Béthune, to tell her "all about the graves in France," where he had gone under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A.

to visit Unthank's and his own brother's resting-places.

So the old woman still made the same song about the slightest thing she did for you, or gave you. Everything of hers had to be different—her tea, her bread-and-butter; and she took good care you knew it. Ludlow had often wondered how much of a song she'd made about the "giving of her son to England." That was what she called it, like an ordinary parent; but you could be sure that that, too, had been different, in her opinion. Poor Unthank had said to Ludlow: "Mighty little giving! The old lady would have stopped me if she could. But bless her heart, she likes fine talk—it's meat and drink to her." So if Unthank could bear his mother s boasting, Sidney Ludlow surely could.

"You weren't in the same place, said Mrs. Unthank now, and with a sigh he answered :—

"No, I went to Mespot. . . . Now, you'll be wanting to hear all about the graves.

But as he spoke, he saw her bridle in the old, huffed way that Ludlow knew so well. She said : "I hear they're all the same.

"Yes—all the same, said Ludlow, gently.

"Even the stones. . . . We're not allowed to choose. We gave our sons, but we must take what other people choose to give us for their graves.

"And that's the right way, Mrs. Unthank. All alike. The officers, you know, as well as us. . . . You'd be surprised to see how much is done. The grass as green and smooth as if it had been growing since I don't know how long. Little trees, too. Very peaceful, and the birds —you'd not believe how homelike the birds sing!

"French birds!" she said disdainfully. "They wouldn't sing like ours."

He couldn't help a little laugh. "You'd never tell the difference. They might be singing English, Mrs. Unthank."

She gulped at her tea, and looked offended. "All the graves as like as peas!" A curious little glint came into

her erratic, smouldering eyes. "They all lie just the same—all in a row?"

He fumbled in his pocket and brought out a little photograph. "I got this for you. I have one myself. Look—this is how they lie."

She scrutinised the photograph. "And *flat*, the graves are! Well, I thought. . . . You're kind to bring the picture, but you'll not deny a mound looks handsomer. A grave's no grave without it shows a mound. . . . So they lie all the same?" Again her eyes flashed oddly. She looked almost cheerful for an instant.

Ludlow was puzzled. Mother Unthank looked so spry, as if she had a card of some sort up her sleeve. "But what card could she have, poor woman?" he reflected; and went on: "If you could see the place, you wouldn't have a fault to find—I'd like you'd take my word for that; I would indeed."

"Their feet are here, and their heads there," she said as if she had not heard him, pointing with her finger on the photograph. Then she looked up in Ludlow's face; and he drew back, confounded by the bright, exultant malice in her eyes.

"Well, *my* son's different!" she said. "*My* son's not lying like the rest. No, Mr. Ludlow—no, indeed he's not you may believe me."

"But—" Sidney Ludlow stammered. "But, Mrs. Unthank. . . ." Her glittering eyes alarmed him.

"No, indeed he's not;" she cried again. "*He* isn't lying like the rest. My son's head was blown off, I'd have you know."

STOCKTAKING

Towards a Re-Valuation of English Literature,

by DANIEL CHAUCER.

V.

In the beginning the power to write—and still more the power of reading!—ranked with the Black Arts. That was very natural, since to the masses as to the More Select Classes of refined Poetical Imaginations reading was regarded as conferring knowledge, and, still more, knowledges. Knowledge could give you power and the most direct road to power was the knowledge that enabled you to raise up a fiend that should do your bidding. So, if in the Middle Ages a student sat reading into the deep of the night, in the darkness outside trembling populations peered through the cracks in his door, fearing to see the Foul Fiend in the lighted interior, or hoping to see the fire-irons transmuted into gold, or Helen of Troy, Venus as she appeared to Paris, Jane Shore or other famous paramours. You could have no other purpose. Books at all widely read must be regarded as manuals of magic. The *Aeneid* is at least an innocuous epic but, it being widely read, its author was transmuted by popular imagination into Duke Vergil of Mantua, the unsurpassed wizard who built or balanced the city of Venice upon an egg. When the lean scholar passed along the streets strong men came all over queer and women crossed themselves.

Gradually, however, the scholar added alembics, crucibles astrolabes, tongs and furnaces to the equipment of his library and that glory passed from the imaginative writer...

To-day the last traces of the sentiment attaches to the reader of novels: you perceive it at work in the prison chaplain who refused to let the professional literary convict become prison librarian because he defended the practice of novel-reading and confessed himself a hardened reader of fiction. The state of mind of that curate is a little hard to define: he lived amongst wicked men because he lived in a prison, but novel-reading he must have regarded as a sin above all other crimes. The burglar, the thug, the reprieved murderer, the forger were all eligible for that peaceful and sedentary job; alone the patron of works of the imagination wasn't! That is a very serious position.

That the novel-reader can be suspected of studying the Literature of Escape in order to become a necromancer seems unlikely; unlikely too, the suspicion that that study can confer on him the power to transmute the elements! Remains then the Helen of Troy complex. The more pure Non-Novel Reader, steeling himself against temptation or avoiding it, must consider that between the covers of the *Mill on the Floss*, of *John Inglesant*, there must reside knowledges that shall help you to cheap methods of attaining to undetected but illicit enjoyments. In his anxiety to save his poor brother he goes to any lengths—even to those of ranking him beneath the most hardened criminals. It is a last remaining relic of mediævalism. Or it is that in England. In the United States it would appear to be a recrudescence: to be mediaevalism returning, if not with the rack and the faggot, then at least with the secret denunciation, with the council of ten: with Judge Jeffreys and above all with Titus Oates.

Let us consider the matter historically, but looking backwards.

In Roman Catholic countries or circles you do not *of necessity* ask your priest to dinner. At the altar he is sacred, in his presbytery awe attaches to him; but in

Society : he may be the son of a cobbler, completely ignorant, with bad manners, with bad table manners... He on his part is vowed to a sacred profession ; he eschews comfort, is devoted to poverty. Twice or four times a year you ask him to dinner—to do honour to God ; and he comes, to do honour to man whether Caesar or Lazarus. But he is not your social equal : none the less he is your father in God.

It is a very proper arrangement, decent and fit for self-respecting men. It is to be wished that the world so treated its imaginative writers and that its imaginative writers were content to be treated by the world. It is to be wished that the world so treated its lexicographers and that its lexicographers would be content to be so treated by the World. I use the word lexicographer advisedly because the greatest Figure of the Anglo-Saxon eighteenth century was at once an over-neglected imaginative writer and the father of the nineteenth century Intelligentsia.

He was indeed a very complete man and, in his career, historically considered, you perceive the roots of all our evils. Thus he was a nonsensical Tory : and every man of letters should be a nonsensical Tory—to keep him out of mischief (1). He was, about one fifth of him imaginative

(1) In order to purge myself the suspicion of political bias I should like to be allowed to point out that this cryptic saying is a mere matter of expediency. Shelley has pointed out that he styled himself atheist not because he was an Atheist but to avoid theological discussions. So, it is a good thing to call yourself a Tory to avoid the imbecilities of politicians. It works two ways : the Tory party—which is invariably the Stupid Party—never employs writers of any talent to support it, so you will be saved the temptation to waste your time in the corruption of your Times. If you announce yourself as belonging to one or other parties of the Left you will eventually succumb to the temptation of prostituting your pen ; you will be execrated by all belonging to every other party of the Left ; you will be swept into every imaginable type of Society, Caucus, Department, and devil-dodging, until at last you write your article to prove that Flaubert cannot write. Some time after that the devil flies away with you. Moreover Tories are inarticulate so that you will waste no time over talking with your own side ; whilst by the Left, a Tory is regarded as such an incarnation of evil that they too will leave him alone—as the

writer and Reader—which is the true proportion; one fifth of him was Literary Biographer, which is quite enough; one fifth was philologist which was more than sufficient; and the rest of him was irrational man, attempting to tame his wife on her honeymoon, attempting to bully the world with conversation, drinking too much and again reforming, filled with commonsense and superstition side by side, engrossed in the desperate job of making a quite sordid living, a bearishly independent worshipper of noblemen, and above all eternally interested in little things, to which—such being his humour!—he attempted to apply sesquipedalian appellations.

But I fancy the cause of all our troubles was, nevertheless, really Dr. Johnson. He at least was the first Lexicographer, Emendator, Literary Biographer and Text Reviver to achieve divine honours; indeed the only thing in that respect was that he could never be called a Bibliophile—that last and most formidable species of the *genus pediculus* that affect the literary bosom. He was too untidy; his books lay about on the floor and he dropped candle-grease between the pages.

That same untidiness was perhaps too great to let him achieve an actual reputation for Respectability: nevertheless he was the first Literary Man to attempt that form of Frightfulness. Boswell records his astonishment at first being permitted to dine with the Divine Lexicographer at home. Johnson had a Joint, Puddings, a Table Cloth; Implements for carving and for conveying food to the mouth. Boswell had obviously expected to find the Grub Street hack toasting aherring on the end of a rusty rapier at an expiring fire and gnawing the half raw fish from between his fingers whilst scrolls from the manuscript

Churchmen of his day did to Shelley. Tories besides can walk about in any sort of old rags and talk of the lower classes; the Left have always to wear starched collars and black coats or their confrères will not respect them. These are very solid advantages.

of the *Dictionary*, *London*, and *Rasselas* foamed in classic profusion over the filthy floor.

Those were the correct—and really quite sufficient!—furnishings and edibles of the ordinary eighteenth century Men of Letters. To Respectability by the aid of the pen they never aspired, though sometimes like Mr. Secretary Addison they achieved, through political favour and the Patron, profusion, full-bottomed wigs, lodging in Holland House and splendid pomposities—or like Hume, by means of mixed labours in Grub Street, secretaryships in Embassy's, Under Secretaryships of State, they could save enough to take a house and have a sister come to live with them. (Hume was a Scotsman, though : and even for Hume the process was so painful and his literary work was received with so much disfavour that he threatened to change his name and become a Frenchman. He is not the last to contemplate that step!)

Otherwise : you found a Patron or you starved : or you found a Patron *and* you starved : Otway died of starvation ; Collins died mad ; Christopher Smart died in Bedlam ; Chatterton committed suicide after starvation. Nevertheless those were better days for the honouring of Literature ; for Literature has never had any honour since the Lexicographer was accounted divine.

Writers it is true have, some of them, achieved respectability by their earnings ; some of them have received a great deal of lip-service ; more still have had the secrets of their lives grovelled into in the search for discreditable passages ; but their art has lost its glory. Where now would you find a Duke—or even the proprietor of a departmental store—to pay ten guineas for a dedication? I wish I knew.

That last of course is not written very seriously : the advantages and disadvantages balance themselves so nicely that I really do not know whether I would rather be Christopher Smart or myself. But it is at any rate true and serious when you say that though the imaginative writer has gained somewhat in respectability since those days—and

how much more the Lexicographer!—writing as an art has altogether, in Anglo-Saxondom, lost repute.

Writing about the "ana" of that Art has immeasurably gained.

I suppose that all biographies of poets are not entirely undesirable. I don't know. All poets are certainly cheapened, lessened and robbed of respect by their biographers. How often must not the ghost of Shelley have cursed the innumerable worms who settled on his still warm ashes! Still, I suppose it is natural for the Public to desire to know something of the personalities of its favourites even though the frail colour be brushed off the butterflies' wings. But how often must not the ghost of Shakespeare have smiled—and how sardonically!—to think of the innumerable Knights, Professors, Doctors and Bibliophiles who have scratched around his tomb like dogs about a rat-hole. You picture him walking arm and arm with the seven gentlemen in one that was Homer to poke fun at Browning about his ten-thousand time recorded love for the conversation of Duchesses ; Shakespeare slily remembering that he would have given his second best bed over and over again for ten minutes with an earl... For again and again when you read *My Last Duchess*, *The Flight of the Duchess* or *The Bishop Orders his Tomb*, you say to yourself : Where the devil does he get this wonderful stuff from? And you answer : Oh, of course. He was a Snob. He went with Duchesses to call on Bishops!... And the Beautiful British Genius is by that amount lowered to your own level...

Still I suppose there must be biographies of poets... They are in their undigested, ana-collectors', bibliophilic conditions almost entirely a product of the last, exact hundred years. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* are all right because they are primarily pieces of writing. They delight in themselves and as such are models of the *genre*. Still, his *Drake* is so much more satisfactory a performance that it seems a pity that he did not limit his biographical excursions to men of action or grocers. Nevertheless the attitude of

the Eighteenth Century towards its Poets and their lives was very salutary. One of the most delightful specimens of Literary Biography was written in 1805 but apparently could find no publisher till 1818. (I am aware by the bye that those dates are Nineteenth Century). It prefaces a volume of collected poems of an extreme minuteness and purports to be a Sketch of the Life of J. Beattie, LL.D. and begins :

> "It has been frequently observed, that the lives of literary men are animated by few incidents and therefore seldom afford any great scope for biographical remark ; extraordinary adventure and variety of action is not to be expected in the closet or in the privacy of the study : a simple narrative therefore of their writings and opinions is all that we can hope to find of their history..."

It was just about then that Shelley was invoking that terrible Demogorgon—the More Refined Imaginations of the More Select Classes. He raised his devil more successfully than ever Faustus did, but he must have got less fun out of it!

Of Dr. Beattie we read further :

> "What with cultivating the Belles Lettres, attending to the improvement of his class in Moral Philosophy, composing, preparing for and correcting the press but little of his time can have been devoted to Society. He was however always cheerful!"
>
> "In person the Doctor was of middle size, inclined to corpulency and of a broad, square make which seemed to indicate a more robust constitution than he really had ; during the whole of his life he was subject to violent attacks of headache which not only interrupted his studies but prevented him from enjoying the society of his dearest friends...
>
> "His features were regular and his complexion dark ; it was in the eye that the vivacity of the poet seemed to beam, and that at all times irradiated his countenance...
>
> "His taste was chaste ; but there is reason to suppose he neglected the mountain of "Olympus" for the hill of "Zion" and latterly had been more anxious to obtain the reputation of a Christian Hero than that of the greatest of Modern Bards."

Such particulars, with the dates of his Compositions, of his removals from one vicarage or professoriate to another

are all that we need—all that we ought to know!—of our poets. Singular occurrences in their lives offer of course temptations that few biographers can withstand. Thus:

> "Early in the year 1773 Dr. Beattie, for the second time in his life proposed visiting London. His fame as the author of the *Minstrel* and the *Essay on Truth*, easily procured him letters of introduction to the most celebrated literary characters in the metropolis, amongst whom were the Earl of Mansfield, Lord Littleton; Drs. Johnson, Hurd, Porteous, Mr. Burke and Mrs. Montague. From each, and particularly the latter, Mr. Beattie received the greatest civility. On the 30th of June, he had the honour of being presented to the King by Lord Dartmouth, and although the levee was particularly crowded a conversation of some length ensued, the substance of which consisted in high commendations and compliments, strongly and elegantly expressed by his Majesty, on his writings, particularly the *Essay on Truth*. *Such unexpected panegyric could not fail to make a lasting impression on his mind.* (itals. not in original).
>
> "Dr. Beattie had also the honour of a private audience at Kew, and uniformly expressed his admiration of the general knowledge which both the King and Queen discovered upon every topic which happened to become the subject of conversation.
>
> "By the recommendation of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, a gratuity of two hundred pounds per annum was settled upon him from the privy purse with the compliment that he should lie on the watch and confute every sceptical and profane opinion that should, after all he had written, dare to start up in the world." (1).

This then seems to be the model for a biography of a Man of Letters. It is neither too long nor too short. It records

(1) Perhaps after all then the eighteenth century was preferable. The Present Writer once also had the honour of a private audience with the Head of a great nation—of a region Caesar never knew. Said the President advancing with out stretched hand: "Mr. C, I shall never forget the wonderful passage in your — — —", and quoted one or two sentences, whether correctly or not, the writer had no means of knowing. The effect was however a little spoilt by the fact that on the table behind the President's back lay a copy of the book in question, inserted into it a slip of paper which showed in the handwriting of the friend who had effected the introduction the words: "H... Here!" Royalty would probably have had that effect better stage managed: indeed it *does*. And, alas! neither then nor thereafter was there any mention of the privy purse!

the names of the Great with whom the subject associated and points out what sort of event made a lasting impression on his mind. Posterity that is to say, need never be in doubt after the account of the Royal interviews as to why Dr. Beattie afterwards preferred the, "hill of Zion" to the mountain of "Olympus" '. Whether on the other hand Posterity will acquire a more favourable view of the author of the *Minstrel* and the *Essay on Truth*, which was written largely with a view to getting Hume out of his job as secretary to the British Embassy in Paris, may be doubted.

But that more extended literary biographies than this of Dr. Beattie's are desirable can hardly be maintained, since the irresistible tendency of biography is to fall into the hands of either valets or humbugs—or, in the alternative, into the hands of pedants who partake of the natures of both valets and humbugs. Imagine a *Life of Shakespeare*! Shakespeare was a great poet. He was also in all probability and at times, lecher, snob, drunkard, poacher, stable-boy, lawyer's clerk... God alone knows what!

Of course he can hardly have been all these things by nature—or he may! It does not matter. But how dreadfully it *would* matter if authentic documents as to Shakespeare having stood in a white sheet at the door of St. Giles Cripplegate should ever have fallen into the hands of some black-coated Professor-Doctor! Or some real records of a desperate and possibly noble and sacred passion of Shakespeare's for some Mary Fitton or other! Imagine the innumerable books, booklets, pamphlets, Quarterly articles, passages in encyclopaedias... One more Shelley we should have—but no more our Shakespeare of the enigmatic smile!

(*To be continued.*)

SOME DO NOT

A Novel.

by Ford Madox Ford

(continued.)

It was some time before Tietjens could get to think of his own problems. The fly that took them back went with the slow pomp of a procession over the winding marsh road in front of the absurdly picturesque red pyramid of the very old town. Tietjens had to listen to the General suggesting that it would be better if he didn't come to the golf-club till Monday. He would get Macmaster some good games. A good, sound fellow that Macmaster now. It was a pity Tietjens hadn't some of his soundness!

The two city men had approached the General on the course and had used some violent invectives against Tietjens: they had objected to being called ruddy swine to their faces: they were going to the police. The General said that he had told them himself, slowly and clearly, that they *were* ruddy swine and that they would never get another ticket at that club after Monday. But till Monday, apparently, they had the right to be there and the club wouldn't want scenes. Sandbach, too, was infuriated about Tietjens.

Tietjens said that the fault lay with the times that permitted the introduction into gentlemen's company of such social swipes as Sandbach. One acted perfectly correctly and then a dirty little beggar like that put dirty little constructions on it and ran about and bleated. He added that he knew Sandbach was the General's brother-in-law, but he couldn't help it. That was the truth... The General said: "I know, my boy: I know..." But one had to take society as one found it. Claudine had to be provided for and Sandbach made a very good husband, careful, sober, and on the right side in politics. A bit of a rip; but they couldn't ask for everything! And Claudine was using all the influence she had with the other side—which was not a little, women were so wonderful!—to get him a diplomatic job in Turkey, so as to get him out of the way of Mrs. Crun-

dall! Mrs. Crundall was the leading Anti-Suffragette of the little town. That was what made Sandbach so bitter against Tietjens. He told Tietjens so that Tietjens might understand.

Tietjens had hitherto flattered himself that he could examine a subject swiftly and put it away in his mind. To the General he hardly listened. The allegations against himself were beastly; but he could usually ignore allegations against himself and he imagined that if he said no more about them he would himself hear no more. And, if there were, in clubs and places where men talk, unpleasant rumours as to himself he preferred it to be thought that he was the rip, not his wife the strumpet. That was normal, male vanity: the preference of the English gentleman! Had it been a matter of Sylvia spotless and himself as spotless as he was—for in all these things he knew himself to be spotless!—he would certainly have defended himself, at least, to the General. But he had acted practically in not defending himself more vigorously. For he imagined that, had he really tried he could have made the General believe him. But he had behaved rightly! It was not mere vanity. There was the child up at his sister Effie's. It was better for a boy to have a rip of a father than a whore for mother!

The General was expatiating on the solidity of a squat castle, like a pile of draughts, away to the left, in the sun, on the flatness. He was saying that we didn't build like that nowadays.

Tietjens said:

"You're perfectly wrong, General. All the castles that Henry VIII. built in 1543 along this coast are mere monuments of jerry-building... "*In* 1543 *jactat castra Delis, Sandgatto, Reia, Hastingas Henricus Rex*"... That means he chucked them down..."

The General laughed:

"You are an incorrigible fellow... If ever there's any known, certain fact..."

"But go and *look* at the beastly things," Tietjens said. "You'll see they've got just a facing of Caen stone that was tide-floated here, and the fillings-up are just rubble, any rubbish... Look here! It's a known certain fact, isn't it, that your eighteen-pounders are better than the French seventy-fives. They tell us so in the House, on the hustings, in the papers: the public believes it... But would you put one of your tin-pot things firing—what is it?—four shells a minute?—with the little bent pins in their tails to stop the recoil—against their seventy-fives with the compressed-air cylinders..."

The General sat stiffly upon his cushions:

"That's different," he said. "How the devil do you get to know these things?"

"It isn't different," Tietjens said, "it's the same muddle-headed frame of mind that sees good building in Henry VIII. as lets us into wars with hopelessly antiquated field guns and rottenly inferior ammunition. You'd fire any fellow on your

staff who said we could stand up for a minute against the French."

"Well, anyhow," the General said, "I thank heaven you're not on my staff for you'd talk my hind leg off in a week. It's perfectly true that the public..."

But Tietjens was not listening. He was considering that it was natural for an unborn fellow like Sandbach to betray the solidarity that should exist between men. And it was natural for a childless woman like Lady Claudine Sandbach with a notoriously, a flagrantly unfaithful husband to believe in the unfaithfulness of the husbands of other women!

The General was saying:

"Who did you hear that stuff from about the French field gun?"

Tietjens said:

"From you. Three weeks ago!"

And all the other society women with unfaithful husbands. ... They must do their best to down and out a man. They would cut him off their visiting lists! Let them. The barren harlots mated to faithless eunuchs!... Suddenly he thought that he didn't know for certain that he was the father of his child and he groaned.

"Well, what have I said wrong now?" the General asked. "Surely you don't maintain that pheasants do eat mangolds..."

Tietjens proved his reputation for sanity with:

"No! I was just groaning at the thought of the Chancellor! That's sound enough for you, isn't it?" But it gave him a nasty turn. He hadn't been able to pigeon-hole and padlock his disagreeable reflections. He had been as good as talking to himself...

In the bow-window of another hostelry than his own he caught the eye of Mr. Waterhouse, who was looking at the view over the marshes. The great man beckoned to him and he went in. Mr. Waterhouse was anxious that Tietjens —whom he assumed to be a man of sense—should get any pursuit of the two girls stopped off. He couldn't move in the matter himself, but a five pound note and possibly a police promotion or so might be handed round if no advertisement were given to the mad women on account of their raid of that afternoon.

It was not a very difficult matter: for where the great man was to be found in the club lounge, there, in the bar, the mayor the town clerk, the local head of the police, the doctors and solicitors would be found drinking together. And after it was arranged the great man himself came into the bar, had a drink and pleased them all immensely by his affability...

Tietjens himself, dining alone with the Minister to whom he wanted to talk about his Labour Finance Act, didn't find him a disagreeable fellow: not really foolish, not sly except in his humour, tired obviously, but livening up after a couple

of whiskies, and certainly not as yet plutocratic; with tastes for apple-pie and cream of a fourteen-year-old boy. And, even as regards his famous Act, which was then shaking the country to its political foundations, once you accepted its fundamental unsuitedness to the temperament and needs of the English working-class, you could see that Mr. Waterhouse didn't want to be dishonest. He accepted with gratitude several of Tietjens' emendations in the actuarial schedules... And over their port they agreed on two fundamental legislative ideals: every working man to have a minimum of four hundred a year and every beastly manufacturer who wanted to pay less to be hung. That, it appeared, was the High Toryism of Tietjens as it was the extreme Radicalism of the extreme Left of the Left..

And Tietjens, who hated no man, in face of this simple-minded and agreeable schoolboy type of fellow, fell to wondering why it was that humanity that was next to always agreeable in its units was, as a mass, a phenomenon so hideous. You took a dozen men, each of them not by any means detestable and not uninteresting: for each of them would have technical details of their affairs to impart: you formed them into a Government or a club and at once, with oppressions, inaccuracies, gossip, backbiting, lying, corruptions and vileness, you had the combination of wolf, tiger, weasel and louse-covered ape that was human society. And he remembered the words of some Russian: "Cats and monkeys. Monkeys and cats. All humanity is there."

Tietjens and Mr. Waterhouse spent the rest of the evening together.

Whilst Tietjens was interviewing the policeman, the Minister sat on the front steps of the cottage and smoked cheap cigarettes, and when Tietjens went to bed Mr. Waterhouse insisted on sending by him kindly messages to Miss Wannop, asking her to come and discuss female suffrage any afternoon she liked in his private room at the House of Commons. Mr. Waterhouse flatly refused to believe that Tietjens hadn't arranged the raid with Miss Wannop. He said it had been too neatly planned for any woman, and he said Tietjens was a lucky fellow, for she was a ripping girl.

V

"It doesn't seem quite fair, Valentine," Mrs. Duchemin said. She was rearranging in a glass bowl some minute flowers that floated on water. They made there, on the breakfast-table, a patch, as it were, of mosaic amongst silver chafing dishes, silver épergnes piled with peaches in pyramids, and great silver rose-bowls filled with roses, that drooped to the damask cloth. A congeries of silver largenesses made as if

a fortification for the head of the table; two huge silver urns, a great silver kettle on a tripod and a couple of silver vases filled with the extremely tall blue spikes of delphiniums that, spreading out, made a fan. The eighteenth century room was very tall and long; panelled in darkish wood. In the centre of each of four of the panels, facing the light, hung pictures, a mellowed orange in tone, representing mists and the cordage of ships in mists at sunrise. On the bottom of each large gold frame was a tablet bearing the ascription: "J. M. W. Turner." The chairs, arranged along the long table that was set for eight people, had the delicate, spidery, mahogany backs of Chippendale; on the golden mahogany sideboard that had behind it green silk curtains on a brass-rail were displayed an immense, crumbed ham, more peaches on an épergne, a large meat-pie with a varnished crust, another épergne that supported the large pale globes of grape-fruit; a galantine, a cube of inlaid meats, encased in thick jelly.

"Oh, women have to back each other up in these days," Valentine Wannop said. "I couldn't let you go through this alone after breakfasting with you every Saturday since I don't know when."

"I do feel," Mrs. Duchemin said, "immensely grateful to you for your moral support. I ought not, perhaps, to have risked this morning. But I've told Parry to keep him out till 10.15."

"It's, at any rate, tremendously sporting of you," the girl said. "I think it was worth trying."

Mrs. Duchemin, wavering round the table, slightly changed the position of the delphiniums.

"I think they make a good screen," Mrs. Duchemin said.

"Oh, nobody will be able to see him," the girl answered reassuringly. She added with a sudden resolution, "Look here, Edie. Stop worrying about my mind. If you think that anything I hear at your table after nine months as an ash-cat at Ealing, with three men in the house, an invalid wife and a drunken cook, can corrupt my mind, you're simply mistaken. You can let your conscience be at rest, and let's say no more about it."

Mrs. Duchemin said, "Oh, Valentine! How could your mother let you?"

"She didn't know," the girl said. "She was out of her mind for grief. She sat for most of the whole nine months with her hands folded before her in a board and lodging house at twenty-five shillings a week, and it took the five shillings a week that I earned to make up the money." She added, "Gilbert had to be kept at school of course. And in the holidays too."

"I don't understand!" Mrs. Duchemin said. "I simply don't understand."

"Of course you wouldn't," the girl answered. "You're

like the kindly people who subscribed at the sale to buy my father's library back and present it to my mother. That cost us five shillings a week for warehousing, and at Ealing they were always nagging at me for the state of my print dresses..."

She broke off and said:

"Let's not talk about it any more if you don't mind. You have me in your house, so I suppose you've a right to references, as the mistresses call them. But you've been very good to me and never asked. Still, it's come up; do you know I told a man on the links yesterday that I'd been a slavey for nine months? I was trying to explain why I was a suffragette; and, as I was asking him a favour, I suppose I felt I needed to give *him* references too."

Mrs. Duchemin, beginning to advance towards the girl impulsively, exclaimed:

"You darling!"

Miss Wannop said:

"Wait a minute. I haven't finished. I want to say this: I never talk about that stage of my career because I'm ashamed of it. I'm ashamed of it because I think I did the wrong thing, not for any other reason. I did it on impulse and I stuck to it out of obstinacy. I mean it would probably have been more sensible to go round with the hat to benevolent people, for the keep of mother and to complete my education. But if we've inherited the Wannop ill-luck, we've inherited the Wannop pride. And I *couldn't* do it. Besides I was only seventeen, and I gave out we were going into the country after the sale. I'm not educated at all, as you know, or only half, because father, being a brilliant man, had ideas. And one of them was that I was to be an athlete, not a classical don at Cambridge, as I might have been, I believe. I don't know why he had that tic... But I'd like you to understand two things. One I've said already: what I hear in this house won't ever shock or corrupt me; that it's said in Latin is neither here nor there. I understand Latin almost as well as English because father used to talk it to me and Gilbert as soon as we talked at all... And, oh yes: I'm a suffragette because I've been a slavey. But I'd like you to understand that, though I was a slavey and am a suffragette—you're an old-fashioned woman and queer things are thought about these two things—then I'd like you to understand that in spite of it all I'm pure! Chaste, you know... Perfectly virtuous."

Mrs. Duchemin said:

"Oh, Valentine! Did you wear a cap and apron? You! In a cap and apron."

Miss Wannop replied

"Yes! I wore a cap and apron and sniffled, 'M'm!' to the mistress; and slept under the stairs too. Because I would not sleep with the beast of a cook."

Mrs. Duchemin now ran forward and catching Miss Wannop

by both hands kissed her first on the left and then on the right cheek.

"Oh, Valentine," she said, "you're a heroine. And you only twenty-two!... Isn't that the motor coming ."

But it wasn't the motor coming and Miss Wannop said:

"Oh, no! I'm not a heroine. When I tried to speak to that Minister yesterday, I just couldn't. It was Gertie who went for him. As for me, I just hopped from one leg to the other and stuttered: 'V... V... Votes for W... W... W... omen!'... If I'd been decently brave I shouldn't have been too shy to speak to a strange man... For that was what it really came to."

"But that surely," Mrs. Duchemin said—she continued to hold both the girl's hands—"makes you all the braver... It's the person who does the thing he's afraid of who's the real hero, isn't it?"

"Oh, we used to argue that old thing over with father when we were ten. You can't tell. You've got to define the term brave. I was just abject... I could harangue the whole crowd when I got them together. But speak to one man in cold blood I couldn't... Of course I *did* speak to a fat golfing idiot with bulging eyes, to get him to save Gertie. But that was different."

Mrs. Duchemin moved both the girl's hands up and down in her own.

"As you know, Valentine," she said, "I'm an old-fashioned woman. I believe that woman's true place is at her husband's side. At the same time..."

Miss Wannop moved away.

"Now, don't, Edie, don't!" she said. "If you believe that, you're an anti. Don't run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. It's your defect really... I tell you I'm *not* a heroine. I *dread* prison: I *hate* rows. I'm thankful to goodness that it's my duty to stop and housemaid-typewrite for mother, so that I can't really *do* things. ...Look at that miserable, adenoidy little Gertie, hiding upstairs in our garret. She was crying all last night—but that's just nerves. Yet she's been in prison five times, stomach-pumped and all. Not a moment of funk about her!... But as for me, a girl as hard as a rock that prison wouldn't touch... Why, I'm all of a jump now. That's why I'm talking nonsense like a pert schoolgirl. I just dread that every sound may be the police coming for me."

Mrs Duchemin stroked the girl's fair hair and tucked a loose strand behind her ear.

"I wish you'd let me show you how to do your hair," she said. "The right man might come along at any moment."

"Oh, the right man!" Miss Wannop said. "Thanks for tactfully changing the subject. The right man for me, when he comes along, will be a married man. That's the Wannop luck!"

Mrs. Duchemin said, with deep concern:

"Don't talk like that... Why should you regard yourself

as being less lucky than other people? Surely your mother's done well. She has a position; she makes money..."

"Ah, but mother isn't a Wannop," the girl said, "only by marriage. The real Wannops... they've been executed, and attaindered, and falsely accused and killed in carriage accidents and married adventurers or died penniless like father. Ever since the dawn of history. And then, mother's got her mascot. ."

"Oh, what's that?" Mrs. Duchemin asked, almost with animation, "a relic..."

"Don't you know mother's mascot?" the girl asked. "She tells everybody... Don't you know the story of the man with the champagne? How mother was sitting contemplating suicide in her bed-sitting room and there came in a man with a name like Tea-tray; she always calls him the mascot and asks us to remember him as such in our prayers... He was a man who'd been at a German university with father years before and loved him very dearly, but not kept touch with him. And he'd been out of England for nine months when father died and round about it. And he said: 'Now Mrs. Wannop, what's this?' And she told him. And he said, 'What you want is champagne?' And he sent the slavey out with a sovereign for a bottle of Veuve Cliquot. And he broke the neck of the bottle off against the mantelpiece because they were slow in bringing an opener. And he stood over her while she drank half the bottle out of her tooth-glass. And he took her out to lunch... o... o... oh, it's cold!... And lectured her... And got her a job to write leaders on a paper he had shares in..."

Mrs. Duchemin said:

"You're shivering!"

"I know I am", the girl said. She went on very fast. "And of course, mother always *wrote* father's articles for him. He found the ideas, but couldn't write, and she's a splendid style... And, since then, he—the mascot—Tea-tray--has always turned up when she's been in tight places. When the paper blew her up and threatened to dismiss her for inaccuracies! She's frightfully inaccurate. And he wrote her out a table of things every leader writer must know, such as that 'A. Ebor' is the Archbishop of York, and that the Government is Liberal. And one day he turned up and said: 'Why don't you write a novel on that story you told me?' And he lent her the money to buy the cottage we're in now to be quiet and write in... Oh, I can't go on!"

Miss Wannop burst into tears.

"It's thinking of those beastly days," she said. "And that beastly, *beastly* yesterday!" She ran the knuckles of both her hands fiercely into her eyes, and determinedly eluded Mrs. Duchemin's handkerchief and embraces. She said almost contemptuously:

"A nice, considerate person I am. And you with this ordeal hanging over you! Do you suppose I don't appreciate all

your silent heroism of the home, while we're marching about with flags and shouting? But it's just to stop women like you being tortured, body and soul, week in, week out, that we..."

Mrs. Duchemin had sat down on a chair near one of the windows; she had her handkerchief hiding her face.

"Why women in your position don't take lovers..." the girl said, hotly. "Or that women in your position *do* take lovers..."

Mrs. Duchemin looked up; in spite of its tears her white face had an air of serious dignity:

"Oh, *no*, Valentine," she said, using her deeper tones. "There's something beautiful, there's something *thrilling* about chastity. I'm not narrow-minded. Censorius! I don't *condemn*! But to preserve in word, thought and action a lifelong fidelity... It's no mean achievement..."

"You mean like an egg and spoon race," Miss Wannop said.

"It isn't," Mrs. Duchemin replied gently, "the way I should have put it. Isn't the real symbol Atalanta, running fast and not turning aside for the golden apple? That always seemed to me the real truth hidden in the beautiful old legend..."

"I don't know," Miss Wannop said, "when I read what Ruskin says about it in the *Crown of Wild Olive*. Or no! It's the *Queen of the Air*. That's his Greek rubbish, isn't it? I always think it seems like an egg-race in which the young woman didn't keep her eyes in the boat. But I suppose it comes to the same thing."

Mrs. Duchemin said:

"My *dear*! Not a word against John Ruskin in *this* house."

Miss Wannop screamed.

An immense voice had shouted

"This way! This way!... The ladies will be here!"

Of Mr. Duchemin's curates—he had three of them, for he had three marshland parishes almost without stipend, so that no one but a very rich clergyman could have held them—it was observed that they were all very large men with the physiques rather of prize-fighters than of clergy. So that when by any chance at dusk, Mr. Duchemin, who himself was of exceptional stature, and his three assistants went together along a road the hearts of any malefactors whom in the mist they chanced to encounter went pit-a-pat.

Mr. Horsley—the number two—had in addition an enormous voice. He shouted four or five words, interjected tee-hee, shouted four or five words more and again interjected tee-hee. He had enormous wrist-bones that protruded from his clerical cuffs, an enormous Adam's apple, a large, thin, close-cropped, colourless face like a skull, with very sunken eyes, and when he was once started speaking it was impossible to stop him, because his own voice in his ears drowned every possible form of interruption.

This morning, as an inmate of the house, introducing to

the breakfast-room Messrs. Tietjens and Macmaster, who had driven up to the steps just as he was mounting them, he had a story to tell. The introduction was, therefore, not, as such, a success...

"A State of Sifge, Ladies! Tee-hee!" he alternately roared and giggled. "We're living in a regular state of siege... What with..." It appeared that the night before, after dinner, Mr. Sandbach and rather more than half-a-dozen of the young bloods who had dined at Mounby, had gone scouring the country lanes, mounted on motor bicycles and armed with loaded canes... for suffragettes! Every woman they had come across in the darkness they had stopped, abused, threatened with their loaded canes and subjected to cross-examination. The countryside was up in arms.

As a story this took, with the appropriate reflections and repetitions, a long time in telling, and afforded Tietjens and Miss Wannop the opportunity of gazing at each other. Miss Wannop was frankly afraid that this large, clumsy, unusual-looking man, now that he had found her again, might hand her over to the police whom she imagined to be searching for herself and her friend Gertie, Miss Wilson, at that moment in bed, under the care, as she also imagined, of Mrs. Wannop. On the links he had seemed to her natural and in place ; here, with his loosely hung clothes and immense hands, the white patch on the side of his rather cropped head and his marked rather shapeless features, he affected her queerly as being both in and out of place. He seemed to go with the ham, the meat-pie, the galantine and even at a pinch with the roses ; but the Turner pictures, the æsthetic curtain and Mrs. Duchemin's flowing robes, amber and rose in the hair did not go with him at all. Even the Chippendale chairs hardly did. And she felt herself thinking oddly, beneath her perturbations of a criminal and the voice of the Rev. Horsely that *his* Harris tweeds went all right with her skirt, and she was glad that she had on a clean, cream-coloured silk blouse, not a striped pink cotton.

She was right as to that.

In every man there are two minds that work side by side, the one checking the other ; thus emotion stands against reason, intellect corrects passion and first impressions act just a little, but very little, before quick reflection. Yet first impressions have always a bias in their favour, and even quiet reflection has often a job to efface them.

The night before Tietjens had given several thoughts to this young woman. General Campion had assigned her to him as *maîtresse en titre*. He was said to have ruined himself, broken up his home and spent his wife's money on her. Those were lies. On the other hand they were not inherent impossibilities. Upon occasion and given the right woman, quite sound men have done such things. He might, heaven nows,

himself be so caught. But that he should have ruined himself over an unnoticeable young female who had announced herself as having been a domestic servant, and wore a pink cotton blouse... that had seemed to go beyond the bounds of even the unreason of club gossip!

That was the strong, first impression! It was all very well for his surface mind to say that the girl was not by birth a tweeny maid; she was the daughter of Professor Wannop and she could jump! For Tietjens held very strongly the theory that what finally separated the classes was that the upper could lift its feet from the ground whilst common people couldn't... But the strong impression remained. Miss Wannop was a tweeny maid. Say a lady's help, by nature. She was of good family, for the Wannops were first heard of at Birdlip, in Gloucestershire, in the year 1417—no doubt enriched after Agincourt. But even brilliant men of good family will now and then throw daughters who are lady helps by nature. That was one of the queernesses of heredity... And, though Tietjens had even got as far as to realise that Miss Wannop must be a heroine who had sacrified her young years to her mother's gifts, and no doubt to a brother at school—for he had guessed as far as that—even then Tietjens couldn't make her out as more than a lady help. Heroines are all very well; admirable, they may even be saints; but if they let themselves get careworn in face and go shabby... Well, they must wait for the gold that shall be amply stored for them in heaven. On this earth you could hardly accept them as wives for men of your own set. Certainly you wouldn't spend your own wife's money on them. That was what it really came to.

But, brightened up as he now suddenly saw her, with silk for the pink cotton, shining coiled hair for the white canvas hat, a charming young neck, good shoes beneath neat ankles, a healthy flush taking the place of yesterday's pallor of fear for her comrade; an obvious equal in the surroundings of quite good people; small, but well-shaped and healthy; immense eyes fixed without embarrassment on his own...

"By Jove..." he said to himself: "It's true! What a jolly little mistress she'd make!"

He blamed Campion, Sandbach and the club gossips for the form the thought had taken. For the cruel, bitter and stupid pressure of the world has yet about it something selective; if it couples male and female in its inexorable rings of talk it will be because there is something harmonious in the union. and there exists then the pressure of suggestion!

He took a look at Mrs. Duchemin and considered her infinitely commonplace and probably a bore. He disliked her large-shouldered, many-yarded style of blue dress and considered that no woman should wear clouded amber, for which the proper function was the provision of cigarette holders for bounders. He looked back at Miss Wannop, and considered

that she would make a good wife for Macmaster; Macmaster liked bouncing girls and this girl was quite lady enough.

He heard Miss Wannop shout against the gale to Mrs. Duchemin:

"Do I sit beside the head of the table and pour out?"

Mrs. Duchemin answered:

"No! I've asked Miss Fox to pour out. She's nearly stone deaf." Miss Fox was the penniless sister of a curate deceased. "You're to amuse Mr. Tietjens."

Tietjens noticed that Mrs. Duchemin had an agreeable throat voice; it penetrated the noises of Mr. Horsley as the missel-thrush's note a gale. He noticed that Miss Wannop made a little grimace.

Mr. Horsley, like a megaphone addressing a crowd, was turning from side to side, addressing his hearers by rotation. At the moment he was bawling at Macmaster; it would be Tietjens' turn again in a moment to hear a description of the heart attacks of old Mrs. Haglen at Nobeys. But Tietjens' turn did not come...

A high-complexioned, round-cheeked, forty-fivish lady, with agreeable eyes, dressed rather well in the black of the not-very-lately widowed, entered the room with precipitation. She patted Mr. Horsley on his declamatory right arm and, since he went on talking, she caught him by the hand and shook it. She exclaimed in high, commanding tones:

"Which is Mr. Macmaster, the critic?" and then, in the dead lull to Tietjens: "Are you Mr. Macmaster, the critic? No!... Then *you* must be."

Her turning to Macmaster and the extinction of her interest in himself had been one of the rudest things Tietjens had ever experienced, but it was an affair so strictly businesslike that he took it without any offence. She was remarking to Macmaster:

"Oh, Mr. Macmaster, my new book will be out on Thursday week," and she had begun to lead him towards a window at the other end of the room.

Miss Wannop said:

"What have you done with Gertie?"

"Gertie!" Mrs. Wannop exclaimed with the surprise of one coming out of a dream. "Oh yes! She's fast asleep. She'll sleep till four. I told Hannah to give a look at her now and then."

Miss Wannop's hands fell open at her side.

"Oh, *mother*!" forced itself from her.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Wannop said, "we'd agreed to tell old Hannah we didn't want her to-day. So we had!" She said to Macmaster: "Old Hannah is our charwoman," wavered a little and then went on brightly: "Of course it will be of use to you to hear about my new book. To you journalists a little bit of previous explanation..." and she dragged off Macmaster, who seemed to bleat faintly.

That had come about because just as she had got into the dog-cart to be driven to the rectory—for she herself could not drive a horse—Miss Wannop had told her mother that there would be two men at breakfast, one whose name she didn't know; the other, a Mr. Macmaster, a celebrated critic. Mrs. Wannop had called up to her:

"A critic? Of what?" her whole sleepy being electrified.

"I don't know," her daughter had answered. "Books, I daresay."...

A second or so after, when the horse, a large black animal that wouldn't stand, had made twenty yards or so at several bounds, the handy man who drove had said:

"Yer mother's 'owlin' after yer." But Miss Wannop had answered that it didn't matter. She was confident that she had arranged for everything. She was to be back to get lunch; her mother was to give an occasional look at Gertie Wilson in the garret; Hannah, the daily help, was to be told she could go for the day. It was of the highest importance that Hannah should not know that a completely strange young woman was asleep in the garret at eleven in the morning. If she did, the news would be all over the neighbourhood at once, and the police instantly down on them.

But Mrs. Wannop was a woman of business. If she heard of a reviewer within driving distance she called on him with eggs as a present. The moment the daily help had arrived, she had set out and walked to the rectory. No consideration of danger from the police would have stopped her; besides, she had forgotten all about the police.

Her arrival worried Mrs. Duchemin a good deal, because she wished all her guests to be seated and the breakfast well begun before the entrance of her husband. And this was not easy. Mrs. Wannop, who was uninvited, refused to be separated from Mr. Macmaster. Mr. Macmaster had told her that he never wrote reviews in the daily papers, only articles for the heavy quarterlies, and it had occurred to Mrs. Wannop that an article on her new book in one of the quarterlies was just what was needed. She was, therefore, engaged in telling Mr. Macmaster how to write about herself, and twice after Mrs. Duchemin had succeeded in shepherding Mr. Macmaster nearly to his seat, Mrs. Wannop had conducted him back to the embrasure of the window. It was only by sitting herself firmly in her chair next to Macmaster that Mrs. Duchemin was able to retain for herself this all-essential, strategic position. And it was only by calling out:

"Mr. Horsley, *do* take Mrs. Wannop to the seat beside you and feed her," that Mrs. Duchemin got Mrs. Wannop out of Mr. Duchemin's own seat at the head of the table, for Mrs. Wannop, having perceived this seat to be vacant and next to Mr. Macmaster, had pulled out the Chippendale armchair and had prepared to sit down in it. This could only have

spelt disaster, for it would have meant turning Mrs. Duchemin's husband loose amongst the other guests.

Mr. Horsley, however, accomplished his duty of leading away this lady with such firmness that Mrs. Wannop conceived of him as a very disagreeable and awkward person. Mr. Horsley's seat was next to Miss Fox, a grey spinster, who sat, as it were, within the fortification of silver urns and deftly occupied herself with the ivory taps of these machines. This seat, too, Mrs. Wannop tried to occupy, imagining that, by moving the silver vases that upheld the tall delphiniums, she would be able to get a diagonal view of Macmaster and so to shout to him. She found, however, that she couldn't, and so resigned herself to taking the chair that had been reserved for Miss Gertie Wilson, who was to have been the eighth guest. Once there she sat in distracted gloom, occasionally saying to her daughter :

"I think it's very bad management. I think this party's very badly arranged." Mr. Horsley she hardly thanked for the sole that he placed before her ; Tietjens she did not even look at.

Sitting beside Macmaster, her eyes fixed on a small door in the corner of a panelled wall, Mrs. Duchemin became a prey to a sudden and overwhelming fit of apprehension. It forced her to say to her guest, though she had resolved to chance it and say nothing :

"It wasn't perhaps fair to ask you to come all this way. You may get nothing out of my husband. He's apt... especially on Saturdays..."

She trailed off into indecision. It was possible that nothing might occur. On two Saturdays out of seven nothing *did* occur. Then an admission would be wasted ; this sympathetic being would go out of her life with a knowledge that he needn't have had—to be a slur on her memory in his mind... But then, overwhelmingly, there came over her the feeling that, if he knew of her sufferings, he might feel impelled to remain and comfort her. She cast about for words with which to finish her sentence. But Macmaster said :

"Oh, dear lady!" (And it seemed to her to be charming to be addressed thus!) "One understands... One is surely trained and adapted to understand... that these great scholars, these abstracted cognoscenti..."

Mrs. Duchemin breathed a great "Ah!" of relief. Macmaster had used the exactly right words.

"And," Macmaster was going on, "merely to spend a short hour ; a swallow flight... 'As when the swallow gliding from lofty portal to lofty portal'... You know the lines... in these your perfect surroundings..."

Blissful waves seemed to pass from him to her. It was in this way that men should speak ; in that way—steel-blue tie, true-looking gold ring, steel-blue eyes beneath black brows! —that men should look. She was half-conscious of warmth ;

this suggested the bliss of falling asleep, truly, in perfect surroundings. The roses on the table were lovely ; their scent came to her.

A voice came to her :

"You *do* do the thing in style, I must say."

The large, clumsy but otherwise unnoticeable being that this fascinating man had brought in his train was setting up pretensions to her notice. He had just placed before her a small blue china plate that contained a little black caviare and a round of lemon ; a small Sevres, pinkish, delicate plate that held the pinkest peach in the room. She had said to him : "Oh... a little caviare! A peach!" a long time before, with the vague underfeeling that the names of such comestibles must convey to her person a charm in the eyes of Caliban.

She buckled about her her armour of charm ; Tietjens was gazing with large, fishish eyes at the caviare before her.

"How do you get *that*, for instance?" he asked.

"Oh!" she answered : "If it wasn't my husband's doing it would look like ostentation. I'd find it ostentatious for myself." She found a smile, radiant, yet muted. "He's trained Simpkins of New Bond Street. For a telephone message overnight special messengers go to Billingsgate at dawn for salmon, and red mullet, this, in ice, and great blocks of ice too. It's such pretty stuff... and then by seven the car goes to Ashford Junction... All the same, it's difficult to give a breakfast before ten."

She didn't want to waste her careful sentences on this grey fellow ; she couldn't, however, turn back, as she yearned to do, to the kindredly running phrases—as if out of books she had read!—of the smaller man.

"Ah, but it isn't," Tietjens said, "ostentation. It's the great Tradition. You mustn't ever forget that your husband's Breakfast Duchemin of Magdalen."

He seemed to be gazing inscrutably, deep into her eyes. But no doubt he meant to be agreeable.

"Sometimes I wish I could," she said. "He doesn't get anything out of it himself. He's ascetic to unreasonableness. On Fridays he eats nothing at all. It makes me quite anxious... for Saturdays."

Tietjens said :

"I know."

She exclaimed—and almost with sharpness ;

"You *know*!"

He continued to gaze straight into her eyes :

"Oh, of course one knows all about Breakfast Duchemin!" he said. "He was one of Ruskin's road-builders. He was said to be the most Ruskin-like of them all!"

(To be continued).

CHRONIQUES

I

LITIR O ÉIRINN.

Dublin, April.

It is difficult to sit down and write casually about Ireland to a foreigner just now, there are so many misconceptions afloat. No people have ever been so persistently misunderstood as the Irish. The continental nations—when they have thought of us at all—have viewed us through English spectacles. Most Englishmen hold one or other of two ready-made theories by which they claim to understand the Irishman in all his aspects. To one section of the British public we are witty, reckless, hospitable, incorrigibly lazy no doubt, but otherwise charming if impractical. To the rest we are cruel, treacherous, sunk in degrading superstitions and averse from soap and water. In short we possess all the vices of the tailed head hunters of Nigeria with none of their virtues.

Now it appears to me that both theories are largely untrue. We are neither angels nor devils, but very much like other men, not indeed so vastly different from the English themselves.

In 1922 for the first time in three centuries Irishmen obtained (to a limited extent) the control of their own affairs. We were at once confronted with very many problems. In three hundred years of foreign rule the distinctive Gaelic culture had almost vanished—and very little had come in its place. Colonists, as a rule, do not bring with them any strong literary or artistic tradition. Which of the British colonies has produced a Shakespeare, a Milton or an Augustus John? One section of the Irish people wished to revert to kilts and the clan system, another advocated that we should adopt wholesale the language,

manners and customs of England, fondly imagining that to do so would be "international" and progressive. But the majority of us have no intention of going to either extreme. Indeed to do so would be a manifest impossibility.

It is our wish to maintain and gradually extend the use of our national language and to preserve or even revive ancient tradition and custom wherever possible and desirable but we are equally anxious to borrow (and not alone from England, but from Europe, Asia or America) such artistic or scientific knowledge as is best suited to our national character. If we wish to rid Ireland of *News of the World* and *Comic Cuts*, and to discourage the reading of sentimental trash it does not inevitably follow that we reject Hilaire Belloc and John Masefield. It is not our desire like the Thibetans to set up a forbidden kingdom in which no foreigner may set foot. On the contrary, to all foreigners we extend a welcome, provided that they expound their views peaceably, and do not try to impose a culture upon us at the point of the bayonet with poison gas by way of anaesthetic.

I have visited three rather interesting picture shows in Dublin within the past six weeks, and I have generally held that three exhibitions worth visiting in the year is a good average for our capital. One begins to hope a little that the Irish people may some day realise that there are other forms of art than the gaudily coloured religious oleographs of Munich. The New Irish Salon is by far the most interesting exhibition of pictures I have seen in Ireland. There were two hundred and seventy-two exhibits, the work of fifty Irish and foreign artists, pictures of every conceivable modern school. The very good and the incredibly bad hung side by side. To many this was a first introduction to some of the well-known modern Europeans. Andre Lhote was represented by six pictures, Ossif Zadkine by two water colours, two drawings and two woodcuts, Michael Sevier by four pictures, A. Gleizes by fifteen drawings, and Verkimdigung-Dulberg by a woodcut.

A controversy was raised over one of these, a nude by Michael Sevier. The exhibition was held in a hall owned by a Mr. Mills, who was in the custom of letting it for dances in the evenings. Disapproving on moral grounds of this perfectly harmless and very beautiful picture he proclaimed that unless it were withdrawn he could not permit the exhibition to be held in his hall. Several well-known Irish artists then declared that unless the picture were allowed to remain they would withdraw their exhibits. And finally Mr. Mills was induced to give his

consent on condition that the picture be removed each evening lest it demoralise the dancers.

Until the year 1899 there was no Irish drama. We had given Goldsmith, Sheridan, Wilde and Shaw to England, but they wrote of English life for an English public. In 1899 Lady Gregory, Senator W. B. Yeats, the late Mr. Edward Martyn and Mr. George Moore founded "The Irish Literary Theatre". At their first public performance they presented *The Countess Cathleen*, an exceedingly beautiful poetic drama by Senator Yeats. In 1901 they had their first popular success in *Casadh an t-Sugain* by Dr. Douglas Hyde, the first play in the Irish language to be acted on any stage. An Englishwoman, Miss Horniman, supplied the new venture with a permanent home in 1903. To her every Irishman should be grateful, for the Abbey Theatre was one of the chief factors in our cultural re-awakening.

There followed a period of wonderful promise and incredible achievement. The tragedies of Synge, the poetic dramas of Yeats, the earlier and better comedies of Lady Gregory all belong to the decade following the establishment of the Abbey Theatre. But Synge died, Yeats ceased to write for the conventional stage, and Lady Gregory with her comedies could not single-handed achieve a national dramatic literature. In 1910 Miss Horniman withdrew her subsidy, and the theatre was forced to become self-supporting. This entailed pandering to a popular taste educated on the most worthless commercial plays of the English-speaking world presented by third-rate English provincial touring companies. In consequence the Abbey Theatre has steadily declined for the last ten years. There have been few new plays of any note, save a few very pleasant comedies by Mr. Lennox Robinson. The original company grew old, or became over famous and fled to London, and the standard of acting became very low. And in spite of this courting of the mob the average house grew gradually smaller.

In these circumstances you may imagine my surprise a few weeks ago on finding every seat in the auditorium occupied and a great crowd clamouring for admission during the second week of a new play. A new Irish tragedian had arisen, and unlike Synge, a writer of universal appeal. Sean O'Casey, a labourer from a Dublin slum, has filled the Abbey Theatre to overflowing every night with his tragedy, *Juno and the Paycock*.

This play, in spite of its wealth of ribald humour, is tragic to the point of melodrama. Jack Boyle (the "Paycock"), a

scheming old loafer, lives on the memories of the spacious days in which he was captain of a cross-channel collier—for one voyage. He and his wife, "Juno", are informed that they have been left a valuable legacy by an uncle. They buy, furniture (including a gramophone) on the hire-purchase system and finery on credit from their neighbours. They begin to patronise their old friends, and their daughter, Elizabeth, throws over her old lover, a young labour leader, for a schoolmaster of literary aspirations.

At the height of their triumph they discover their inheritance to be worthless. The dealers remove the furniture, and the neighbours clamour for payment. The heroine is deserted by her new lover. Her former lover offers to marry her, but changes his mind when he discovers that she is enceinte. Her crippled brother, twice wounded in the Irish wars, is assassinated by former comrades. (In the course of the play almost every character has some relation shot or blown up or imprisoned.) In an epilogue the "Paycock", deserted by wife and daughter is discovered alone with one old drinking companion in the bare room. And with drunken wisdom they soliloquise upon the hollowness of life and the baseness of mankind.

The popularity of this play with Dubliners of all classes is an amazing evidence of the change which has taken place in our national psychology during the last ten years. In place of bigotry we have a rather malicious tolerance, for a maudlin sentimental nationalism, a laughing but very bitter cynicism. The Dublin populace who drove Synge's *Playboy of the Western World* from the stage as an insult to Irish nationality, and expressed public indignation at *The Countess Cathleen* as blasphemous go in their thousands to applaud a play which satirises patriotism and portrays the less pleasant side of civil war with a realism so extreme as to approach caricature—which pokes fun at the worldliness of the clergy, and lays bare all the degradation, the squabbling and petty snobbery of life in a Dublin tenement. And the very people who form the bulk of the audience— the working people of Dublin—who live their lives under these conditions, whose every street has had its ambush by day or its secret assassination by night—not alone hasten night after night to behold a dramatic presentation of these horrors, but they laugh most heartily at some of the more distressing incidents.

Those kindly and well-meaning foreigners who persist in regarding the Irish as a race of sentimental credulists must revise their estimate of us. Ireland today is a nation of jibing

sceptical rather desperate-minded fatalists. The *Celtic Twilight* has fled—in its place a cold dawn whose grey monotony is only relieved by the fitful fires of the incendiary—material or intellectual. As a piece of dramatic writing the play has, of course, faults. There is, perhaps, to an English mind over much broad humour in it for a tragedy. But this blending of humour and tragedy was a characteristic of Elizabethan drama, and has been lost to the English stage for some centuries. And it is, too, part of its very realism. For to many in Ireland death is become a jest. And perhaps this is an essential part of the Gaelic psychology.

An interesting event some weeks ago was the appearance of the first Irish revue written by an Irishman for an Irish public. *Dublin Tonight*, produced by the author Mr. John McDonogh at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, was in every way a success. The scenery and effects were, of course not up to the English or American standard, for the production of a revue by an Irish company is an entirely unprecedented experiment. But the "book" was good, the witticisms were not unduly ancient, and, supreme test of a revue, the audience were audibly amused. Mr. John McDonogh is a brother of the late Thomas McDonogh who managed the Irish Theatre for some years, and was achieving a considerable reputation as a lyric poet when he was executed by the English forces in 1916.

Geoffrey Coulter.

Editorial.

Imagining that our readers may have had quite enough for the time of our compositions from this Office we have turned our Eastern Atlantic pages over to a young writer from Dublin who lifts as it were a lid from a sealed pot. Of other contributors to this number M. Paul Morand needs no introduction. We are glad to print a long-short story by Mr. Coppard, extremely English in texture as a balance to Miss Stein's more essentially transatlantic methods. The peculiar length of the story by Mr. Coppard calls attention to a side of the art of short story writing, particularly in England. It had been frequently pointed out—and it is indeed true enough—that the short story is usually very badly done in our Islands and that the long-short story as a form is practically non-existent. This is partly due no doubt to national temperament but very largely to purely commercial circumstances. The ordinary magazine of English commerce prints stories of from fifteen hundred to four thousand words in length; rarely, it will run to seven thousand words. The ordinary commercial publisher in England will not print short stories at all and, because of the libraries, will not print any novel under say seventy thousand words in length. Now English

writers have rarely either the technical skill or the desire for selection that are needed for the real perfecting of the quite short story. The English temperament is perhaps meditative, perhaps poetic, perhaps sentimental and all these attributes take a great deal of "getting in", so that the length called for by the English productive mind is one of almost always more than seven thousand words. And indeed, for the writer of almost any nation one of the most satisfactory and delightful lengths is that of 40,000 words. For this particular length there is practically no channel of publication, for a story of that length is seldom suitable owing to its continuity of thought, for serial publication. So the form as such hardly exists in England, for the writers who can go on producing work that will never be published are few indeed. In the Transatlantic Review we try to find room for work of every length as of every character, but this necessitates either a certain monthly change in the aspect of the Review itself or a certain continuity from month to month. Miss Stein's work will better bear division than the story of Mr. Coppard and, fortunately, Miss Stein kindly allows us to divide her up, which is more than many authors will. That however means a rather undue preponderance of work continued into another number, a fact which would tell against the popularity of most periodicals. You have the continuing Memories of Mr. Ionides the continuing diatribes of Mr. Chaucer, the Serial proper, the continuing Notes for Performers by Mr. Pound in our Musical Supplement, and the only suppression that, as a makeweight, we have been able to effect is that of ourselves in this section and that of the Verse that we try to provide. We might at this point indicate to contributors sending verse, what we need. Most contributors send us a couple of eight line lyrics, fearing, no doubt to trespass on our leisure. But our non existent leisure is there to be trespassed on and the poet has the best chance of attention who sends us a really considerable amount of manuscript—provided of course that in the first place—so few poets do it!—he prepays his postage correctly. For what we desire to do is rather to introduce a Poet than to print a number—any number—of jewels suited to the stretched fore finger of Old Time.

This number contains our usual musical supplement. We have to thank *Les Feuilles Libres* for permission to reproduce the music of M. Satie. We have also to thank the proprietors of *Candide* for M. Paul Morand's story.

We much regret to learn of the death of our esteemed contributor, Mr. Luke Ionides, which took place on the 18th of last month, just after the appearance of his chapter beginning: "I was born in the year 1837 and the first time I left England

... was in 1844..." Eighty years ago! "He was so pleased", our informant writes, to see his memories in print... They really seemed to be quite à success. He had four or five letters from people in the country after the first instalment came out, asking if he had known So & So, or could he tell her where So & So's grand daughter was and this added very much to his pleasure." There can be very few instances of any man's commencing author at the age of eighty-seven and living to taste some of the pleasures of success.

One of our subscribers has paid for a small number of copies with the request that we supply these gratis to such practising artists as are really unable to afford francs 7.50 for a copy of the Review. Artists wishing to avail themselves of this kindly offer should apply by letter marked 'Private' to the Editor.

II

LETTRE DE PARIS.

Paris, Avril.

Le mois dernier, un groupe de jeunes écrivains, tous collaborateurs d'un journal vivant et courageux, « *Paris-Journal* », avait décidé de dynamiter les statues les plus laides de Paris. Déjà, en 1913, une revue, les *Marges*, avait ouvert une enquête « quel est le plus vilain monument de Paris ? » Si je me souviens bien, c'est la statue de Gambetta sur la Place du Caroussel qui fut désignée. Ainsi périodiquement les parisiens et plus généralement les écrivains se révoltent et réclament avec une insistance courageuse la suppression des blocs de pierre qui, selon eux, déshonorent leur chère ville. C'est une manifestation nécessaire mais qui reste toujours sans effet. Chaque année, les ministres inaugurent de nouvelles statues. On dit cependant qu'en France le ridicule tue. Une rapide revue des grands hommes de pierre pourrait prouver le contraire. Pour n'en citer qu'un exemple, je passais récemment devant le théâtre français et j'aperçus la statue d'Alfred de Musset. Elle est réellement comique. On voit l'auteur des « *Comédies et Proverbes* » désespéré parce qu'une muse, bien laide, lui ordonne d'aller à la Comédie-Française. On ricane, mais les passants ne font même pas attention. On rit dans un désert peuplé d'autobus et de réverbères. L'indifférence de la foule est définitive. Rien ne peut faire vibrer les braves parisiens trop occupés de la vie chère et de la baisse du franc. Ce sont les deux grands sujets du jour. Les journaux qui sont des miroirs fidèles de ce monstre légendaire ; l'opinion publique, reflètent cet état d'esprit. Les rubriques les mieux faites sont consacrées aux variations des prix du marché des Halles : « le poireau a augmenté de quatre sous, le lapin baisse ». La colonne suivante contient un article sur les causes « probables » de la baisse des devises étrangères. Il y a quelques jours cependant on put lire les protestations d'écrivains et d'hommes politiques. Il s'agissait de la déportation et de l'exil d'un écrivain espagnol, à peu près inconnu en France, Miguel de Unanumo. Du jour au lendemain, l'auteur de l'*Essence de l'Espagne* et des « *Nouvelles exemplaires* » fut célèbre. Tous les critiques littéraires consacrèrent leur

feuilleton aux traductions de ses ouvrages édités depuis plusieurs années et que quelques rares lecteurs avaient eu le goût d'acquérir. On vit même d'Annunzio hurler son indignation et vouer aux gémonies les dictateurs. Il espérait peut-être qu'une nouvelle gloire l'auréolerait et que Bénito Mussolini l'exilerait. Mais le chef du fascisme sut répondre avec élégance et demanda à Victor-Emmanuel roi d'Italie, d'autoriser l'ancien dictateur de Fiume à porter le titre de prince de Monte-Nevoso.

Mais, malgré les cris, les articles, les pétitions, Unanumo est bel et bien exilé et attend aux îles Canaries qu'une nouvelle révolution bouleverse l'Espagne et lui rende ses dignités universitaires. J'ai eu la curiosité de demander à quelques lecteurs de journaux à gros tirages ce qu'ils pensaient de cette injustice. Un garçon de café me répondit qu'il ne connaissait pas de client nommé Unanumo et un chauffeur de taxi haussa les épaules et me fit comprendre que l'augmentation de tarif de 0 fr. 20 était beaucoup plus grave. Ce brave mécanicien avait peut-être raison. Je poursuivis mon enquête et je voulus connaître l'opinion d'un ouvrier typographe. « Unanumo ? Qui est-ce ? » J'abandonnai « l'opinion publique ». Cette expérience pourrait me faire croire que bien peu de gens actuellement s'intéressent à la littérature, les éditeurs ne semblent pas être de cet avis. Toutes les semaines, les grands quotidiens publient d'énormes placards de publicité pour nous vanter un nouveau chef d'œuvre tiré à 100.000 exemplaires. C'est un record puisqu'un statisticien nous apprendrait qu'à raison de 1 chef-d'œuvre par semaine une année enrichirait la littérature de 52 chef-d'œuvres, dix années 520, et un siècle 5.200 chef-d'œuvres. C'est simplement prodigieux ! Mais il y a mieux ; l'activité des éditeurs ne s'arrête pas là. Tous les mois on assiste à la naissance d'une nouvelle revue littéraire et d'un nouveau journal consacré à la littérature. Récapitulons.

Pendant le mois de mars on a lancé un nouvel hebdomadaire intitulé *Candide* et le lendemain de sa parution l'éditeur faisait annoncer que le tirage de ce journal avait atteint le chiffre fantastique de 800.000 exemplaires (je dis bien huit cent mille exemplaires). Ce n'était pas encore suffisant : le surlendemain ce même éditeur annonçait que le premier tirage était complètement épuisé. Quelques jours après (ceci n'est pas un conte) un éditeur concurrent lançait à grandes coups de trompe une revue, *Demain*, tirée à un nombre incalculable d'exemplaires. A l'heure où j'écris, on ne sait pas encore le chiffre exact du tirage atteint, on espère dépasser ce record. Ce n'est pas tout... Le 15 avril doit paraître un journal d'informations littéraires répandu dans toute la France et dans le monde entier, *le journal littéraire*. Avec l'aide des grands journaux de province dont il sera le supplément, ce nouvel hebdomadaire battra-t-il le record de ses concurrents ? Les paris sont ouverts.

Ce qui semble le plus extraordinaire, c'est que les anciennes

revues et ce qu'on nomme « les jeunes revues », continuent à paraître et voient leurs chiffres d'abonnés augmenter régulièrement. Il y a là un phénomène qu'on ne peut encore expliquer. Le chiffre de lecteurs augmente-t-il ? Certains auteurs jadis célèbres n'intéressent-ils plus le public lettré ? Toutes ces questions restent sans réponse et les éditeurs aussi bien que les écrivains se contentent de constater et de profiter de cet état de choses sans pouvoir donner d'explications. Tout ce que l'on peut faire c'est reconnaître les conséquences de cette inondation. Depuis plusieurs années, tous les volumes de critique n'intéressaient personne. Aujourd'hui, ils se vendent aussi bien que les romans. On discute, on parle, on prend parti — en un mot, on veut savoir. C'est une admirable conséquence de cette inflation littéraire que rien ne peut arrêter. Une autre, conséquence c'est l'intérêt manifesté par le public pour les traductions d'auteurs étrangers. Chaque maison d'édition qui se respecte a créé ou va créer une collection spéciale consacrée aux traductions.

On s'intéresse même à la philosophie.

On s'intéresse même et surtout aux sports !

Paris prépare les jeux olympiques. Les petits garçons des écoles pensent aux athlètes de tous les pays. On se prépare à les aimer, à les applaudir et à les fêter. On discute déjà les chances des équipes nationales. De tous les coins de la terre les plus petites nations envoient leur adhésion. Le Conseil municipal s'arrache les cheveux, si j'ose m'exprimer ainsi. Où logera-t-on les innombrables sportifs, les soigneurs et les spectateurs ? Comment pourra-t-on transporter ces foules sportives ? On se pose mutuellement des questions. On résoud parfois ces problèmes ou plus exactement on les « solutionne » de temps en temps.

Tout le monde se réjouit de ces hôtes inconnus : on attend avec un plaisir mêlé de crainte l'invasion. Des jeunes filles, dans l'espoir de se marier, apprennent les langues vivantes. La fille de ma crémière, qui est habile, a décidé de prendre des leçons de japonais et la fille de la bouchère, qui est jalouse, veut apprendre l'australien. Mais cette dernière fut bien étonnée quand on lui donna une grammaire anglaise. Il ne reste plus à ces jeunes françaises qu'à apprendre la géographie. Elles vont au cinéma admirer les films documentaires et quelques-unes d'entre elles ont écrit à une compagnie de T. S. F. pour que le célèbre Radiolo, le speaker célèbre, leur fasse des cours d'ethnographie !

Philippe Soupault.

III

AND TO THE UNITED STATES

The Quarter. Early Spring.

An American citizen, not yet thirty five years old, of French-German-Jewish parentage, writing in the Paris Sunday Literary Supplement of the World's Greatest Newspaper under the name of Louis Gay says :

> "Remember that less than twenty years ago the reading matter to be found in the home of the average American of means—the American who sent his boys to college—was composed almost entirely of the New England Poets, the *Christian Register* and the *Youth's Companion*..."

As Mr. Gay is frequently denunciatory, rarely unpersonal, and always insistent on the lack of a cultural background of almost everyone of whom he writes, the above selection from his article will have a certain biographical significance in the critical study of American Criticism which should be written to carry to its end the present phenomenon on American letters.

For every writer produced in America there are produced eleven critics. Now that the *Dial* prize has gone to a critic the ratio may be expected to increase to 1/55 or over. As I have always regarded critics as the eunuchs of literature... But there is no use finishing that sentence. If this letter is accepted that means one hundred and fifty francs which relieves one of that responsibility to follow through which is imposed in golf and creative writing. Did you, however, ever see a bull which has withstood the bad sticking of the matador, led off to the corrals by three thin steers? And did you ever see a bull who had earned the president's reprieve to the corrals, and after, of course to the abattoir, dully refuse to follow the steers and insist on being killed in the ring? And then did you watch the terror of the trained steers and their angular attempts to jump out of the ring over the barriers?

As for America, Henry Strater has just gone there. New York gets a good painter and the newly opened *Boxing Montparnasse* in the rue de la Gaieté loses a needed supporter. The *Boxing Montparnasse* is not, as yet fashionable ; the ringside

seats cost 12 francs, so you never see either drunken Americans nor sad looking Dadas. If you do not think the fights are so much remember that. Tex Rickard gets dollars ten for ringside seats at the Garden from the speculators. You pay the speculators whatever they ask.

Speaking of Americans: A newly arrived American writer planning to live with his wife in the country of Voltaire, Léon Daudet, Chateaubriand, Aristide Briand, Chateauneuf du Pape, Chateau Yquem, Beaune (Hospice 1906) Marc, Fine Champagne, Chambertin, Chablis, Clos de Nuits, Nuits St. Georges and even Vouvray and St. Emilion, on something less than 100 dollars a month, asked me where he could buy gin.

Dada is dead although Tzara still cuddles its emaciated little corpse to his breast and croons a Roumanian folk-song, written by Princess Bibesco, while he tries to get the dead little lips to take sustenance from his monocle.

André Masson has a first show of over fifty pictures at the Galerie Simone. Two of his paintings hang in Gertrude Stein's studio with something like thirty of the best Picasso's in the world and do not lose by the comparison. This I suppose should really be published in the *Financial Tips* column.

Djuna Barnes who, according to her publishers is that legendary personality that has dominated the intellectual night-life of Europe for a century is in town. I have never met her, nor read her books, but she looks very nice.

Mr. Galantière, the Critic, is marrying Miss Butler of Chicago.

Mr. Antheil, the composer, pianist, and, with Mr. Pound, student of harmony, has taken up drawing in a sketch book. He has already completed sketches of Mr. Stravinsky, Mr. Diederichs and various instruments of the orchestra and has in contemplation sketches of Miss Beach, Mr. McAlmon and the writer.

Mr. Criqui, of Belleville, in the contemplation of whose work I experience a certain ecstasy which is not given me by reading the works of my contemporaries, will make his re-appearance some day early in the Buffalo Stadium. Mr. Siki who can

do nothing without giving me a certain measure of enjoyment writes of his projected return from Cuba where, unhappily, he suffered a serious fall from a hotel window.

Mr. Le Son, the French painter, has recently married Miss Holt the American painter.

Mr. Huddleston, the journalist and critic, has written a book on Mr. Poincaré, the prime minister.

Epinard, the race-horse, is reported by Mr Sparrow Robertson the sporting writer, to be fit and well. Mr. Stearns, the sportsman and critic, who was assured by the writer that Sir Galahad, the racehorse would not win the Lincolnshire says that he bears no hard feelings.

The *temporada* was inaugurated in Barcelona by the Messrs. Chicuelo, Salanda and Villalta. Mr. Salanda retired to the infirmary before the conclusion of the afternoon, turning over his work to Mr. Villalta. There were 28,000 spectators.

Since seeing his first bull-fight, Mr. William Bird, the publisher, no longer finds it necessary to read the cabled base-ball reports from New York.

Oysters will continue to be eaten until after the Grande Semaine despite there being no -r- in either Mai or Juin. There are certain advantages in living in the same latitude as Labrador.

Ernest Hemingway.

FORD'S JACKETS,

PRICE LIST ON THE NEXT PAGE.

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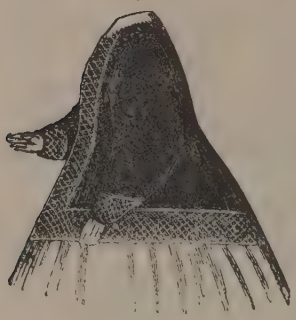

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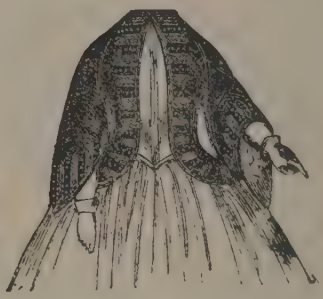

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42, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

COMMUNICATIONS

Of the Communications we have received this month we select two for publication. The one comes from a distinguished English writer who under a pseudonym vents his spleen about the London literary complexion, this impulse having no doubt been communicated to him by our last Supplement. The other comes from Dr. Carlos Williams who desires to cheer on Young America—a task in which we have every desire to aid. As to Communications this journal has no very hard and fast rule. We print what we find amusing, interesting, or, as in this case necessary. Dr. Williams thinks that Mr. McAlmon has been very unjustly ignored by the Reviewers of his native land ; we think the same. The reason for this neglect we shall adumbrate in our next paragraph. We agree, then, that Mr. McAlmon has been unjustly ignored by his native press, but having no space, no occasion—and indeed no will—to print reviews of books as such and, differing somewhat in approach to the merits of Mr. McAlmon's work to which we are by no means indifferent—Did we not print a story of his in our No I ?—we have stopped off, as the saying is, our own Critic from writing on this writer and have left the matter to Dr. Williams whose article reaches us as an unsolicited contribution.

We have received another Communication which will be found in our advertising columns under the rubric "Ourselves". Such a Communication is the most gratifying that could be received by the Business Side of a Periodical. We imagine Mr. Ford enclosing with the drawing of his JACKETS a similar Communication to the third number of the *Cornhill Magazine* when Thackeray was its editor, and we wonder if Thackeray was too much of a Snob to express the gentle gratification that the news should have caused him. Anyhow there is Mr. Ford. We have, to the mystification of some, printed his simple history in pictures, as a lesson to all good advertisers.

In the first number of the *Cornhill*, along with *Framley Parsonage* he printed his one quarter page portraying FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS. Sceptical, good man, as to the benefits of advertising, he made himself a drawing of his admirable shirts, dwelling lovingly over his whiskers and emphasising the leg of mutton sleeves. Business resulted and, for FORD'S COSTUMES he employed a professional pavement artist to show how his Creations walked in the Park. Astounding business resulted. Imagine then the good man, urged on by Mrs. and the Misses Ford, rushing round to a Royal Academician for the drawings of his JACKETS that now adorn these pages. Years ago—years and years ago! we came on these cuts in the pages of the *Cornhill* and vowed, if ever we again directed a periodical, they at least, if there were no other advertisements, should decorate its pages. The vow is now accomplished : the lesson to good advertisers given.

We wonder however if Thackeray in his padded editorial throne realised what a milestone in the history of civilisation his advertising pages set up? We had intended to write for this number of this Review, to accompany FORD'S JACKETS, a serious enquiry into the influence of advertising on Life. Mr. Coppard's story crowds out that too. But reverting to Dr. Carlos Williams' Communication, it is pretty safe to say that the influence of advertising on Literature is practically to stifle all comment on such good work as has not got a considerable advertising capital to back it. And there, for the moment we must leave the matter.

I

ROBERT Mc ALMON'S PROSE (1)

To the Editor, The Transatlantic Review.

"Then there were the young girls with modestly scant bathing suits upon them, modest enough so that there was no pretence of concealing the fact that they had nice limbs and knew it." This sentence, from McAlmon's first book of prose, is of a quality it would be difficult to find elsewhere in the American short story, certainly never in the magazine variety. I select it for comment, quite by chance, merely because it happens to be the spot where I began to detect McAlmon's real distinction as a prose writer. It is typical of his work and I find the quality rare.

McAlmon has but one thing in mind in these narrative sketches: to transcribe freely the immediate contact between his intelligence and the thing perceived. By this his worth is singly built up; a mechanism as simple and pure as a recording machine. It is this getting into his style that gives it its character.

The particular image I have chanced to pick up, the bathing girl, is a good one for my use because it is one of the most hackneyed in popular A nerican ideation: the partly naked woman. At times it seems almost as if everything we do in business, on the stage and in the home has been thrown into that hopper for ever more tiresome service. Of just such matter popular fiction is manufactured. The material should be difficult therefore of good handling. Perhaps it is the vivid contrast between what might have happened and McAlmon's cold use that attracted me.

Every part of the picture is a direct observation presented as an integer; the consequent feeling being that of the building up of a definite material construction; a construction rising above the hackneyed quality of the fact itself. To good work this would be at least a beginning.

Good work is not easy to recognize critically because of just this sort of thing. The impact is too integral and too simple for smart observation. The value is in the texture and this is especially hard to hasten on when, as here, the diction is so extreme in its simplicity (and the story often so diverting). But taking the phrase "modest enough so that there was no pretence of concealing"; it would not be difficult to imagine a different handling; and the addition of the comment at the

(1) **A Hasty Bunch**: *(Contact Publishing Co., Paris 25).*

end of the sentence "and knew it" does give a startlingly rounded form, as if a painting should suddenly get a third dimension.

Here is a cold, modern style, bred of an attack capable of absorbing, not from a window but from the round of a circle in the open, anything in modern life pressing upon it ; it is a method that is broad enough, closely enough knit, and above everything else sufficiently aloof within itself to withstand, without a structural tremor, the modern impact as no flimsy extrinsic literary invention can ever do. Its being immovable in structure permits it to record finely ; a seismograph could not record faint earth tremors were it not well grounded. McAlmon's prose style, retaining this basic hold, is perhaps the only one I know capable of engaging ALL modern life, down to its last thrill with any accuracy. I do not say he has yet done this.

McAlmon is of course merely at the beginning but he has already that which gives him an opportunity above the endless mass of good writers—a style perfectly suited to the present need where massive multiplicity of prospect on all sides is confronted on all sides by a faulty and superficial sophistication.

What function has criticism towards writing such as this? None. Neither in the writing or the reading has it a least place. And I mean none at all. Nothing of the sort is intended here. Criticism, as related to other work, is a separate opportunity, a writing that seeks its material exactly as McAlmon does his, by the perceptive intelligence in a cold state. Its enjoyment is only in the mechanical contact between the swiftly launched steel of its attack and the object in which that is fleshed. It is not an obligation, a duty, but an enjoyment that, when it finds its game, is complete in itself.

Speaking thus of criticism I want to fix an analogy between it and McAlmon's own method ; but also, since the importance of his method is essentially unliterary, a complete removal from critically established precedent, to make it clear that to attempt to insert the least tissue of opinion between McAlmon's subject and his effect would be only to destroy the criticism itself. All one can do as a critic can be only the laying of enjoyment by enjoyment, perception by perception, this by that, as it occurs in the work discovered. It is McAlmon's own approach to what he has to do.

In his total discarding of every literary support, along with other things goes finally "le mot juste." Villon could not exist now if there were the faintest feeling about his writing that he had sought to be effective. McAlmon has seen this instantly. "Le mot juste" is the ready word, it has no other significance. This is fundamental. There cannot be in literature a seeking for words. Round this finally the whole feeling of life in McAlmon's compositions grows. It is dangerous ground, but good writing is rare.

McAlmon is not seeking words, he is not seeking anything literary. It is his last departure from the most recent perfect

writers who can always make a tree look like a tree and a river like a river—a task at which he sometimes fails. But when the dam breaks, in his story, *A Vacation's Job*, it breaks and the land is flooded and all without the least effort to describe anything other, perhaps, than the levee workers smoking at ease now that the danger has culminated and the crash has come and their work is over. All the fuss of water doesn't matter, one feels, all this elemental fury; that is not the object of the writing. It doesn't matter about being lost in a rowboat in a cottonwood swamp, the frying heat, Mexican men—it doesn't matter. The thing is that a life is going on, an intelligence is riding these things, searching through them, employing them; what then can they in themselves really signify? Why waste time in dwelling on the unessential flood except in just so far as to show its impact upon the great concern, a free life of the intelligence which is entirely apart and always the first in view; riding the flood, coming, going, doing whatever it chooses or happens to be forced upon? The material fact is of no concern except as it gives form and emphasis to this single force and one feels at once the necessity in a narrative for mere things to remain secondary as one feels also the offence of mere prose picture painting.

It is in this that McAlmon differs finally from the successful popular writers of the day of which a new crop is continually emerging.

Perhaps the American, W.H. Hudson, comes nearest to having been one from the just passing generation whom McAlmon somewhat resembles; the only value to be gained from the contrast being to show that, through wide temperamental and other differences, both men are critically based upon an identical use of the word. It has been said that Hudson's direct use of words had come from his South American Latin association; that the Latin, or the Spaniard at least, used words, not for formal diversions, but like utensils in a kitchen.

There is a fine synthesis of much that I have so far said where, in *A Vacation's Job*, McAlmon speaks of the solidity of the desert—and its over lying air that "gave more sense of structure and foundation than the most carefully planned metropolis."

Toward the end of the book he has set aside several *Momentary Essays*. Here where the narrative quality of the rest of the book is in abeyance the real test of the style should come. Here surely one might expect to find a weakness, a let down in tone, peddling of the results of temperamental difficulties, spillovers from everything that did not fit in elsewhere that "it would be a pity to lose," such as often occurs at the end of an early work. But from admiring nothing at all save the wrong things, the coloring and narrative flow of the first stories I have come to the final Momentary Essays in this book for my lasting pleasure.

At once in *Skyscrapers* and *Morality*, the first of these ten brief pieces, it is seen that the prose quality, far from getting thin with the disappearance of the story, seems to shake the story off with zest and to take prominence as if it had been, as I have felt it, the predominant force from the first. It is the same immediate fusing between a surging range of life and things but now purified: Broadway, its sky—whatever is encountered—setting off, as a rapidly builded effect, the coursing intelligence better than ever; since—"Whether it is pleasing to reflect upon or not, behind the lights, controlling the glamour, are laws; but... one does not care to be confronted by too austere and provincial interpretation of them, doubting as one does the competence and insight of the interpreters."

He says what he has to say—not because he admires skyscrapers, but finding that skyscrapers dominate the scene he finds it natural also and even vitally necessary to speak dir ctly by their means. They appear, they disappear, as the accidents of his own reality, worthy of not too great attention—jilted for contortionists, kittens, fanciful wrestling giants or an amused statement that "the imagination romances on from any given point where actuality ceases"; by which he establishes the point and places the romance.

Finer detail appears. Such a phrase as "bare steel frames into which the problem of comfort has not yet come", gaining its effect from the swift perception surrounding the use of the word "problem", is admirable.

I would not begin this needle picking of words to carry it far, since even very bad writers occasionally break from standardized work and let active thought possess them, to good effect—and still they remain bad writers. But resting my opinion of McAlmon's work on his single use of words I want to show that in small it can be of a piece with the rest.

It is to the mechanical intelligence McAlmon has turned, allowing it to lead—by which the whole emotional carriage is brought up freely to expression.

The cold "disillusioned" structural tone is due entirely to that. But to imagine anything retrograde or lacking because of disillusion or coldness is the easy deception; these things are merely the surface of an intelligent perception which is the force and the health of his quality.

For we must not forget what composition is. It is that, that is the supreme gesture; the fact that he countenances no tricks, no really retrograde cleverness, but austerely faces his problem unarmed—is the proof of that generous fire of which the coldness is the measure.

In these final momentary essays the material, the tone, the mode, the quality of the observation are so purely McAlmon and so powerfully invigorating and swift as to form really a thematic summary of his whole method.

W. Carlos Williams.

II

RECENT ENGLISH NOVELS.

To the Editor, The Transatlantic Review.

Beside the murk of England, the murk of Russia, to judge from recent English novels, is as the pellucid air of Guadaloupe. Taking them by and large they cannot fail further to tepify those who lust after dreariness; and that is about all they can do.

There are I take it four novelists of real importance, novelists, that is, who write, or have written, for men and not for women, writing for the English to-day, Mr. Conrad, Mr. Ford Madox Ford, Mr. Norman Douglas, and Mr. Wells. Of these Mr. Norman Douglas has not written a novel lately; Mr. Wells has become an inveterate writer for women; and the latest of what appears to be a series of apologies, *The Secret Places of the Heart*, is even drearier, in the psycho-analytic vein, than the earlier ones. Mr. Conrad's *The Rover* is hardly less dreary. But then it is a historical romance; and when Mr. Conrad gets away from the people he has met, he is not at all at his best. The one recent novel of vigour and charm and truth to English life is...

Of the other novelists Mr. Lawrence has published a volume of excellent short stories, marred unfortunately by the fact that most of its pages are moist with the sweat of meritorious effort. Mr. Bennet's *Riceyman's Steps*, written in his best French manner, is even drearier than any of *the Clayhanger* series. Of late I have only come across one short story by Mr. Galsworthy; and that was actually drearier than *The Forsyte Saga*.

It is natural that clever beginners like Miss Rebecca West should be infected by this dreariness, for the beginner generally derives from admired masters; and her novel *The Judge* is compact of the proper acclaimed dreariness. Also it goes on, like the rest of them, for ever and ever. But the really odd thing is that this dreariness has also infected the purely popular writers. In *The Cathedral* Mr. Hugh Walpole evidently set out to write a clerical shocker, a story of sport and passion, in which an archdeacon fights a local publican in the High Street

of a cathedral town, his passionate son bolts with a cold-blooded barmaid, and his wife with one of the clergy of inferior grade. But Mr. Walpole turns his shocker, which should have thrilled, into a dreary farce by making his archdeacon an elderly man who expires, much too late in the book, in an ordinary fit, and the bolting clergyman, who should have been a lusty young curate, elderly and bespectacled. A drearier undertaking than that elopement I cannot imagine. Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, forsaking the warmer folk of Sussex, has produced in *The Fall of The House of Allard*, a work of a dreariness which even Mr. Bennet in his Frenchest mood could take no exception, though it is only fair to say that there is no resemblance moral or technical between that work and *The Fall of the House of Usher*. Mr. Gilbert Frankau has written a work—it seems even longer than *Chez Schwann*—about the dreariest tradesman who ever learnt simple arithmetic. Why should these purely popular writers of a sudden and in a body try to be Galsworthian?

It is all very odd, for unlike the Scotch and the Irish, the English are not a dreary race. They are rather fond of life. I find the original cause of this dreariness in the fact that the bulk of the reviewers of novels have for many years been nymphomaniac Sheenies in the outer wilds of Paddington and desiccated Scottish eunuchs from the closes of Glasgow. They hate life and they hate the presentation of life other than in its dreariest manifestations. They loathe Mr. Ford's and Mr. Conrad's finer presentations of it. These people clamoured for dreariness until they produced the impression that unless you were dreary, you could not get a really good review in *The* . . . . . .This was true. But the second-rate seem always to be aching for a really good review in *The* . . . . . .

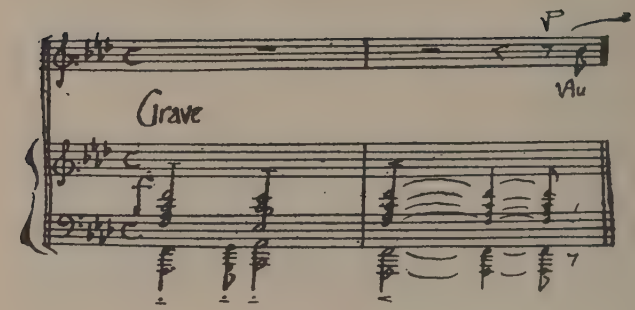
Then again it has for many years been the fashion to see English life with foreign eyes. First it was the eyes of Zola. Mr. George Moore sternly applied the Zolaesque gaze to the English actor and produced *The Mummer's Wife*. Then it was Flaubert; and Mr. Galsworthy earnestly insisted on trying to see English middle-class life with the eyes of Flaubert. Now it is Dostoievsky, Andreiev, and Tchekov; and about eleven novelists are doing all they know to see English life with the eyes of Dostoievsky, nineteen, like Katharine Mansfield, with the eyes of Tchekov, and nine, led by Mr. Aldous Huxley, with the eyes of Andreiev. These, bar Zola, are admirable writers; and the effort is praiseworthy. But you cannot see life to any purpose with any eyes but your own; and they have to be good eyes to see it clearly.

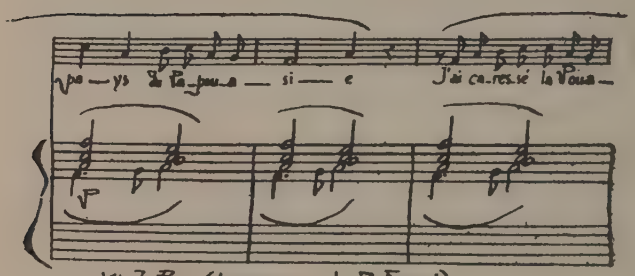
R. Edison Page.

P.S.—The only real work of real interest and really written that I have come across lately is Bertrand Russell's *Prospects of Industrial Civilisation*, a really brisk and entertaining book in spite of its dismal title.

transatlantic review.

MUSICAL SUPPLEMENT





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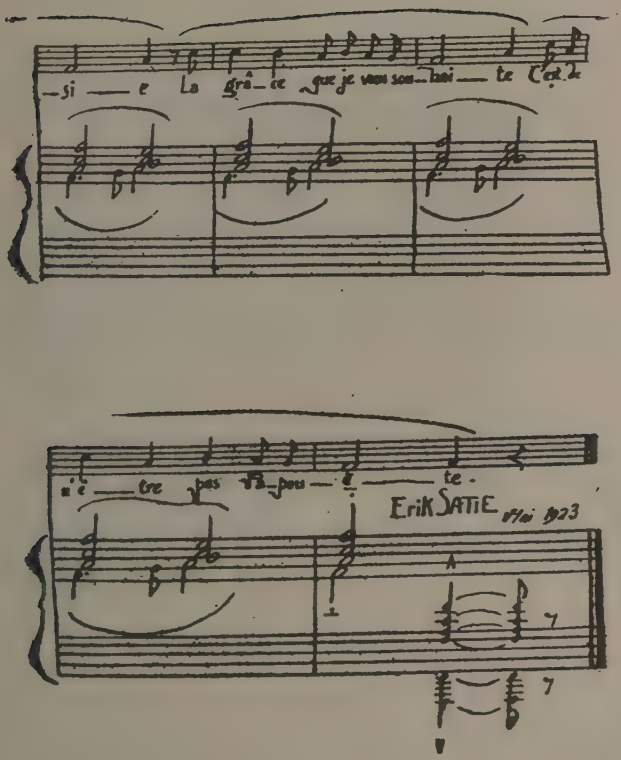

-si — e La grâ-ce que je vous sou-hai — te C'est de

n'ê — tre pas Va-pou — ê — te.

Erik SATIE 8 Mai 1923

NOTES FOR PERFORMERS

by William Atheling, with marginalia emitted by George Antheil.

(Continued from Musical Supplement in Vol. 1, No. 2.)

October 1918

The second season must be worse then the first for any critic who designs impartiality. If a performer has once bored you to death it is, in the first place, very difficult to drag yourself to hear him again ; and if this reluctance be overcome it is still difficult not to carry with you a touch of resentment for the initial annoyance. Conversely, it is difficult when one has been delighted by a player not to arrive at his second performence with a certain readiness to attribute all his faults to chance. Even so we may take it as unlikely that any performer over 45 is likely to receive a wholly new musical intelligence or to develop a new and ravishing charm. If a man is going to change from an egoistic temperamental impresser of school-girls to a serious musician the change should happen before he is much past thirty-five.

(I do not think that young virtuosi should follow the spirit of the older virtuosi either. For instance, the young virtuoso, B., is playing Chopin romantically with both public and critics wildly acclaiming him. Chopin with heavy neo-German-Russian romanticism! Chopin à la Schuman! Chopin in the grand manner! Synthetic calculation that the largest and most colossal manner is the finest! We cannot expect a young man to develop a new characteristic if he is recreating masterpieces, sure-fire, by synthesis. G. A.)

The function of musical criticism, is to make it possible for the best performers to present their best work ; for them to give concerts under present conditions without making any concession whatsoever to ignorance and bad taste. Beyond that one might have ambitions, both of developing the discretion of a possible public, and of actually enlightening young or untrained musicians (or even elderly amateurs) concerning their own shortcomings, and their possible avenues of improvement. Do bad musicians attend good concerts?

(Yes, but they don't like them. A bad musician will only admit a name so well-known that there can be no question about it. He is a bad musician because he has no "guts" anyway. G. A.)

In several cases where great proficiency and obviously great experience in public performance are coupled with overmastering dulness, one would suggest that every piece of music worth presenting in public has a *meaning*. I should suggest no meaning. The composer presumably felt something, and equally wished to express something by his fugue, étude, or sonata. My statement is simple, and platitudinous; but correct detail and even that rather rare thing, correct architectonics, will not hold the better attentions unless the performer have, beyond a concept of the composer's style, and a style for representing it, some imtention to express the unifying emotion or emotions of the particular piece. It is by no means necessary that these emotions be the same as were the composer's, the performer must think both "Bach" and "Ciaconna" if he is to give the piece with effect. He must unite his general feel of the composer to his particular concept of the piece to be given.

(I misread this word for "contempt" at first. Why a "style" and "intention". Why not instead of an "emotion" a dynamism, a vitality. G. A.)

We might almost lay it down as axiomatic that a song must be sung in its original language... the perfect union of word and note is so subtle and rare a thing that, once attained, no substitute is likely to give satisfaction, unless the translator be a great technician, able to support treble the technical difficulty which faced the original poet.

(Yes, once the words are polished into the music. G. A.)

Moussorgsky has his place beyond all the other Russians. You cannot compare Music since Beethoven with the early thin music which is like delicate patterns on glass. Since Beethoven people have thought of music as of something with a new bulk and volume. Beyond all the floridity and pretence of Wagner are these Russians, and beyond them Moussorgsky, like the primordial granite.

(I think Moussorgsky is the connecting link between Wagner and Stravinsky. Debussy existed somewhere out of the connection, like Chopin. G. A.)

There is a certain satisfaction in a concert which knows its own mind and which gives you some one thing in sufficient bulk to provide basis for an opinion; thus in Rosing's all-Russian programme we had Russia, from Nevstruoff who is so "Russian", who is so the bleak spirit of the steppes that he makes you understand the Russian reaction towards all sorts of gew-gaws and florilities, bright colour for costume, admiration of Wagner or Parisianism; we had Russian music from this bleakness of Nevstruoff to Moussorgsky who, to my mind at least, lifts Russian music above all other music of the epic tone, Moussorgsky who is of the "heroic" would without any sham heroics,

without Wagnerian padding and rhetoric. We had Russia from the steppes to the part of Russia which is oriental, a land-locked people in the main.

November 1918

The Kennedy-Frasers in the Hebridean music gave us equally an epitome of a whole racial civilisation (with whatever deprivation of luxury you like, the people who produced such art must be termed a civilised people.) This music is full of sea-splash as the Russian is of plain-bleakness and winter-bleakness. It has the wave-pull and wave-sway in place of the foot-beat of the hopak. It has also its mouth-music for dancing (Hi, hin halla lal a) to match any present-day Jazz that Afro-America has sent over to us.

(I am beginning to get annoyed with Americans who tell me that jazz will be the music of the future. Young prodigy—composers from the U. S. writing classic jazz in four-four beat throughout. My God, the African negroes have the American negroes stopped a mile for every kind of rythmic and musical effect. American whites must have a bad effect upon their negroes, don't you think.
G. A.)

It has its rhythmic validity and variety in labour songs, not to be read by the metronome, but which have their diverse beats and pauses determined by the age-lasting rhythm of the craft, cloth-clapping, wearing, spinning, milking reaping. And in this connection damn the young gentleman who said "I dont go in so much for rhythm. I'm temperamental." Another chance phrase in a corridor, "Very interesting, but it needs the Kennedy-Frasers to sing it."

These phrases are a fair summary of the blight of English music since it has been a genteel, suburban accomplishment.

(That is exactly what is the matter with American music. Even jazz has lost its bite, the negroes are upon Broadway and in the Little Review, and everything is becoming genteel. G. A.)

I have walked about London streets before, during and after "peace night". The sense of rhythm is not dead in this island. I have heard costers singing not only with rhythm but also with true tone, as true as you would find among boasted continental singers. An "artistic" nation would have taken its singers from the donkey-barrows and coster carts. Even La Duse still calls herself "contadina", and once wore the Venetian black shawl. But no, the black curse of Cromwell, and the anathema of Victoriana and genteelness have put a stop to that sort of permeation in England, and the concert-performer is chosen from the exclusively eviscerated strata of the community.

(How funny it must be in England. G. A.)

The result is that these women come down here from "North Britain" and drive one to learning Gaelic. These Hebridean melodies are the only "English" music possessed of the needful vigour. Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser's settings are not the vegetarian school of folk-song.

At any rate, we have in these Hebridean songs a music which has escaped the mediaeval ecclesiastical enervation; other modern music in western Europe has had to work its way slowly and inattenuation from the dominance of "harmless" and innocuous modes.

(So has the music in Africa, but should you bring the negroes to Paris in numbers you would either have them in church or putting little frizzes upon the the little French tunes at the "Casino de Paris". Voila, look at America. We have to look for the corners in our own music. G. A.)

And even now the academies which resurrect South-European mediaeval melodies furnish them with proper four-square under-pinnings à la the most approved Johann-Sebastian

These Hebridean songs, like such Russian songs as Rosing gave us, have subject-matter. They are not cooked up for a concert hall. Every song is about something. Thus there is a difference between one song and the next.

For the auditor seriously concerned with music this question of "performance" is a trifle, but for meeting the practical question of giving the best possible music under today's concert hall conditions these details are worth considering. It is the artist's and critic's place to see that the best can compete advantageously with the vulgarest.

(Dear E. P. Everybody knows that the business oj critics of the great music trade journals is to push the vulgarest music possible. They stop only when the game is taken out of their hands by the ragtime publishers. Criticism, musically, is politics and business. G. A.)

For all its virtues, the modern French school of song will not hold its own when sung with really good art of good periods It glows by comparison with modern Italian and modern English settings.

...In especial we note in the oriental quality of Moussorgsky's *"Foire de Sorotchinsky,"* the light that never was on sea or land, the Coleridge-Keats ambition, the casements on seas forlorn. Moussorgsky has always some mastery to distinguish him in whatever company he is found.

Nevstruoff's *"Poor Wanderer"* is excellent, but from it one comprehends the Russian desire for foreignness, for French neatness, and even German upholstery. Russian music is not all of music. It has a greater place in world-music than is yet accorded it.

(To be continued) E. P.

A NOTE ON POUND

Parentis, Landes
18th March, 1924

To the Editor, the Transatlantic Review

Dear Sir :

I chanced upon Ezra Pound's article (1) at a very agreeable moment. I was in the Landes. I was crossing an immense stretch of mud on stilts when a man also on stilts, who was the postman, gave me the third number of the *Transatlantic Review*. I sought the lower limbs of a pine, not to sit upon, but to lean against. Under my eyes was Pound's article on harmony. I tried to read it ; but it was impossible—not that certain literature is not suited to the open air, but that I lacked a paper cutter. Later, at my ease, I read the whole review with a great deal of pleasure.

Ezra Pound brings out admirably that harmony and rhythm in musical phenomena are intimately bound together. In our epoque no one will deny that. He regrets that these two parts are generally explored separately. Nothing is more substantiated than this regret. To the misunderstanding of this fact one must attribute the surfeit of heavy and stupid music which flourished at its ease during the the third third of the nineteenth century and which we won't soon be rid of. And it is precisely against this error that advanced music has exercised its energy. But one must confess that this music itself makes us yawn at times. It is not the underlying principles that are at fault ; it is the music that is ugly and false. Pound happily avoids this consideration. Except for Schonberg he cites no contemporary : he speaks of Bach or of the great Neapolitan master, Durante. And at once, we understand him better. Nevertheless, be it Bach, be it Durante, or Pergolese, or Puccini, all learnt harmony, as one learns any science—in a state of immobility. Pound has read Sauzay. "Le fameux Durante qui a fait tant d'élèves, ne leur donnait jamais des règles qu'il formulait." I should have liked to have seen that. Possibly Durante never formulated rules. Rules none the less existed. They grew out of musical practice and formulated themselves all alone, that is to say, immobilized themselves in the abstract in the mind. If Bach, Hadyn, Perpera committed, what we agree to call, daring deeds, it was that their genius made them see further than others. From that to establish the precept that daring is the elementary principle, is to go far.

Every science is easy to consult precisely because it is immobile. As soon as this consultation ceases and the practice

(1) *Treatise on Harmony*, by Ezra Pound. T.R. Vol. i. No. iii.

begins, there is no further immobility. The fault of musicians deprived of genius, is to remain in a static state.

The difficulty is to determine who have the right to see beyond rules and who have not.

For certain, who are only of small stature, imitators, daring is called an elementary principle—thus the swamps and weary atmosphere of all they stir with their senses. Others are quite at home with nothing. They have studied wisely in Paul Wachs or elsewhere a harmony, static, inoffensive. All they write is charming. If they transgress laws, they do so with right.

By definition the sciences should be immobile, as a train should stop for a passenger to enter. But the object of this passenger is not to remain still. If, once on board, the train does not move, he grows angry.

Thus is it with harmony.

Aristoxenes, the first who conceived for the advantage of observing, or, if you prefer, of dissecting—the conditional immobility of parts of music, warns us of this danger. There is, be says, a difference between rhythm and rhythmopeiia. The rhythmopeiia is the practice of the rhythm—"Rhythmopoeia est numeri factura"—says Remy d'Auxerre. In the rhythm the time is not divided ; in the rhythmopeiia it can be divided in a thousand ways. And it is the same with melody and melopeiia. But there is something Aristoxenes did not think of, the fusion of rhythmopeiia and melopeiia. This fusion was without doubt practiced by goat sheperds on their flutes without having any knowledge of theory—a practice which Aristoxenes despised.

Still Aristoxenes was right in immobilising and dividing. Values are better for having stopped and concentrated themselves.

Thus is it with wine.

What more interesting from a psychological point of view than drunkenness!

Drunkenness is mobility itself. Our mind, by the force of our blood in such moments, is invaded by the fumes of a grape juice separated and immobilized long ago. If this separation had not taken place, drunkenness and a whole dyonisian universe would never have come about. But one can not for that pretend to shut up drunkenness by itself, drunkenness without wine, in bottles.

Einstein, in short, has not succeeded in proving to us that time and space when they penetrate each other become a single idea.

I am of those who persist in seeing between harmony and rhythm a differentiation which only genius has the gift, not of confounding, but of attenuating.

Sincerely yours,

H. Z. K. T.

LE SECRET DE L'ART PALESTRINÉEN

by Charles-Albert Cingria.

Il faut, je crois, revenir sur une conception erronée et se représenter le contrepoint non comme une science qui s'apprend mais comme un fait humain antérieur à toute écriture.

On peut lui assigner ce processus :

Le motif est un air, un air complet comme est cela qu'est le refrain d'une chanson à la mode. Le refrain dans l'état que nous lui connaissons (l'état contemporain) cesse comme pour marquer une satieté et autorise une sorte de diversion mélodramatique ou l'esprit (une narration) a plus de part que la musique. Dans l'état palestrinéen — état de jeunesse excluant une lassitude — cette diversion n'est pas nécessaire. La joie du refrain exige qu'il ne cesse pas. Mais je dirai plus : à peine est-il émis qu'aussitôt, avant même que sa conclusion s'annonce il recommence : non au même état, mais à l'harmonique (à la quinte) ; et cela, ce recommencement qui d'autre part est un milieu et une fin tout ensemble dans l'ivresse d'une multitude de voix, résume tout ce qu'il y a à dire sur l'art palestrinéen.

Cet art a, par la suite, été écrit *(universalia post rem)*, mais conditionnellement, c'est-à-dire en laissant à l'improvisation toute faculté d'amplifier ou de restreindre selon le temps, le lieu, l'air, les gens, la tête des gens.

Les messes de Palestina et aussi celles d'Anerio, d'Orlando Lasso, du Carpentrasso ou d'autres maîtres de cette époque sont surtout cela : des instantanés merveilleusement saisis mais, aujourd'hui, bien difficiles à revivre, de la joie collaboratrice de tout un peuple à entendre et à réentendre, dans toutes les variétés de son renouvellement possible, un simple air à la mode.

L'air « *Douce mémoire* » fait la messe « *Douce mémoire* », l'air « *Puisque j'ai perdu* » fait la messe « *Puisque j'ai perdu* », l'air « *A l'ombre d'un buysonnet* » fait la messe « *A l'ombre d'un buysonnet* » qui fut, en Avignon et ailleurs, le grand frisson de quatorze cent.

On comprend que Palestrina et la musique contrepointique réalisent, autant qu'on peut employer ce mot pour décrire des phénomènes de cette époque, un analogue à l'état dionysien pur.

C'est évidemment de l'art religieux comme tout ce qui est juste et conforme à l'essence de la vielle terre que Dieu a faite

bonne est religieux, mais ce n'est pas de l'art *mystique* au sens d'une contrainte quelconque à une marche d'ensemble ou à des expressions repliées.

Je dirai aussi autre chose : pour bien entendre Palestrina, il faut s'imaginer des voix et des têtes répondant à ces voix.

Palestrina est, de nos jours, presque impossible.

Dès que les soprani tremblent et révèlent, en même temps qu'un sexe, des préoccupations domestiques (le gaz, une crainte du terme, etc.) c'en est fini. Il ne faut pas non plus de *monsieur en redingote* ni de gestes d'apaisement aux finales. Les finales doivent être comme le reste, c'est-à-dire fortes et presque criées.

J'entendis une fois une messe entière bien exécutée. C'était à Pise. Je n'étais pas dans la cathédrale. Je ne savais rien. J'étais allongé dans le trèfle fatigué par toute une matinée de marche dans la forêt.

Mais les belles portes de bronze étaient ouvertes.

A un moment donné tout le clergé s'avança et sortit sur le seuil. Les chantres étaient dans le cortège. Il y avait huit enfants de différents âges et des adultes à moustaches ; tous étaient vêtus d'aubes blanches serrées à la taille par un cordon de chanvre. Pas de maître de chœur ou, s'il y en avait un, il ne l'était que par le prestige et ne faisait, si ce n'était par la fermeté du regard, aucun geste qui le mit en évidence.

Les voix, tout à coup, éclatèrent comme une fanfare. C'était, je l'appris, un motet sorti des archives de la cathédrale : une sorte d'apostrophe de bienvenue pour un personnage éminent.

Il y eut à ce moment, une minute d'attente.

L'émeraude, par terre, était vive. Des bicyclettes bleues gisaient dans l'eucalyptus. Une Lune rapide, une Lune de onze heures du matin, sortie du baptistère, entrait dans la tour penchée.

On entendit un bruit de gravier et, d'une assez modeste voiture, un prélat drapé sortit.

Les voix, de nouveau, avec la même justesse extrême, éclatèrent et le cortège se remit processionnellement en marche derrière les portes fermées.

J'entrai par un portillon latéral.

Le *kyrie* d'une messe que je reconnus tout de suite, venait de commencer. C'était la messe *Lauda Sion* dont le motif, qui est un timbre grégorien, a dans l'édition médicéenne cet aspect :

RE-SOL SOL LA SOL DO SI LA SOL
Lau - da Si - on Sal - va - to - rem

C'est une messe des plus limpides du répertoire palestrinéen.

Après l'émission presque hoquetée tellement elle était sûre du thème par les soprani, repris aussitôt, dès la seconde note, par les alti comme pour l'empêcher de tomber, un ravissant jeu d'anges — d'anges en brodequins dans un parterre de

lévriers — s'exerça, à quoi le ténor et la basse vinrent apporter, plus qu'une participation, leur présence.

Palestrina, à mon sens — et c'est du reste bien chez lui comme chez ses précurseurs, une intention — réalise, au plus haut point, ce que l'on peut appeler l'équilibre harmonique. Il n'y a pas, chez lui, cette symétrie vocale — cet appui juste au milieu d'une chose qui tient déjà — qui rend antipathique notre harmonie moderne. Dans le temps qui immédiatement va suivre — Rinuccini, Caccini, Monteverde et un peu plus tard, en France, et en Allemagne, Lully, Rameau, Gluck — l'on recherchera les harmonies pleines ; mais déjà au temps de Rameau il se trouvera une voix pour dénoncer le péril. On se rappele dans les *lettres sur la musique* cette petite histoire que rapporte Rousseau. Il va souvent au théâtre des Italiens. Il est étonné, un soir, de ne pas entendre l'accompagnateur ordinaire. Ce qu'il entend est beaucoup mieux : « *Je cherchai* — dit Rousseau — *aussitôt la raison de cette différence, car je ne doutais pas que le sieur Noblet ne fut bon harmoniste et n'accompagnât très exactement* ». Voici ce qui s'était passé. Le sieur Noblet avait, pour quelques jours, été remplacé par le fils de l'entrepreneur italien, jeune enfant de dix ans, qui, instinctivement, jouait avec l'épargne qu'il faut dans le grand art. « *Quelle ne fut pas ma surprise en observant les mains du petit bonhomme, de voir qu'il ne remplissait presque jamais les accords, qu'il supprimait beaucoup de sons... Quoi! disais-je en moi-même, l'harmonie complète fait moins d'effet que l'harmonie mutilée, et nos accompagnateurs, en rendant tous les accords pleins ne font qu'un bruit confus, tandis que celui-ci, avec moins de sons, fait plus d'harmonie!... Ceci fut, pour moi, un problème inquiétant, et, j'en compris encore mieux toute l'importance quand, après d'autres observations, je vis que les italiens accompagnaient tous de la même manière... et que, cette épargne... devait tenir aux mêmes principes que celle qu'ils affectent dans leurs partitions.* »

Rousseau n'avait évidemment pas en vue le style contrapointique. Il parle de l'opéra contemporain ou légèrement antérieur, mais remarquons avec quelle justesse ce qu'il dit peut s'appliquer à ce qui fait un des caractères les plus attachants de l'art palestrinéen. On sait ce que je veux dire : ces plénitudes indiquées et pourtant soigneusement évitées par la fusion d'une voix dans une autre : ces accords parfaits qui ne se réalisent pas, laissant, entre la quinte et la fondamentale un merveilleux vide.

Il y avait précisément cela à la fin du *kyrie* et du *gloria* (aussi je crois du *sanctus*) de cette messe *Lauda Sion*.

Le *benedictus* à trois voix seulement fut d'une grande suavité. Jamais je ne compris mieux ce que dit Pietro delle Valle quand, à propos de la fugue et du style contrapointique il dit que c'est un art de galanterie (... *le fughe, i cannoni, le perfidie ed altre galanterie*...). Lui, en raison de son époque — il vit 50 ans après Palestrina — n'aime pas cela. De nouveaux goûts expriment alors des tendances littéraires bien antérieures que la musique

restée *primitive* avait totalement méconnue. On aurait tort de voir en Palestrina, Michel-Ange, Raphael, une expression semblable avec des moyens différents des mêmes tendances. On a bien trop souvent parlé d'une fraternité des arts. On peut être gré à Walter Pater *(La Renaissance)* d'avoir un des premiers, essayé de dévisser ce triptyque, car, en général, mais surtout en ce qui concerne cette époque, il n'est rien de plus contraire à la réalité. La musique de quatorze cent était seule à continuer des sentiments que l'humanisme sculptural ou littéraire avait depuis longtemps laissés de côté. Aussi devait-elle se buter à une méchante incompréhension. On reprochait à l'art contrapointique et, surtout, dans cette forme, à l'art vocal, d'être inapte à traduire un sentiment ou une pensée ; « *Con le fughe* — dit Pietro della Valle — *non si sente mai quello che si dice che e l'anima del canto.* » On lui faisait un grief de suivre sa logique — une logique musicale — et non celle des paroles — une logique discursive — : « *...ha necessita la fugha di seguitare nelle sue note l'ordine suo proprio* ». L'étrange alanguissement de voix confuses (*quello strano mormorio di voce non intese*) qui a, précisément, pour nous tant de charme, est tourné en dérision.

L'art contrapointique autrement dit continue la *vaghezza* des primitifs tandis que les arts plastiques et la littérature, en plein dans le dithyrambisme descriptif, vivent une phase de morale, de sentiment et de raison. L'humanisme veut ce que Beethoven réalisera : l'exacte description par des sons d'un sujet harmonieusement conçu : le chaud, le froid, la tempête, les rires, les pleurs, les adieux, le retour, etc. L'art Palestrinéen mécontente au plus haut point cet idéal. « *Avec toutes ces subtilités du contrepoint* (c'est toujours P. della Valle) *on en arrive à faire des mélodies ou ce qui devrait être mélancolique a, tout au contraire, un air joyeux : ou le bizarre ou l'équivoque se substitue au religieux : ou l'esprit et le ton plaisant à ce qui doit être grave et réciproquement. De ce défaut les compositions des maîtres du temps passé sont pleines* ».

Ce que veulent, immédiatement après Palestrina Rinuccini, Monteverde, Caccini, Marco Gagliano, Severo Bonnini et ce que, en réalité, ils réaliseront dans le mélodrame ancètre de nôtre art moderne est le complet asservissement de la musique à la pensée.

Il est intéressant de voir qu'ils s'autorisent de Platon génie anti-dionysien par excellence.

« *Il faut* — dit Bonnini — *s'en tenir à cette manière tant louée de Platon et d'autres philosophes pour qui la musique est d'abord une conception* (intellectuelle) ; *vient ensuite le rythme et en dernier lieu, le son (il suono per ultimo)* ».

Il est vrai que le rythme a plus d'importance que le son, mais un processus allouant à la raison (Apollon) un rôle générateur est ce qu'il y a de plus opposé au fait musical et poetique humain.

Charles-Albert Cingria.

MUSIC IN LONDON

The Opera Comedy

Englishmen, when they take to the arts, seem to have an incorrigible faith in their own powers of improvisation, and even glory in their lack of technical competence. When Mr. Rutland Boughton was organizing his Glastonbury Festivals, he boasted of his incapacity as a business man and cared nothing about the provision of adequate accomodation for visitors to his "Bayreuth" —a strange contrast to the detailed calculations of Wagner as to the number of ham sandwiches his patrons would require. This deliberate lack of preparation may give to the work of real genius an air of freshness which more considered methods might not produce. But, where average intelligence is in question, it cannot achieve good results. That is the burden on the back of music in England ; it has been that there many years, gradually bearing it down to the ground.

During the last three months we have had a striking example of this incompetence and mismanagement. I have called it the Opera Comedy ; but with the laughter have been mingled tears, not of amusement or pity or sentiment, but of rage and exasperation. The facts are worth recording, briefly. An arrangement was made to bring to London for the summer season the personnel of the Viennese State Opera—singers, orchestra, conductors and, I presume, scenery. A trade-union, the great majority of whose members are employed in theatres, restaurants, dance-bands and cinemas, protested against the importation of the orchestra. I have good reason to believe that the members of the big London orchestras, the only persons likely to be affected, did not support the union's action. That is to their credit. But one wishes that they had made their voices heard in public ; it might have changed the whole sequel. Strikes were, of course, threatened, with sympathetic action on the part of scene shifters, electricians, dressers, call-boys, cosmetic makers, pit-queues, brewery hands and Heaven knows what other infinite fleas upon the backs of the fleas on the theatrical profession. If Vienna came, London should go unentertained, I may add, in parenthesis, that no such action was taken when an American jazz-band—and a very good one—visited us, though its activities were restricted, as indeed would have been those of the Viennese orchestra.

This absurd situation might never have developed, had the trade unions been the true villains of the piece. But they, like the star-actors they are, waited till the curtain was up and the audience settled down before appearing on the scene amid the mild plaudits of a half-filled house. They proved to be the "British National Opera Company". During the first weeks of the year they gave us a taste of their demerits and then proposed that, instead of hearing what the highly trained and properly rehearsed Viennese can do, we should be shown once more what cannot be done by a company which has no head to direct it nor feet to stand on.

I have no grudge against the B. N. O. C. Indeed I have a very personal interest in their success; for I am one of their original shareholders. But I see very plainly that they will have no success until they raise their standard of performance. Nor would I waste time discussing their shortcomings, did I not believe them capable of doing really good work There is excellent material among them, which only requires more rehearsal (and always more rehearsal) and the control of a director who knows his business and has power to say to one man, "Do this" and to another, "Don't do that". But, oh! the pity of it! they imagine that an opera can be put on the stage with singers who have never played together or with the particular orchestra and conductor before. Such things as rehearsals of lighting-effects and transformation-scenes are unknown, if one may judge from the invariable mistakes which occur. The supreme example of the incompetence, and more, of the utter wrong-headedness of the present direction was the performance of "Siegfried", at which Brunnhilde failed to appear. There was a railway strike at the time and the singer cast for the part had gone to Scotland to fulfil a long-standing engagement on the evening before the performance of "Siegfried". She could not get back to London and so, when the dragon had been slain time was put back and we were given the first act of "Die Walkure" Now no singer who is going to sing Brunnhilde, ought to be travelling hundreds of miles on the day of the performance. She ought to be in bed; she ought, literally, to be acting the part from the evening before until it is time for Siegfried to awaken her. This incident was the crowning ineptitude of a season in which there were two good performances—"Othello" and "Parsifal", the only operas over which some trouble was taken

The next act of the Comedy consisted of bickerings and correspondance in the newspapers, whose Editors mostly sat carefully upon the hedge. The friends of the B. C. O. C., who have probably never heard a first-class operatic performance, expressed their contentment with the slovenly methods of the company. The heads of our two academies of music, though obviously regretting the opportunity of hearing the Viennese, came down on the wrong side of the hedge. They

imagined that visitors to the Wembley Exhibition would prefer bad performances in English to good performances in German. I wonder how many Wembley enthusiasts will find their way to Covent Garden and whether those who happen to be fond of Opera will feel complimented by the imputation put upon their taste by Sir Hugh Allen and by Sir Alexander Mackenzie. This act, which had been uncomfortable to watch ended with the very dignified withdrawal by the Austrian Minister in London of the proposed Viennese season.

The curtain came down and the audience were about to disperse in gloomy silence. But it went up again and we witnessed an after piece or Harlequinade with a Mr. Higgins in lozenged garb and a wave of his baton to transform the whole situation. As Chairman of the Grand Opera syndicate he said he'd be blowed if he would let the theatre to the B. N. O C. for the summer since their performances were not worthy of the traditions of the house, and promptly announced a Grand Season (Old Style) of polyglot opera. So, instead of a company who have worked together for years and by constant collaboration and hard work has reached something like perfection we are to have a hotch potch of singers with big names and a scratch orchestra. The only party which can claim a victory, and an inglorious one at that, is the Musicians Union.

The State of our orchestral concerts is not much healthier, though the level of performance is far higher. Here again the chief trouble is failure to realise the necessity for proper rehearsal. The obstacle is partly, but only partly, financial. We have no State subsidies and, nowadays, no rich patrons to guarantee the cost of concerts. There is nothing wrong with the orchestral players. Every foreign conductor who visits us is amazed both at the inadequacy of rehearsal-time allowed him and at the extraordinary sight reading of our instrumentalists. It is an old story:

"A magnificent orchestra—superb tone—the leaders the finest instruments I have listened to—strong *esprit de corps*—but no distinct style. The fact is, the Philharmonic people consume more music than they can digest. As a rule an hour's music takes several hours' rehearsal. How can any conductor, with a few hours in the morning at his disposal be supposed to do justice to these monster programmes?"

That was written by Richard Wagner, conductor of the Philharmonic Society's Season in 1855. What was inadequate then for Spohr, Mendelssohn, Weber and Beethoven can hardly be sufficient for Holst, Stravinsky, Strauss and Beethoven to-day. Nor are matters improved by the deputy-system by which a player can get someone who was not present at rehearsals to take his place at the performance if it is inconvenient for him to attend in person. This amazing practice is one of the worst abuses in England and is throughly characteristic of our attitude towards musical performances. Moreover it is almost

unheard of for chorus and orchestra to meet before the performance of a choral work. Recently a modern work of great difficulty was undertaken by one of our choral societies. The conductor who was engaged very courageously declined to take the responsibility for the performance unless he was allowed a full rehearsal. Another conductor was obtained. He walked on to the platform, nodded scornfully to the applause of the public, and then found that he had forgotten his baton. He went out to fetch it and on his return was greeted with enthusiastic cheers. He made a motion to get the chorus on to its feet; this part of the orchestra took for their cue. Every one roared with laughter. By the time the work, which was sacred in character, was got under way, chorus, orchestra and audience were thoroughly demoralised and we had the worst performance I have ever heard.

That is Music—in England.

Dyneley Hussey.

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OURSELVES *Comments.*

GREAT BRITAIN

The Notes and articles are full of vitality and it is easy to see the editor's preference for an unelaborate and free and easy style of writing. So much writing nowadays is wrenched out of himself by the author with incredible pains that the contributors to the Transatlantic *seem by comparison very versatile and fresh... Mr. H.G. Wells, we notice, considers Mr. Ford "one of the greatest editors alive" and he is probably justified.*

The Spectator.

FRANCE

Ce choix (de noms) nous montre que M. Ford, dans ses préférences, est délibérément moderne... Le Transatlantic Review... *sera, aux aguets, l'agent de liaison entre trois grands pays. Si j'étais ministre, je (le) chargerais d'expliquer Paris et la France a son pays et aux Etats-Unis...*

Jacques Calmy in Nouvelles Littéraires.

AND FROM THE UNITED STATES

Dear Sir,

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Yours very truly

THE CONTACT PUBLISHING Co.

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Vol. I. No. 6

FOUR POEMS

by D. M. Garman.

I

EXPECTANCY.

Whispering of traffic in a sleeping town ;
Whispering of tea-cups in the afternoon ;
Whispering of friendship!—
Set them against the all-engrossing night,
Where mammoths fight
Beneath a pallidly insistent moon :
Set them against the splendour of the sun
That starts a flush
Beneath the pallor of the spinster dawn.

Along life's placid hedge-rows creep
Intimate mists ;
Slow-footed unimaginative mists,
That weep or smile,
Subtlely consistent with environment.
What have they hidden in their silkiness?

Tortoise and hare are baffled by the fog.

II

COHERENCE.

Slowly, walking slowly that our feet
Made no sound,
Chased the twisting silence of the street,
Till we found
Where the mutilated town
Creeps to hide its death amongst the trees—
Monotone of up and down,
Monotone.

You were with me, yet
All alone
I could hear you talking and forget.
You were part of silence, part of death ;
You had lost your entity and grown
Reiterated echo of my own—
Chanting to the time I set,
Monotone.

Grey the ring of curving snow,
And the sky
Grey, and down below
Grey beside a sombre river lie
Silent houses, monotone.

III

THE STREET SINGER

Have you any views on life?—
Moaning gusty songs along the street,
Blowing wind into futurity,
Quavering a threnody
For the life you can't repeat.

Where did you learn that unctuous swirl?
Was it dozing in the rafters of a church
That you heard the organ lurch,
As the candles flickered?
Was it dreaming in a cave
That you heard the heave,
And the fall of a dissipated wave
Interweave
With the shadows of the moon?

Wandering accordionist,
What is God tonight?

Is that sad amorphous interlude
That you squeeze
From the incoherent vertebrate
Beneath your heart, your God?
Do your lungs exude,
As they pulsate,
Intimation of a soul immaculate?

Transitory soliloquist,
Have you any views on life?

IV

ABSENCE.

If I should die, dear heart,
I do not think that you would weep :
For you have lived apart
So long, that you must keep
Your tears for those who need them more than I.

Or if you should die, and I
Should hear of it by strangers' lips,
Then I should think they lie,
Since death's complete eclipse
Could prove no darker than this present night.

But if in dying you
Turned back to where I wait you still,
Then I should know you true,
And death would only kill
An incomplete negation of our life.

FIVE POEMS

by Georges Ribemont Dessaignes.

I.

INTÉRÊTS.

Le rat crevé qu'on a dans la cervelle et la
  cervelle de l'estomac
Les étoiles du Zambèze et l'oiseau des lèvres
La vertu américaine
L'alcool de peau et le pain des yeux
La richesse du riche et le vice d'hiver
Le rire tiède et l'algue d'urine
L'eau des genoux tristes
Les petits os cariés
Et les demoiselles des roseaux du sang
Tamtam du biberon et bonbons du cœur.

II

SOPHIE

Elle descend jusqu'au fond de son mirliton
  candélabre
Et téléphone aux pompiers
Sa vertu buvette pour bengalis a des marées
  d'équinoxe
Son hypothénuse est incalculable
Alcaline

III

1/4.

La grande amazone des prairies mécaniques
Crachait sur sa panoplie
Pour apprivoiser les petits oiseaux
Cela n'empêcha pas le lait de tourner
Ni le beurre de fleurir comme le Far-West
Les soldats des armées ont depuis longtemps
  épousé les vertus à la langue de gomme
Donnez au chef la trompette de l'unité
Et vous verrez le cochon de l'oreille gauche
  verser les pleurs que versent
Tous les hommes
L'amazone l'amazone
Pleura aussi dans un accordéon
Tua ses amants
Et comme elle craignait de devenir enceinte
Elle mit sur son ventre un miroir

IV.

JARDIN.

L'œil bleu des étoiles qui se balance sur la
  pointe d'une aiguille
Balaie les larmes du parquet de cœur
Et tous les petits anges suceurs de sueur
Ont fait leur nid dans un chapeau haut de
  forme
Alors la fleur écarte les jambes

V.

X.

L'affreuse tristesse forante de chaque renouvellement
Jusqu'au cercle d'eau miroitant d'inverse hauteur
Voici la promeneuse en robe nue
Le principe originel se lève aurore
Eclatement jusqu'à la carie de la joie navale
Obsédantes régates en spirales avortée en coup de canon
Astre et ses satellites et pardessus le circuit du sang
Et l'odeur sulfure portant des nuages
Un allègre moteur mesure les extases
Tandis que le poids comme à rebours verse dans le ciel
Le chef penché sur l'exacte margelle

THE MAKING OF AMERICANS

Being the History of a Family's Progress,

by Gertrude Stein.

III

It had been a wonderful time for Julia Dehning these few months of knowing Hersland. She had had, always thirring within her, a longing for the knowledge of made things, of works of art. of all the wonders that make, she knew, a world, for certain other people.

Julia Dehning, like all of her kind of people, needed everything, for anything could feed her. It was not strong meat that Hersland offered to her, but her palate was eager, this had the flavour of the dishes she longed to have eaten and to have inside her. To her young crude virgin desire the food he offered to her was plenty real enough to deeply content her.

Of the family about her, it was only Julia who found him worthy to be so important to her. The cousins and the uncles, the men who could make for her the sane and moral background that would give a wholesome middle class condition always to her, they did not like it much that Hersland was now so important for her. They said nothing to her, but they did not like to have him always about with her. He was not their kind and every minute they could know it, and they did not need him, either out in the world in business or at home where they were happy in the rich and solid family comfort they always had had with the Dehnings; and these men could not find Hersland's knowledge worth much for them, and they did not ever have it in them that it had a meaning for

them that he Hersland had in him, knowledge and a certain kind of feeling that they never could have inside them. What could a pleasant mystery in a man mean to them except only that any man with any sense in him would not ever trust anything real to him.

But they said nothing, any of them, they knew nothing real against him, and, anyhow, it was not business for them to interfere with other people's matters, for after all it was to the Dehnings for them, and it did not in any way really concern any of the others of them. As men they could not feel it in them the right to interfere with a woman who did not as a child or a wife really belong to them.

The boy George and the little sister were too young to think very much about him. The young brother did not feel it in himself much, to like him, out of doors was not yet in any way soiled for him and he needed that kind of a thing in a man to attract him, but anyhow, Julia liked him and it would be hard for George not to think Julia could judge better about him than any of the other members of the family could have it to know in them.

Mr. Dehning as yet had said nothing. One day he was out walking and his daughter was with him. "Julia hadn't you better be a little careful how much you encourage that young Hersland."

Mr. Dehning, always, in his working, began very far away from a thing he meant later to be firmly attacking. And always in such a far away beginning, he would be looking sharply, out from him, in a side-long, piercing, deprecating, challenging fashion, the kind of a way he had always of looking when his wife, who, by her more than equal living, as it often is with a woman, had not in any kind of a way any fear in her of him, could be going to rebuke him. And this way he had of looking, always made him an old man to his children, and mostly there was a fear then in them, only now Julia was strong, other things were bright and glowing, and she could not now feel it in him, the old grown man's sharp outward looking that, closing him, went always so straight into them.

And so, now, filled full with her new warm imagining, Julia Dehning had not any kind of a fear from him, the kind of a fear a young grown woman has almost always from an old man s looking.

"Why papa!" she had eagerly quickly demanded of him.

"I say Julia I don't know anything against him. Yes, I say to you Julia I don't know of anything there is against him. I have looked up all the record there is yet of him and I haven't heard anything against him but Julia, I say, somehow I don't quite like him. His family are alright, I know a man who knows all about Gossols, and I asked him, he says yes the family are all successful and well appearing. I say Julia I don't say anything against him only I don't altogether trust him I know all about his father, everybody has heard of David Hersland, he is the richest man they ever had in Gossols, I know too how he made his own money out there, and everybody says he is alright and he made his own money by his own work ; I don t say anything against him, only Julia I think you better be a little careful with him, somehow I don't altogether like him." "Isn't that papa because he plays the piano and parts his hair that way in the middle." Julia was eager in her questioning. The father laughed, "I guess there is some reason in your question Julia. I don't like that kind of thing much in a man, that's right. It's foolish in a man who wants to make a success making a living, it's foolish to do things that make other men feel they don't want to trust him. It's alright if he was just doing nothing, only I never would want you to tie up with a man who didn't know how to take care of himself to make a living, but Hersland has got ambition, he wants to be a lawyer that makes a big success with his living, I know him, and that don't seem to me the kind of a way to make a good beginning, but may be I am wrong, you young ones always think you know everything. Anyhow Julia I think you better be a little careful with him." Mr. Dehning paused, and they walked on a little while and she said nothing.

Henry Dehning had had a long time to learn how to judge the value in a man, the values in them that in their lives concerned him. The more one looked into the quality of him the more one learned respect for the power he had in him and the more wonder one had in them at the gentleness that almost never left him.

Mr. Dehning had a massive face made with a firm unagressive chin, loose masses in the cheeks and a strong curved nose, his eyes were blue and always clear, and set between loose pouches underneath and coarse rough overhanging brows. His strong-skulled rounded head was covered with thinning greyish hair. He was a man of medium height, stocky build and sharply squared shoulders, a man quick in his movements, slow in his judgments, and cheerful in his temper; a man to understand and to make use of men, slow to anger and tenacious, without heat or bitterness.

His children knew the value of his judgments and the generous quality of his understanding, still he was of the old generation, they of the new, with all his wisdom surely he must fail to see the meanings in the unaccustomed.

"You know Julia" Mr. Dehning went on after a silent interval of walking when they had each been pretty busy with their own thinking, "you know Julia, your mother doesn't like him." "Oh! mamma!" Julia broke out, you know how mamma is, he talks about love and beauty and mamma thinks it ought to be all wedding dresses and a fine house when it isn't money and business. She would be the same about anybody that I would want."

"Yes Julia, those are your literary notions but a lawyer has got to be a business man now and you like success and money as well as any one. You have always had everything you wanted and you don't want to get along without it. Literary effect and modern improvements are alright for women but with Hersland it ought to be different, it ought to be that he has the kind of sense he needs in his business. I don't say he hasn't got good sense in him to make a success at his business, I only say I am not anyways

sure yet what he has in him and you want to be careful I say Julia, how far you go with him." "I know papa just what you mean, and that's alright papa, I know it, but you know yourself papa it isn't everything, now, is it. I know papa how you feel about it, you think we young ones are all wrong the way we look at it, but you say yourself papa how different things are nowadays from the way they used to be when you began with it, and surely papa it can't hurt a man to be interesting even if he wants to make a success in his business."

Mr. Dehning shook his head but he did not so carry much conviction to his daughter and on this day they said no more about the matter.

And so Julia began and surely she would win in the struggle. She worked every day and very hard, and slowly she began to bring her father to it. Mrs. Dehning would have to agree if he said she could have it and no one else's opinion in the matter was important.

Time and again Julia would be sure she had succeeded, for her father always listened to her "yes papa I know it, I know what you mean and it's alright, only you know yourself everything nowadays is very different, you know that yourself papa, you know you always say it," and he liked to hear her say it, and he listened with amusement, and he approved when she knew how to do it, when she brought out with great fervour and with much repeating, great arguments against all his objections. He always openly admired the bright way she had then to make clear to him all her theories and convictions, the new faith in her, the new ideas she had of life and business.

And then Julia would be sure she had convinced him, for how could a reasonable man ever resist it, she knew she had good reasons in her.

And each day when their talk was ending and she was saying to him, "you know papa you say yourself now that it's all different, I know what you mean papa, always, I know how you want me to do it, but papa, really, I am not talking without thinking without thinking hard about it,

you know I listen to you and want to understand it but you know papa, now don't you, that it will be alright and that I am alright just the way you like to have me do it," and then he would have stopped listening to her and his mind would have sort of shut up away from her, and she still held his arm for they had been walking all this time up and down as was their custom every afternoon together, and yet he then himself had quite slipped away from her, pleted look that, always so full of his own understanding, could not leave it open any way to her to reach inside to him to let in any other kind of a meaning.

And then he would for that time altogether leave her and the last thing he always would say to her, with the quick movement he had when he felt no more time in him then for her, "Alright, yes, well to-morrow is another day Julia. I say to-morrow is another day Julia and you think it all over and we will talk about it further, perhaps to-morrow, I say to-morrow is another day Julia. There is your mother there now Julia, you better go in now to her."

It was hard for Julia to have such a kind of resistance fighting against her. It was hard for an impatient and eager temper to endure the kind of way her father always finished off his long talks with her. It was hard for Julia to have to always begin over every time she started to talk about it with her father. But he was very proud of her, she knew very well his feeling for her, she knew very well too how to win him to agree in the end with her. She loved it in a way the struggle he made each day a new one for her. They loved and admired and respected each other very much this daughter and her father. They understood very well both of them how to please while they were combatting with each other. And so each to-morrow they met, and Julia was sturdy and had strong faith in her, and always, her father, a long time each day listened to her.

Hersland could do nothing all this time but wait for Julia to persuade her father. They were both agreed,

Hersland and Julia, that any effort on his part to change Mr. Dehning's opinion would only make the fight for Julia so much harder. It was always there that Mr. Dehning did not like young Hersland, and the noblest words and the best acts, mever, in any kind of a distrusted person, give any evidence against his condemnation. It is never facts that tell, they are the same when they mean very different things. It is never facts that make a man feel anything to be made different to him when he has any kind of a judgment in him. Facts can never tell him anything true about another man, in his opinion. It was always there, Mr. Dehning somehow did not trust this man. And so it was only Julia, who by always repeating, perhaps could find a way to change him.

So Julia struggled every day, to have him, arguing discoursing explaining and appealing. She was always gaining but it was slow progress like that in very steep and slippery climbing. For every forward movement of three feet she always slipped back two, sometimes all three and often four or five or six or seven. It was long eager steady fighting but the father was slowly under standing that this daughter wanted this thing enough to stand hard by it and with such a feeling and no real fact against the man, such a father was bound to let her some time get married to him.

"I tell you what Julia what I been thinking. When we all get back to town you can tell better wether you do really want him. I say we better leave off all this talking and just wait till we get home now again. I don't say no Julia and I don't say yes to you. When everybody gets back to town and you are busy and running around with your girls and talking and meeting all the other people and the other kinds of young men, you can tell much better then whether all this business is not all just talking with you. I say now Julia we will wait and just see how you feel about it later. I say we will talk it all over when we get home and you are altogether with all your friends there. I say Julia I don't say no to you and I don't say yes yet to you.

I say when we get home we will talk it over again all together and then if nothing turns up new against him, and you still want him enough to trust your judgment about him we will see just how you feel about it." "Alright, papa," Julia said to him, "I will just go and ride about the country and think hard the way you like to have me do it about what we both have said about it."

It was a well meant intention this in Julia of riding by herself around the country and thinking hard about what they had both said about it, but not the certain way to end in a passionate young woman her first intense emotion. The wide and glowing meadows of low oaks, the clean clear tingling autumn air, the blaze of colour in the bits of woods, the freedom and the rush of rapid motion on the open road, the joy of living in a vital world, the ecstacy of loving and of love, the intensity of feeling in the ardent young, it surely was not so that Julia Dehning could win the sober reason that should judge of men.

And always every day it came and always every day when it was ending it would be the same. "Yes I certainly do care for him and I do know him. And he and I will live our lives together always learning things and doing things, good things they will be for us whatever other people may think or say."

And so at last, filled full with faith and hope and fine new joy she went back to her busy city life, strong in the passion of her eager young imagining.

The home the rich and self made merchant makes to hold his family and himself is always like the city where his fortune has been made. The Dehning city house was of this sort. A nervous restlessness of luxury was through it all. Often the father would complain of the unreasoning extravagance to which his family was addicted but these upbraidings had not much result for the rebuke came from conviction and not from any habit of his own.

There was good solid richness in this house and here it was that Julia Dehning dreamed of other worlds and here each day she grew more firm in her resolve for that free

wide and cultured life to which for her young Hersland had the key.

At last it was agreed that these two young people should become engaged, but not be married for a year to come, and if nothing new had then turned up, the father said he would no longer interfere. And so the marriage now was made for with these kind of people an engagement always meant a marriage excepting only for the gravest cause. And Alfred Hersland and Julia had this time to learn each other's natures and prepare themselves for the event.

When the twelve months has passed away no grave cause had come to make a reason why this marriage should not be. Julia was twelve months older now, and wiser, and through this wisdom had in general a little more distrusting in her, but never in any kind of way was she changing about the new world she needed now to content her and she was firm always in her intention to marry Alfred Hersland. She loved him then with all the strength of her eager young imagining, though dimly, somewhere, in her head and heart now, there was sometimes a dread that comes of ignorance and a beginning wisdom, a distrust she could not then yet seize and look on so that she could really know it, but a distrust that often was there, somewhere in the background, somehow sometimes mixed there to her sense, in with her energy, her new faith, and her feeling.

For a girl like Julia Dehning, all men, excepting those of an outside unknown world, those one read about in books and never really could believe in, for it is a strange feeling one has in one's later living, when one finds the story-books really have truth in them, for one lived the story-books earlier, one loved to read them but one never really believed there was truth in them, and later when one by living has gained a new illusion and a kind of wisdom, and one reads again in them, there it is, the things we have learned since to believe in, there it is and we know then that the man or the woman who wrote them had just

the same kind of wisdom in them we have been spending our lives winning, and this shows to any one wise in learning that no young people can learn wisdom from the talking of the older ones around them. If they cannot believe the things they read in the story-books where it is all made life-like, real and interesting for them, how should they ever learn things from older people's talking. It's foolish to expect such things of them.

To a girl like Julia Dehning, all men, excepting those of an outside unknown world, those one reads about in books and never really can believe in, or men like Jameson to whom one never could belong and whom one always knows, now after having once begun with one's living, for what they are whenever one met with them. I say for a girl like Julia Dehning, with the family with which she had all her life been living, to her all men that could be counted as man by her and could be thought of as belonging ever to her, they must be, all, good strong gentle creatures, honest and honourable and honouring. For her to doubt this of all men, of decent men, of men whom she could ever know well or belong to, to doubt this would be for her to recreate the world and make one all from her own head. Surely, of course, she knew it, there were the men one could read of in the books and hear of in the scandal of the daily news, but never could such things be true of men of her own world. For her to think it in herself as real any such a thing would be for her to imagine a vain thing, to recreate the world and make a new one all out of her own head.

No, this was a thought that could not come to her to really think, and so for her the warnings of her father carried no real truth. Of course Alfred Hersland was a good and honest man. All decent men, all men who belonged to her own kind and to whom she could by any chance belong, were good and straight. They had this as they had all simple rights in a sane and simple world. Hersland had besides that he was brilliant, that he knew that there were things of beauty in the world, and that

he was in his bearing and appearance a distinguished man. And then over and above all this, he was so freely passionate in his fervent love.

And so the marriage was really to be made. Mrs. Dehning now all reconciled and eager, began the trousseau and the preparation of the house that the young couple were to have as a wedding portion from the elder Dehnings.

In dresses, hats and shoes and gloves and underwear and jewel ornaments, Julia was very ready to follow her mother in her choice and to agree with her in all variety and richness of triming and material, but in the furnishing of her own house it must be as she wished, taught as she now had been that there were things of beauty in the world and that decoration should be strange and like old fashions, not be in the new. To have the older things themselves had not yet come to her to know, nor just how old was the best time that they should be. It was queer in its results this mingling of old taste and new desire.

The mother was all disgusted, half-impressed; she sneered at these new notions to her daughter and bragged of it to all of her acquaintance. She followed Julia about now from store to store, struggling to put in a little her own way, but always she was beaten back and overborne by the eagerness of knowing and the hardness of inconsidering disregard with which her daughter met her words.

The wedding day drew quickly near with all this sharp endeavour of making her new home just what it should be for the life which was to come. Julia thought more of her ideals these days than of her man; Hersland had always, a little, meant more to her as an ideal than as a creature to be known and loved. She had made him, to herself, as she was now making her new house, an unharmonious unreality, a bringing complicated natural tastes to the simplicities of fitness and of decoration of a self-digested older world. All through this new house there were no solid warm substantial riches.

These were triumphant days for Julia. Every day she led her family a new flight and they followed after agape

with wonder disapproval and with pride. The mother almost lost all sense of her creation of this original and brilliant daughter, she was almost ready to admit the obedience and defeat she now had in her. Sometimes she still had a little resistance to her but mostly she was swelling inside and to all around her with her admiration and her pride in this new wonderful kind of a daughter.

The father had always been convinced and proud even when he had disapproved the opinions of his daughter. He now took a solid satisfaction in the completeness of accomplishment she now had in her. To her father, to know well what one wanted and she had it. He still shook his head at her new fangled notions, her literary effects, the artistical completely kind of new improvement, as he called it, that she put now into her new house to make it perfect. He did not understand it and he always said it, but he was very proud to see her do it, and he bragged to everybody and made them listen to it, of his daughter and the artistical completely, as he always called it, wonderful new kind of a house she had, and the bright way she knew how to do it.

The little Hortense had always worshipped this wonderful big sister, and the boy George admired too, and followed after.

Altogether these last weeks were brilliant days for Julia.

But always, a little, through all this pride in domination and in the admiration of her family, there was there, somewhere, in the background, to her sense, a vague uncertain kind of feeling as to her understanding and her right. Mostly she had a firm strong feeling in her, but always, a little, there was there, a kind of a doubting somewhere in her. She never in these days did any very real thinking about Hersland as a man to be to her as a husband to control her. But, somehow, a little, he was there in her as an unknown power that might attack her, though she knew very well she had in her a wisdom and experience of life that she could feel strong now always inside her.

A few weeks before the day they were to be married and to begin their new free life together, this vague distrust in Julia became a little sharper. Alfy was talking to her one night about the good life they were to have soon together, about their prospects and his hopes for the future. "I've some good schemes Julia in my head," he said to her, "and I mean to do big things, and with a safe man like your father to back me through now I think I can." Julia somehow was startled though this kind of saying in him was not new to her. "Why what do you mean Alfy?" "Why," he went on, "I want to do some things that have big money and big risks in them and a man as well known as your father for wealth and reliability for a father-in-law will do all that I need. Of course you know Julia," he added very simply enough for her, "you must not talk to him about such things now. You are my wife, my own darling, and you and I will live our lives together always loving and believing in the same good thing."

He said it simply enough to her and Julia would not speak of such things now to her father, though Hersland very simply now, often made for her a sharp uncertain feeling more clear before her. He was not different in his ways or in his talk to her from the way he always had been with her, but somehow now it had come to her, to see, clearly and freely things as they are and not as she had wished them to be for her.

And then she would remember suddenly what she had really thought he was, and she felt, she knew that all that former thought was truer better judgment than this sudden sight, and so "Alfy didn't mean it like that," she said over to herself, "he wouldn't mean it like that. He only meant that papa would help him along in his career and of course papa will. Oh I know he didn't really mean it like that, he couldn't mean it like that. Anyhow I will ask him what he really meant."

And she asked him and he freely made her understand just what it was he meant. It sounded better then, a little better as he told it to her more at length, but it left her a

sense that perhaps the world had meanings in it that could be hard for her to understand and judge.

But now she had to think that it was all, as it had a little sounded, good and best. She had to think it so else how could she marry him, and how could she not marry him. She had to marry him, and so she had to think it so, and she would think it so, and did.

In a few days more the actual marrying was done and their lives together always doing things and learning things was at last begun.

(To be continued.)

MEMORIES

by Luke Ionides.

VII.

In Rome I went to the Hôtel d'Allemagne near the Piazza di Spagna, and there made the acquaintance of a Mr. Pember, a brother of the K.C.

One day at dinner the hotel keeper told me that the Cardinal Antonelli had come to visit a Countess Rosas who had brought a million of francs (Peter's Pence) to the Pope, and if we wanted to see him we might wait in the Sala and see him when he passed out. We all went into the Sala and we saw the Cardinal's *intendente* walking up and down upon which Pember began talking to him, asking many questions as to the Cardinal's visit, the age of the lady and her appearance. He kept us all in fits of laughter. Presently the Cardinal came downstairs, passed through the Sala, and I admired his courtesy in giving each person a separate salute. But the next day, as we sat down

to dinner, the master of the hotel said to me in German: "Please ask your friends not to talk politics as there are three spies sitting at the table". I whispered to Pember, who was next me, but he in a loud voice said to my brother Alecco, who was sitting opposite, next to a Frenchman whose acquaintance we had made: "Ionides tells me there are three spies sitting at table. I don't know how they ought to be treated here, but if we had them in England, we would kick them round the table and out of the house". There was much laughter, especially from a few Italians who were there, which they had reason to regret, as in consequence they had orders later from the authorities to leave Rome at once.

There was so much unrest in Rome at that time that all the hotels were watched and I suppose that Pember's questioning of the *intendente* and the laughter it had raised gave rise to suspicion and spies were sent to see what he was up to; but we never troubled to find out which were the spies. The next day I went with Pember on the Pincio to see the soldiers march past, when he took out some little tricolor flags from his pocket, which he meant to pin on the skirts of the soldiers passing by. I had the greatest difficulty in restraining him and told him he would cause much bloodshed. This was during the French occupation of Rome and there was great dislike of the French.

Rome was at this time placarded with Non Piove, which meant Non Pio: Vittore Emmanuele. The Pope was supposed to be kept in power by the French, and the Romans wanted Vittore Emmanuele as King and to form part of united Italy. The fall of Caserta took place whilst we were in Rome. The following evening Pember and I went to have a game of billiards. Before we started, a young American who was in our hotel, offered us his revolver, saying the streets were unsafe and we had better go armed. I refused as we each had a stick and that was enough for us. On our way back a man with a knife darted out of the shadows, but we faced him and he bolted, and we returned safely to the hotel. The next morning the

young American, who lodged in a house near the hotel, told us that the preceding evening as he put his latchkey into the door of his lodging he was suddenly seized by a man with a knife in his hand, who took his revolver, his watch and all his money. I said to him: ""If you'd had a stick you could have knocked the knife down, so you see that a stick is a safer weapon for street trouble than a revolver."

I first knew Garibaldi in England, about the year 1860. I was introduced to him by my father when he came to London. My father always sympathized very much with the Italian movement, and many Italian refugees used to come to our house. Settembrini gave me lessons in Italian and we read together Dante's Inferno. Poerio was there often to dinner. When I went to Naples later, I found Settembrini the head of the police and Poerio prefect of Naples, so we had a warm reception. The place was full of Garibaldini and there I made the acquaintance of the man who was called "Garibaldi's Englishman". He used to go about with Garibaldi a great deal and fought with him. He told me that Garibaldi had that personal attraction that made people feel they would follow him anywhere.

When we were pssing through Genoa we went to the restaurant De Independenza. My brother Alecco and an American friend he had met asked me to order dinner. I called the waiter and told him I wanted dinner for three: he suggested a *diner* à *deux francs*. I asked if that was the best he could give us. "Oh no," he said, "our best dinner is a five franc dinner." I told him that that would do. When the two returned we had the food brought up. It was the most sumptuous meal I ever remember. I counted fourteen different dishes, and among them was a dish of delicious beccafichi. The two of them began chaffing me and told me that my Italian was so poor that I had evidently ordered a fifty-franc dinner. However, when the bill came, including a bottle of wine which was three francs, it amounted only to eighteen francs. I gave the waiter a napoleon and he bowed down to the ground. The prices

all over Italy were very low then and I only tell the story to show the contrast with present prices.

In Florence I went to the theatre and got into talk with an Italian next me in the stalls. I told him of the difference I found between Florence, where there were no courtesans walking in the streets, and Paris. He said they had no use for them, because they had their friends' wives to be attached to! I don't know if this was a peculiarity of Florence—it was not the same at Naples.

VIII.

About the year 1862 Whistler and Tom Armstrong brought Dante Gabriel Rossetti to my father's house at Tulse Hill, and after that date we often saw Rossetti, and later on, when we moved into 1, Holland Park, Rossetti introduced his friend, Burne Jones, of whom we had already heard from Legros. It gave us intense pleasure, as Burne Jones was one of the most delightful men it has ever been my good luck to meet. His sense of humour was great and his love of the classics made him the best scholar I have ever known. It influenced his art a great deal, so that it appealed to me more than the art of any contemporary painter.

He had a remarkable memory, and the oftener one met him the more charm one found in his society, as his conversation was so varied, and he always had something new to tell.

I often used to read to him from the "Arabian Nights", while he was at work, and if at any time I found some verses rather long, and skipped them, I was at once found out.

We soon became intimate and I wanted to have some of his work; so when Howell came one day with five or six drawings by B.J., saying wouldn't I buy them, as B.J. was hard up, I took them. He also went to my brother and sister and repeated the same story, and got various sums from them. Shortly after, returning from the opera, as we walked along, I said to B.J. that I had some doubts about Howell, as he had been trying to cheat me over some

china, and then B.J. told me that Howell had been to him and said, "Poor Luke has no money, and he does so love beautiful things. Why don't you send him some drawings?" B.J. therefore gave him some drawings to give to me. "You wrote me a nice letter about them," B.J. went on, "but I did not gather whether you understood they were a gift." So then I told him what had happened, and how both my brother and sister had bought some drawings from Howell.

"Good Lord!" said B.J. "I have never been hard up. Ruskin has offered me all I wanted, but I am glad to say I never did want anything."

Ruskin maintained that financial worries were a great drawback in the life of an artist, as imagination was so much impaired by worries of the kind, he ought to be spared them if possible. He said to B.J. "Anything I have is at your disposal; never stint yourself and I shall only be too glad to be of some use to you." Fortunately, B.J. never required his help, though it was a great comfort to him to feel there was someone on whom he could rely in case of need.

After this episode we all dropped Howell, who went to Tammy Lamont—the Laird of "Trilby"—and said that the women of my family had been plotting against him and the result was that we did not see him any more. Tammy Lamont said, as the night was getting late, "Yours is the hardest case I know; because when one hears of backbiters one always associates them with evil people, but in your case the very kindest and best people I know say that you are a scoundrel."

Howell disappeared from our circle, and found fresh victims elsewhere.

He was for a time Ruskin's secretary, and had an intimate acquaintance with all Ruskin's affairs. He could imitate Ruskin's handwriting, and his style, so that I believe some letters, supposed to be Ruskin's, were really Howell's compositions.

I was very much puzzled at the extent of B.J.'s knowledge

of the classics, when first I knew him. I could not well imagine how a man so young could have read so much, but there was hardly an author, Greek or Latin, that I could mention, whom he had not read.

I shall never forget B.J.'s amusement and delight when one afternoon we went to the Aquarium at Westminster, and found on show a tattooed lady, who was being exhibited by her husband, also tattooed. He told us that she was decorated with an innumerable number of subjects, mostly biblical, because they attracted the public. Then he pointed out on the top of an arm, the story of the prodigal son; then he pointed to her right knee to the American eagle, and on the left were the arms of England, and he said they had done that to promote good feeling between the two nations. Then after showing various other subjects, he uncovered her back, where there was tattooed the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci. I assured B.J. that lower down were, respectively, the dome of heaven and the terrestrial globe, but B.J. was afraid to ask the lady to undrape any further, as the husband was present. B.J. was enchanted with her, and on our return to the Grange, he made a drawing of her back to send to a friend. Some three years later he rushed in to me, very much excited, and told me that the Tattooed Lady was again at the Aquarium. "Let us go and possibly we may see more of her."

But the husband was again present, and we found she had grown very fat, so much so that all the disciples at the Last Supper wore a broad grin, and the Prodigal Son was distended with husks.

Another evening at dinner at B.J.'s, Rudyard Kipling, his nephew, was there, and I told them the story of "the butterfly that stamped". Two butterflies were poised on a pinnacle of Solomon's temple, and the male said to his wife, "If I were to stamp, I could destroy this temple into dust." Solomon heard him, and sent for him; and asked him what he meant. He answered, "I only meant to impress my wife." So Solomon said, "Oh, I understand, and you may go back to her." When the butterfly returned,

the wife asked him what the King had said, and he told her that the King had begged him not to do it. Rudyard Kipling used the story and made a long one of it, under the same name.

That same evening Kipling told us a story of a railway train stopping at a wayside station and the Guard going along, saying, "Is there a doctor anywhere? Somebody has taken a bottle of poison." A doctor appeared and administered an emetic to a navvy who, half-drunk, was sitting on a bench in the station, and ructions ensued. I heard a few days afterwards from Ambo Poynter that he and Rudyard had spent the morning composing the story for our benefit that evening. We had all thought it was true. Kipling afterwards made it into an excellent short story for publication.

There was a story told of Rudyard when he was a small boy. He was seen toddling down the garden with something in his hand, which he buried in a deep hole. When his elders opened it they found a piece of paper and some matches, and on the paper was written, "Please, Devil, take Aunt S...". He was a bright, clever child, and his little cousin, Margaret Burne Jones, often bribed him to tell them stories when they went to bed.

B.J. loved his early stories, published in India, and used to lend them to me.

B.J. was very found of dominoes, and we had many a long game together. At times during the pauses, he made little caricatures, and once, after I had lost continuously, he made a drawing of me hanging myself from a tree. He also made drawings of children in a prize-fight, and introduced animals—he called those "fun-drawings". His letters were often illustrated. One I remember, a drawing of himself in very shabby clothes, was sent to show his then condition. In another picture the legs are doubled up; as he explained, the paper was not long enough to take their full length.

We often went together to the Zoo. The giant tortoises interested him much. At the back of the lion-house, there

was a cage in which lived a baby bear ; he would stand up and open his mouth for a lump of sugar. When the sugar was withheld he indulged in most amusing growls, and B.J. would go into fits of laughter. The panther was one of his favourites ; it was so graceful in all its movements, and he made many sketches of it. He introduced one into his picture of the "Wine of Circe".

He refused to go into the monkey-house, as he disliked their semi-human ugliness, and I quite agreed with him.

I stayed with him at Rottingdean where he remodelled a house for himself, and he spent most of his time making illustrations for Chaucer in the Kelmscott press. One day we were both reading, I lying on a sofa, near the window, and he on another one, at right angles, when he suddenly turned to me, and said, "I've been happier these last two days than for many a long year. Do stay on a few days more." Just then, as I was looking out of the window I saw his son Phil, and I said "And here comes Phil to make us happier." But, when Phil came in, he told us of the disaster to B.J.'s picture of "Love amid the Ruins", and the sorrow B.J. felt was difficult to bear.

Charlie Hallé was there at the same time as myself, and one afternoon I went out to post a letter, and then walked on a little when I saw Charlie also at the post-office, and before I walked away, B.J. turned up too. I laughed at them both for each posting a letter on the sly, when they turned on me and said, "What are *you* doing here!"

My next visit was a sad one, for I went to his funeral, in 1898.

I have never had a better friend, and all the years I knew him we were always in great sympathy, and his unfailing kindness remains a memory that I cherish.

THE VOICE OF THE OFFICE

by Nathan Asch.

. . . . . .

good morning mister Zuckor—
good morning— —

. . . . . .

good morning mister Zuckor—
good morning— —

. . . . . .

hello Jacobs—
hello—got a Times—
yes here tis— —

. . . . . .

good morning mister Zuckor—
good morning—
and at the fourth hole theres a hasard some hasard I tell you the par for that hole is good morning Zuckor five and what do you think I did it in
hello Michelet what did you do last night
oh nothing was with a jane
anything happen

what do you think
good morning mister Zuckor
good morning
hello Kranz
good morning mister Read
diling dling ling ing ng ng g
hello yes sir whats that yes sir buy twenty four Empire Gas at the market I will sir yes sir as soon as the market opens right
good morning mister Zuckor
and I made it in eighty seven and the par for that course is hey Jacobs dont forget that order in Steel
no sir
zim m m m m m
hello yes sir no the market has not opened yet sir right Ill call you Kranz call the Broadway National at the opening
couldnt do a thing with her she said no no I dont do it what would you do with her
good morning mister Zuckor
youll have to come down earlier than this we cant have you people coming in at every hour
zing ing ing ng g g
finest rum in the country hello yes sir oh hello Doran what you couldnt sell it Im sorry old boy yes Ill do anything I can right Michelet get the opening on Standard Steel for Doran Squibs
yes mister Read I guess Ill drop her theres nothing doing
hey Glymmer I see where Federal Tel went up to par I guess we can let go a few Jacobs get the market on Federal Tel

. . . . . .

dungg
market open steel nine and three quarters Blue Hill unchanged
buy one hundred Steel at nine and a half
right buy a hundred Steel at nine and a half right Cotton Goods six and an eighth Atlantic Power a quarter hello right

tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik

. . . . . .

mister Read quick Steel nine and a quarter
right hello get MacLane quick hello hello hello Mac Steel nine and a quarter want to buy some
steel nine and three eighths
it went to three eighths think its going higher
want to buy a hundred night
nothing doing Michelet
one hundred Southern States offered at sixty six Oklahoma Power sold at eight
tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik
American Tire seventy eight American Tire sold at eight and a quarter American Tire eight and an eight mister Read American Tire sold at three eights
itll go lower
tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik
hello get me Rolland hello hello is that you cutie I want to speak to mister Rolland busy all right Ill wait hows your heart is that so coming out with me no Ill be nice you dont know how nice I can be hello mister Rolland sugar six yes sir right buy one hundred at six
buy one hundred sugar at six
tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik
zig g g g g g g
thats Baltimore hello yes sir yes could you repeat it please yes sir forty French eights at six thank you sir mister Read Baltimore wants forty French eights at six
whats the market
market on French eights
well Ill bet twenty five on the Giants
go on I dont want your money
bing
hello French eights five to three quarters
hello get me Bryant hey Jacobs got a match thanks is that you Jim want to sell some French eights yap whats your price Ill buy some at an eighth

make it lower all right bought forty French eights at ninety five and a half thank you
hello get me Baltimore right hello bought forty French eights at five and a half yes sir good price isnt it thank you sir
tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik
money five percent
money five percent
Kranz tell mister Zuckor
yes sir

. . . . . .

check for Doran
wait a minute
comparisons
God damn you shut up
check for Doran
right six four three seven point two four five seven two o o point six two
check for Doran

. . . . . .

call money five percent
call money five percent right
I met a little kid last night a pippin some dancer too
do anything

. . . . . .

check for Doran
hey if you cant shut up Ill shut you up
eight five seven point o nine seven four eight three six point o o
took her to the movies and mushed up some kid I tell you
I suppose thats all you ever do mush
check for Doran

. . . . . .

tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik
hello yes sir

Jacobs if Im wanted Im over at the club
yes mister Read
got a cigarette
Steel nine Atlantic Power a quarter markets weaker
hello sell one hundred at par and a quarter yes sir thank you
sell one hundred U S Locomotives at par and a quarter right
I asked Goodman to let me have twenty in advance and he stared at me with his limps what the louse hello sold one hundred U.S.Locomotives at par and three eights
hello sold one hundred U S Locomotives at par and three eighths thank you sir right
tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik
I think Ill go to the ball game
all right I want to go tomorrow
Kranz lend out fifty thousand
right hello lend fifty thousand right
think Ill lend six cents
go on you havent got six cents
Steel nine to an eighth Shoe twenty three and a quarter
Id like to take some of that
dont touch it its fire works
dlang lang ng ng ng
hello yes hello cutie hows your liver hello mister Rolland
no sir Im sorry but we couldnt buy your Sugar the markets stronger yes sir to a quarter your offer right
buy one hundred Sugar at six and three eighths cancel a quarter
buy one hundred sugar at six and three eighths cancel a quarter right

. . . . . .

tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik
anything for me
no mister Read we filled that order in Steel
fine did you call him up
yes sir

. . . . . .

buy one hundred at ninety four
dungg
one moment sir they are announcing something
Richard Livingstone suspended from the Exchange
Richard Livingstone suspended from the Exchange yes sir ha ha I guess the moneys in his wifes name yes sir
tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik
five to three
hello yes sir all right Ill cancel it
cancel one hundred Hudson Valley at sixty
he must have got cold feet
all right Ill bet twenty five four to five
bet
tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik tik
hello yes hello hello Rabinowitz no I didnt buy it sorry way off the market yes Ill let you know right
dling ling ing ng ng
yes sir Read talking no sir Ill try to get it sir Michelet quick market on Blue Island
dungg
market closed
I am very sorry the market is closed Ill call you up the first thing in the morning yes sir good day sir get me a glass of water
yes sir
hello Steel closed at nine Cotton Goods five and seven eights Atlantic Power a quarter right sport
Ill tell you what Ill do Ill ask her to get a friend and we can go up to her place shes got some fine booze
hello get me a wire hello Dresden four five eight four shes got the finest pair of bubbles this side of the Atlantic Ocean youll see hello can I speak to miss Connor hello hello hello little bright eyes who is this Ill let you guess no its not ño you got to guess thats right how did you do it hows your heart Mex fours five to a quarter Mexican Irrigation thirty two to six Mex large five to fifty
if youll get a friend Ill get a friend of mine down yes hes a fine fellow Im bringing him down aint I now dont get

sore all right well be down at eight get plenty of liquor
yes Ill lend you some all right bye bye shes some kid you
never saw such bubbles
Dutch sixty twos four and a quarter three quarters forty
sevens an eighth to five eighths—
well I guess Ill beat it Ive got a date— —

. . . . . .

good night mister Zuckor —
good night— —

. . . . . .

good night mister Read —
good night Kranz how are they coming—
fine mister Read—
thats good— —

. . . . . .

what are you doing tonight Jacobs —
out with a broad — —
good night mister Zuckor— —
dont forget that Blue Island tomorrow—
no sir good night— —
good night mister Zuckor—
good night— —
good night mister Zuckor—
good night— —

. . . . . .

RUNNING AWAY

by Kennon Jewett.

His father had a big Bible with gold trimmings and a gold lock to hold it shut. On Sunday afternoons his father read aloud from the Bible, and everyone kept very still. Once, he whispered to his brother Tom while his father was reading, and his father looked at him very hard over the top of his spectacles and said, very slowly, "Keep still," and then went on reading.

That was the first time he ran away. He went as far as the mill, half a mile down the road. He sat on the rotting wooden platform until dusk came down, and a cold mist rose over the mill pond above the dam. Then a man came out of the woods with a gun over his shoulder and a white and tan dog following at his heels. They passed out of sight down the road away from his father's farm, and when they had rounded the turn by the big chestnut tree, he got up and went slowly home.

The second time it was almost the same only he was older. That happened in the Fall. He was helping his brothers, Tom and Chester, with the cider press. Jake was away hauling apples from the orchard. It was his job to fill the jugs from the tank under the press. Sometimes he spilled a little on the wooden floor, and all around them was the warm earthy smell of crushed apples. Now

and then he drank a little from one of the jugs. His brother Chester saw him drinking and cried out, "Keep out of that!"

Tom said, "Aw, let the kid alone."

Just then Chester caught his finger in a gear. It hurt him and made him very angry. He turned to Tom. "Who's runnin' this job, you or me? That's what I'd like to know!"

And Tom said, "Nobody's runnin' it."

And then Chester said, "I just reckon somebody is runnin' it. I'm runnin' it. That's who." And he came around and hit Tom in the face. And then they began to fight.

He ran away very far that time. When night came, he found an old deserted barn that had once been used for tobacco. He pried off a loose board, and, going inside, found a pile of straw and went to sleep.

In the morning he was stiff and cold. His clothes smelled of the tobacco. Nobody said anything when he came home. Tom was hitching up the horse in the yard. "Hello, Tom," he said, and Tom said, "Hello" and went on hitching up the horse.

The third time he ran away he never came back. Those other times he had intended never to come back, but something had made him. He couldn't exactly explain it to himself, but it seemed that he came home because he had never really wanted to go away in the first place. The third time it was different. That was after Gret had come to help his mother with the work in the kitchen.

Gret and he were the same age. They used to walk together in the evenings after the work in the kitchen was over. They never used to talk very much about themselves. They didn't know quite how to go about it. Once he carved their initials in the post of the bridge over Cory Creek, and then he put a heart around them, and she called him "silly" but seemed to like it anyway. Without saying very much about it they began to take it for granted that someday they would be married.

And then came the night of the dance. He had a rotten time that night. Gret seemed preoccupied. She didn't pay much attention to what he said. On the way home he sat in the back seat, and Gret sat in front with Jake who was driving. There was a great deal of giggling in the front seat. When the old phaeton hit a bad bump and Gret was thrown up against Jake, they would both laugh, and Jake would reach for his whip and give the old horse a sharp crack

He wondered a lot about the way Gret acted after that night. She didn't pay any more attention to him. Always she seemed to be trying to make Jake laugh. They were together a lot he noticed. He began to hate Jake. He didn't exactly hate Gret. He just couldn't understand about her, and he wanted to understand.

One day he had been down in the orchard with the cultivator. It was early when he finished and started home. When he came into the barnyard from the road, ne jumped off the horses' back and started to lead her around the side of the barn to the watering trough. As he came around the side of the barn he saw Gret and Jake standing together. Jake had just said something and Gret was laughing. Then Jake kissed her. She pretended not to like it for a moment. Then she let Jake kiss her again. They went around the back of the barn laughing, their arms around each other's waists. They had not seen him.

He put the horse away very carefully then. He went up to his room the back way so no one could see him. He wasn't angry anymore. He didn't much care about anything. He got dressed and came down the back stairs. Nobody was in sight. He walked slowly out to the road. The mail delivery man drove up in his rickety cart. "Give us a lift into Newbridge?" he shouted to the mail man.

L'AMOUR EST MON CERCUEIL

Prologue et Epilogue

by GEORGES PILLEMENT.

PERSONNAGES :

Hyacinthe, jeune balayeur kabyle
Honorine, jeune femme du monde
Epiphanie, étudiante russe
Babylas, pontife moderne
Mélie, la cuisinière
Ugène, le conducteur d'autobus

La scène a lieu sur une petite place de Passy

PROLOGUE

LA CUISINIÈRE

C'est vous qui êtes chargé de balayer la place Frédéric Masson ?

HYACINTHE

Jeune balayeur kabyle de la Ville de Paris,
attaché spécialement au quartier de Passy,
c'est moi, pour vous servir.

LA CUISINIÈRE

Vous avez de la chance,
c'est un beau quartier,
les gens ne salissent pas,
vous n'avez pas beaucoup de travail.
Moi, je suis cuisinière.

HYACINTHE

Ah vous êtes cuisinière. Dans cette maison ?

LA CUISINIÈRE

Oui da.

HYACINTHE

Vous avez une bien jolie dame dans la maison.

LA CUISINIÈRE

Madame Honorine ?
Oh ! si Madame voulait concourir pour les prix de beauté,
sûr qu'elle les aurait :
c'est quasiment la plus belle femme de France ;
il y a des généraux, des écrivains de l'Académie Française,
qui lui font la cour.

HYACINTHE

Elle est mariée ?

LA CUISINIÈRE

Même que son mari est un grand banquier,
il a des usines, des mines et des Compagnies de Navigation,
c'est tout ce qu'il y a de riche.

HYACINTHE

Et elle aime la littérature?

LA CUISINIÈRE

La littérature? Mais certainement, elle achète tous les livres
qui paraissent,
elle reçoit dans son salon tous les écrivains connus,
des musiciens, des évêques, des ministres.
Dites donc, vous avez bonne mine,
vous devriez venir à l'office prendre le café vers les deux
heures, hein?
Il y aura Ugène, le conducteur d'autobus,
il joue du trombone.

HYACINTHE

A l'office? Ah oui. Je vous remercie beaucoup.

LA CUISINIÈRE

Eh bien c'est entendu. Au revoir, mon garçon.
A part.
Il n'est pas mal ce petit-là.

HYACINTHE

J'aimerais mieux être reçu dans le salon.
Ah! mon pays natal, la Thessalie,
les troupeaux de moutons, les bruyères,
les guerres balkaniques
et le port de Salonique!

Poème

Balai, balant, balance, balanéine, balançoire,
balane, balanifère, balanophage, balanophore.
balayage, balayeuse, balayette, balayure.
Je balaye, tu balayes, nous balayons.
Je balayais, nous balayâmes,
que je balayasse, que nous balayassions.
Balayant, balayé, du balai, balai, balai, balai...

HONORINE, *qui sort de la maison et l'a écouté*

Vous apprenez votre conjugaison ?

HYACINTHE

Non, madame, c'est un poème,
c'est à proprement parler le Poème du Balayeur.

HONORINE

O ! très bien, très bien,
c'est tout à fait moderne,
vous êtes poète ?

HYACINTHE

Oui, Madame,
je me nomme Hyacinthe,
je naquis en Thessalie,
et fit mes études au collège de Salonique,
mais les guerres balkaniques et des revers de fortune
m'ont fait accepter un emploi de balayeur.

HONORINE

Pauvre Garçon !
Ça doit être dur tout de même, quand on a une âme de poète, de balayer les rues d'une capitale où l'on devrait passer des lauriers sur le front.

HYACINTHE

O ! Madame comme vous savez comprendre les tourments qu'endure une âme sensible réduite à la plus humble nécessité. Vous qui avez une existence idéale, vous daignez abaisser vos regards jusqu'à ma pauvre humanité. Laissez-moi vous baiser la main !

HONORINE

Pauvre jeune homme!

Entre BABYLAS

Mon cœur dans le ruisseau, Madame,
vous présente ses hommages ellipsoïdaux.

HONORINE

Ah! Babylas, vous tombez à merveille. Cher maître, je vous présente un poète tout à fait intéressant, une découverte que j'ai faite, il s'appelle Hyacinthe, c'est un jeune kabyle qui s'est fait balayeur par amour, il fait des poèmes tout à fait originaux, avec des assonnances, des réitérations de mots, de syllabes, enfin, il connaît son dictionnaire, c'est un grand point. Lancez-le, cela fera du bruit, c'est un génie, c'est malheureux qu'il ne soi, pas nègre, cela aurait été plus couleur locale, mais déjà un Kabyle, ce n'est pas trop mal.

BABYLAS

Très heureux, jeune homme, de faire votre connaissance.

HONORINE

Monsieur est un grand pontife, un grand musicien, un grand poète, c'est un grand bonhomme. Lisez-nous quelque chose.

HYACINTHE

Madame, je vous lirai un poème d'amour que je récite tous les matins
quand je balaye devant chez vous :
Mouille, mouillante, mouille-bouche, mouillette, mouillure,
amour, amourette, amoureuse, amour-propre,
amphibie, amphibien, amphibole, amphigène, amphisbène,
mort, morsure, mortellement, morte-saison, mortification, mortadelle,
honneur, croix d'honneur, garçon d'honneur, point d'honneur,
parole d'honneur, dame d'honneur, Honorine.

HONORINE

Une grande sensibilité !

BABYLAS

Et très intellectuel, un sens des valeurs, une construction géométrique !

HONORINE

Nous parlerons de vous, jeune homme.

BABYLAS

Comptez sur moi.

Exit Honorine et Babylas

HYACINTHE

Elle m'a parlé !
elle me trouve une grande sensibilité,
elle parlera de moi,
ELLE...
Ah ! je l'aime,
qu'elle est belle !
c'est une déesse !
Diane, Junon, Vénus, Cérès, Minerve...
Les Trois Grâces, les Neuf Muses et les Onze Mille Vierges !
Elle me trouve du talent,
eh bien je vais en pondre des poèmes,
en l'honneur d'Honorine, Honorine, Honorine !

Entre Epiphanie.

EPIPHANIE

Jeune homme, vous avez l'air exalté et intelligent,
êtes-vous communiste ?

HYACINTHE

Je suis poète,

EPIPHANIE

Cela n'empêche pas. Moi je suis étudiante russe et communiste,
vous avez une tête à être communiste,
vous serez mon petit frère, je vous aimerai beaucoup.
Ils s'asseoient sur le banc.

HYACINTHE

Je veux bien, vous êtes gentille, je vous lirai mes vers,
et je vous ferai mes confidences, vous aimez la poésie ?
On prend le dictionnaire, c'est plein de poésie.
Et vous savez, j'aime Madame Honorine, je lui ai récité un poème,
elle parlera de moi, Babylas aussi.

EPIPHANIE

Tous les hommes sont des petits enfants. Le peuple a besoin d'amour. Je parle au peuple d'amour et lui lis des vers d'amour. Je lui lirai de vos vers, ce sera très bien, vous viendrez avec moi. Vous verrez comme le pauvre peuple est content de s'instruire.
Entre Honorine.

HYACINTHE

Ah ! la voilà,
Madame, Madame,
Oh ! Honorine, je vous aime,
laissez-moi baiser l'ourlet de votre robe !

HONORINE

Ah ! ce que l'amour est encombrant !
En voilà des façons, jeune homme,
qu'est-ce que vous vous imaginez !

Faites des poèmes tant que vous voudrez,
mais ne me touchez pas,
aimez-moi de loin, sans le dire,
j'ai bien d'autres choses à faire que de vous écouter.
Bonsoir.

Exit Honorine.

HYACINTHE

Elle est froide, hautaine et ne pense pas à l'amour,
jamais elle ne m'aimera, fussé-je un grand poète.
Son cœur m'est fermé autant que celui des femmes déjà mortes,
et son corps sous mes baisers ne sera jamais
comme des persiennes sous une pluie battante.
Elle se refusera toute.
Oh ! j'aimerais tant connaître la douceur de sa peau,
la forme qu'a sa poitrine,
et toutes ces lignes que cache sa robe !
Mais un pauvre poète balayeur kabyle
ne pourra jamais se faire aimer d'elle.

EPIPHANIE

Mon pauvre ami, venez là près de moi, que je vous prenne la main et vous dise de tendres paroles,
n'ayez pas tant de douleur parce qu'une femme se refuse,
aimez tout ce que vos yeux ont découvert dans la journée,
l'autobus qui vire au coin de la rue, le chien qui lève la patte,
aussi bien que la femme qui passe en auto, que l'auto et le chauffeur,
la bonne que son panier à provisions,
l'arbre, l'oiseau...

HYACINTHE

Et le crottin de cheval. Dieu est grand et Mahomet est son prophète.
Je vais faire ma prière de midi.

Il prie en arabe, à genoux.

HONORINE, *à sa fenêtre*

Que fait-il mon poète, il prie, c'est bon signe,
un poète chrétien, c'est presque un saint.

LA CUISINIÈRE, *sur le pas de la porte*

Qu'est-ce qu'il cherche là, en voilà une position,
est-ce là des façons que se coucher sur le trottoir!
Décidément, je ne l'inviterai pas à l'office.
Entre Ugène son trombone sous le bras.

LA CUISINIÈRE

Ah! Ugène! Voilà Ugène le conducteur d'autobus.

UGÈNE

Oui c'est Ugène, Ugène et son trombone,
ah que la vie est belle quand on joue du trombone,
et qu'on prend un bon café après son repas!

HYACINTHE

J'ai bien du chagrin!

EPIPHANIE

Venez Hyacinthe donner de la soupe aux enfants tuberculeux.

HYACINTHE

Croyez-vous que les houris au Paradis,
elles soient les femmes qu'on a aimées durant sa vie?

EPIPHANIE

Ça, je ne sais pas!

Rideau

EPILOGUE

La Cuisinière et Ugène assis sur le banc.

LA CUISINIÈRE

Ah! ce qu'il est drôle!
Ah Monsieur Ugène, ce que vous êtes tordant,tout de même!
Ah M'sieur Ugène, on ne s'embête jamais avec vous!

UGÈNE

Ah! ah! ah!
C'est qu'on n'est pas de Paris pour rien!
Paris pour rien. Non, ce n'est pas un jeu de mot.

LA CUISINIÈRE

Ah! ah! ah! quel type!

UGÈNE

Ah! ah! ah!
Ah! Mélie! *lui tapant sur la poitrine.* Y en a! C'est pas du faux!

LA CUISINIÈRE

Ah! pour cela, c'est du vrai.
On peut tâter, ça ne coûte rien.

UGÈNE

On paie en sortant. On met deux sous dans la tirelire. Ah! ah! ah!

LA CUISINIÈRE

Ah! ah! ah! Le polisson!
Attention, voilà Madame.
Allons chercher votre trombone.

Exit la Cuisinière et Ugène.
Entrent Honorine et Babylas.

BABYLAS

Madame, votre poète kabyle voit un grand avenir s'ouvrir devant lui.

HONORINE

Vraiment, ça me fait plaisir.

BABYLAS

Trois matinées dans les cénacles les plus littéraires,
quatre conférences, dix articles dans les revues, etc.
Enfin, son gouvernement lui accorde une pension de 600 frs,
et le nomme chevalier de l'ordre Thessalique.

HONORINE

Voilà comme on récompense les poètes, maintenant,
c'est l'âge d'or,
c'est une belle satisfaction pour les esprits avisés qui les découvrent.

BABYLAS

Ah! les honneurs! sapristi, il n'y a rien de tel que cela pour vous remonter le moral.

HONORINE

Le pauvre garçon, comme il va être content,
moi il m'inquiétait, il a le cœur trop sensible!
Je n'aime pas voir souffrir, ni les gens, ni les animaux,
et il souffre ce garçon,
je ne puis pourtant pas coucher avec lui pour le rendre heureux!
Surtout que lorsqu'on le fait une fois il faut recommencer!
Ah! l'amour!
ils ne pensent qu'à cela,
comme s'il n'y avait pas autre chose de beaucoup plus intéressant dans la vie!
la littérature, les beaux arts, la musique,
les réceptions académiques, les salons, la conversation, l'esprit!
Que sais-je, tout enfin, tout,
excepté cela!
Je n'ai bien jamais aimé, moi,
je ne m'en porte pas plus mal,
je n'en ai pas moins l'âme sentimentale.
Et quant à faire l'amour,
je saurais aussi bien qu'un autre,
si je voulais m'en donner la peine!
Ah! que les hommes sont sots!
Tenez, le voilà le pauvre malheureux!

Entrent Hyacinthe et Epiphanie.

HYACINTHE

Epiphanie, vous souvenez-vous,
je suis venu dans le temps dans ces rues-là,
vous y étiez avec une robe blanche comme un ange,
et vous teniez des bouquets et une cuillère à soupe,
et vous m'avez donné à manger,
mangeaille, mangeoire, mangerie, mange-tout,
c'était une soupe aux haricots,
haricots blancs, haricots verts, haricots verts!...

Et la lune était tombée dans la marmite,
j'ai bien pleuré,
vous vous souvenez combien j'ai pleuré ce jour-là,
pleure, pleurant, pleuré,
pleurard, pleure-misère, pleure d'amour, pleurésie,
j'ai au cœur une pleurésie.

HONORINE

Bonjour Hyacinthe. Eh bien vous devez être content ?
Quel succès, la gloire, le triomphe!

HYACINTHE

Oh! la belle statue! vous vous souvenez de la Victoire de Samothrace,
eh bien, la voilà, c'est la femme sans tête
c'est l'Apollon du Belvédère!
Oh! belle statue, montre-nous la porte de l'oubli,
Tu connais ça, toi? hein, l'oubli!
Ah! la belle chose que l'oubli!

HONORINE

Le pauvre garçon, aurait-il perdu l'esprit?

EPIPHANIE

Oui Madame, à vous dire franchement il est fou!
Il est devenu fou du trop d'amour
qu'il avait conçu pour vous.
De vous voir insensible et froide,
sa raison s'est mise à tourner comme une toupie dans une assiette.
Ne sachant comment vous atteindre,
il a tout perdu,
et aussi tout retrouvé,
car il est heureux comme un petit enfant,
et je prends soin de lui comme sa maman.

HONORINE

Pauvre Hyacinthe,
Il a oublié,
déjà!

BABYLAS

Est-ce qu'il fait encore des poèmes?

HYACINTHE

Des poèmes, est-ce que c'est utile de faire des poèmes?
J'ai chanté mon adolescence en marchant!
J'ai lu à la file tous les mots du dictionnaire,
et cela faisait de beaux poèmes,
tout est dans le dictionnaire, c'est un monde admirable,
mais les plus beaux poèmes sont ceux que l'on pense
en regardant devant soi,
et en chantonnant cet air monotone
qui donne au cœur une si poignante poésie.

BABYLAS

Le spectacle de cette folie est pénible.

HYACINTHE

Mon cœur s'est refermé sur un monde bien à lui,
et mes yeux ne voient plus que la suite de sa vie,
l'image d'une femme va et vient, évolue,
et mon ombre la suit comme une esclave nue.

HONORINE

Les mots que l'on prononce
sont comme des dunes de sable,
on ne sait plus après cela
le chemin de sa maison.

BABYLAS

Eloignons-nous, Madame,
disons lui adieu.

HONORINE

Adieu, Hyacinthe, la joue en feu.

HYACINTHE

Adieu, belle statue.

Entrent la Cuisinière et Ugène qui joue doucement du trombone. Honorine et Babylas forment un groupe à gauche. Hyacinthe et Epiphanie au milieu, la Cuisinière et Ugène à droite.

EPIPHANIE

Mon pauvre petit, il a donc oublié son amour.

HYACINTHE

L'amour, l'amour! Oh non je n'ai pas oublié,
oh! je ne veux pas savoir, je ne veux pas me souvenir,
je ne veux plus voir que des sourires, que ton sourire.

EPIPHANIE

Mon petit enfant!

HYACINTHE

Je suis un tout petit enfant!

Les personnages prennent des attitudes tout à fait guignolesques et parlent sans intonation.

HONORINE

Il faut bien vivre pour soi,
on fait ses confidences aux murs de sa chambre.

BABYLAS

Les casques, les médailles
et le soleil du 14 Juillet!

LA CUISINIÈRE

Dimanche, c'est l'Ascension!

UGÈNE

Le café, le trombone!

Il se remet à jouer

EPIPHANIE

Et la lune à minuit
qui pleure dans mon lit

HYACINTHE

Je cueille, je me recueille,
l'amour est mon cercueil.

Rideau.

Juin 1922

PORTRAIT

by B. M. G. Adams.

Eva Hervey-Paget at nineteen, was the best horse-woman with the Wye and Bury Pack. She knew the right people and was one of the houseparty at which the Prince of Wales was involved in a card scandal. At fifty-one, her manners were gracious, she still wore high busk corsets and a hairnet. Men found her too aimable to be interesting. She spoke with flat chested intensity of committees on which she sat, and asked people to disseminate leaflets on birth control. In spite of natural kindliness, she was a sincere church-woman. She worried when her underhousemaid got into trouble for the second time. Eva felt it was perhaps due to her own failure to win the girl's confidence completely, after the first mistake. Her parties were not successful. They always included people she thought would be hurt if they were not asked.

She was an enthusiastic gardener at her country place. Callers on February afternoons were taken from the drawing-room fire to shiver on damp grass, as she led them from flower bed to flower bed, blank excepting for sticks and labelled pegs indicating where plants should blossom some months ahead. When, at half past seven, the dressing gong sounded, her shabby tweed coat and skirt were changed for a velvet tea-gown, a little out of date... She spent every evening, whether she had guests or not in knitting

shapeless articles for the poor, out of grey or red wool of that peculiarly harsh and unpleasant quality which indicates that the garment is intended as a gift of charity. She recognized that the spread of socialism in England was due to the lack of interest displayed by the upper classes in the wellbeing of the lower. Her wedding presents to her friends were wooden and basket-work articles made by disabled soldiers, or charity bazaar purchases.

At the county ball, she appeared in the same pale blue satin three years running, and all her diamonds. Her husband found the gown décolletée, but the Lord Lieutenant who took her into supper was conscious of the chasteness of a bony woman's person, however much exposed through social custom. She smiled whenever she caught the eye of people she knew, and questioned Lord Woodstock as to his opinion of the need for a better understanding between the British Government and cultivated Indians.

Eva copied passages from Ella Wheeler Wilcox on note-paper stamped with her crest and address, and sent them to friends at crises in their lives. After reading "Stalkey & Co.", she lost admiration for Kipling. "I consider it" she said, "a libel on our public school system. Nobody would allow their son to be at one, were the atmosphere really like that; and I have met so many really charming Eton and Winchester boys".

Her favourite motto was "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself". Her servants did their work badly in consequence. In politics she was a staunch Imperialist. She told English people she was proud of being English.

Though broad-minded enough to laugh at a slightly risqué story, she had her own standard. Guests in her house on Sundays could play tennis, croquet and patience. But she did not allow bridge or dancing. She had Mrs. Crossley to stay, despite the matter of the divorce. She knew how much could be done by the example of a pure woman.

B. M. G. Adams.

STOCKTAKING

Towards a Re-Valuation of English Literature,

by DANIEL CHAUCER.

VI.

PIRATA NEQUISSIMUS

Pirates have attaching to them a certain glamour in fiction. In actual life they were mouldy rogues enough. Still one could say something for the *pirata nequissimus Eustachio* who, establishing himself in Jersey, for many years of the fourteenth century defied the navies of the Cinque Ports, of France, of Hamburgh and of Britain and made adventuring on the Narrow Seas a breathless adventure. But about the mouldiest of knaves that ever sailed under the black flag there was a certain sense of the fitness of things : about those whose Jolly Roger is the black frock coat there is none. The pirate did at least put the things that their victims lost to their proper uses. Doubloons and moidores remained spendable coin ; bar gold available for ornament or exchange ; trinkets, necklaces and ouches ravished from fair necks remained available for other necks not less fair. Even those lowest of pirates, the pirate publishers of the United States, when they stole books reproduced them as books. For the matter of that there are editions of Carlyle pirated in Louisiana and, I think, New Orleans that are much more sumptuous and honourable in appearance and more free from misprints than is the case with the earlier editions of the earlier Carlyle in England. That is piracy with the true flourish!

But read what follows :

"The new number of the *Bodleian Quarterly Record* which has just reached me, announces the gift to the library of the original manuscript of Tennyson's *Gareth and Lynette*. This gift has been made through Sir Herbert Warren by the present Lord Tennyson, "on the understanding, which is in accordance with his father's objection to variorum readings, such as those which spoilt Wordsworth for him", that the manuscript is not to be published, or supplied for supplying variorum readings, and that "Only short notes shall be taken from it". The Bodleian, naturally enough, does not complain of the conditions accompanying a generous valuable gift ; but perhaps a mere member of the general public may be allowed to question the wisdom of such restrictions, especially if,„as appears to be the case, no time limit is set upon them. If the poet had objected so violently to variant readings (which are often irritating enough) he might well have destroyed his manuscript." (1)

That is the stage to which we have attained after so much suffering. Morgan the pirate permitted moidores to remain moidores ; Kyd was content that rings should be rings ; the pirate publishers of New Orleans published Carlyle as Carlyle whilst they robbed. This fellow is not content to let a poem remain a poem : it must become a sort of cheese in which innumerable maggots must pululate. One has heard of tails that wagged dogs : as far as I know this is the first time when a denizen of Abraham's bosom has claimed to direct the patriarchal steps. But be sure it shall not be the last. Tennyson is a great figure : already they are flying high, *ces messieurs*!

These words are written with an indignation : that will very likely be obvious. Let me explain to a less perturbed Reader the causes for this irritation.

A poet writes a poem with extreme difficulty : part of the labour goes on in his head and is irrecoverable ; part is put down on paper and remains as long as the manuscript is in existence. Let us try to put ourselves in the place of Tennyson.

He once saw, let us say, an eagle. Or more likely he saw

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(1). It seems preferable to bury the name of the author of the above in oblivion. Let us call him Professor Doktor.

a picture of an eagle by Correggio, Murillo or David : still more likely it may have been a piece of sculpture or the head of a Napoleonic standard! Or, all these being together, by one means or other, suddenly the austere and immobile silhouette became an obsession in his mind, without context or association. Such pearls are apt to imbed themselves within the oyster of the artist's mind.

The mind at once sets to work to coat them with depths of smoothness, sometimes walking in the groves of Hazlemere, sometimes writing a word or two on the back of an used envelope. Then an old sheet of paper will come into play ; pencil scrawls... Well, there are many stages. Eventually, at any rate, Tennyson wrote :

> "The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls
> And like a thunderbolt he falls..."

But suppose that before arriving at that final— and unsurpassed!—effect Tennyson had included *The Eagle, a Fragment* in one or two early editions of his poems, each version differing slightly. Supposing, too, that by accident he has preserved the envelope back, the odd sheet of paper with the pencilled scrawls, the fair copy for edition one ; the proof corrections for editions two, three and four. So he dies.

Anon comes along Professor Doktor. After the usual consultations with publishers there is announced a Variorum Edition of the Works of Alfred, Baron Tennyson, poet laureate—with the trumpettings that befit the greatness of the the victim and the undoubted industry of the noted compiler. By that time, urged to it by The Review, by other Organs, and by the Intelligentsia of the country who are already sufficiently numerous to possess electoral weight, the Legislature—which already deprives the poet's heirs quite arbitrarily of possession of their ancestor's fruits of labour—the Legislature has passed a law compelling the heirs, executors or assigns to disclose to any person furnished with, or aspiring to, the University Degree of Doctor, all papers, manuscripts, heirlooms, private letters, articles of

personal use, apartments, tools, implements belonging to a person who supported himself by the use of pen, pencil, typewriter, dictaphone or other method of recording thought whatsoever, or was in the habit of using such pen, pencil, typewriter, dictaphone etc. for the purpose of recording thoughts. This Act also makes it imperative on all public libraries to disclose to the said Doctors, Doctors Aspirant or others holding similar or higher Academic diplomas. all such papers, manuscripts, articles of permanent use etc as may have been in the permanent or temporary possession... And so on. Furnished with the successive editions of the Poet, his envelope backs, rough sheets, fair copies, sworn reminiscences of friends and the rest Professor-Doctor sets to work.

The result will be as follows, this Variorum Edition of Tennyson having by decree of the Minister of Education been declared to be the only version of Tennyson's works that may be used in schools, colleges, Universities, public libraries and prisons :

LEFT HAND PAGE

The (a) (b) wrinkled (a) (b) (f) sea (a) (b) (f) beneath (a) (b) (f) (h) him crawls (A), (b). (f) (1)

(1). (a) *The Envelope Back reads* : "The something tide under...

Also "Below him is the something wave...

Also "The purple...

(b) *Rough Sheet One reads* : "Unnumbered seas below him spread"

Also "Innummerable waves below? Pompholuphlisb" (*sic in orig*).

(f) *Rough Sheet Two* reads : "Beneath him is the purple wave. And he is... and brave."

Also ..... "purple wave
?thunderously
And he is terrible and brave"

Also "merciless? but
merciless and brave remember to have rabbits extirpated from South West lawn (*sic in orig*).

(h) *Editio Princeps, privately printed reads*:
"Beneath him crawls th'unnumbered wave

(l) *First (published) edition, first pf for, reads*:
dl.-/ the wrinkled
Beneath him crawls wave

(A) *First (published) edition, final pf for, reads*
sea
dl.-/ The wrinkled wave beneath him crawls

RIGHT HAND PAGE

Beneath him is the purple wave
And he is . . . and brave
(?) thunderously

(f) And he is terrible and brave
merciless ? but
merciless and brave

The purple...
(a) Below him is the something wave
The something tide under...
THE WRINKLED SEA BENEATH HIM CRAWLS (Final version. Very inferior to f. Ed's Note)
Unnumbered seas below him spread
(b) Innummerable waves

(h) Beneath him crawls th'unnumbered wave
the
(l) dl.-/wrinkled
Beneath him crawls wave
dl.-/sea

(A) The wrinkled beneath him crawls
dl.

NOTE. Those interested in final editions, students of metre, phonetic syzygy, and the general reader, if any, should read the italicised capital line in the centre of page. Students of poetry, those reading for Modern Greats and others will be well advised if they prefer the reading:

Beneath him is the purple wave
And he is merciless but brave. Editor

The Two Page to a Line Variorum Edition of Tennyson's Workss recommended for Exclusive Use in Schools, Colleges, Universities, by His Majesty's Ministry of Education and the Fine Arts Vol, CLX, p. 882.

This forecast, the nightmare of Tennyson who had his reading of Wordsworth spoilt for him by variorum versions, is in no sense an exaggeration of a tendency. I doubt if Professor Doktor would deny that it is his ideal : certainly a concensus of what is called "learned opinion" throughout the world could not utter that denial without perjuring itself. So it is certain that the publication of that paragraph marks the appearance in the world of a breaking point. I do not mean that the Intelligentsia will abare one jot of their pretensions. Why should they? Their power grows daily —and their numbers. Their occupations call for no gifts but industry and that industry can be pursued slowly, at regular hours, without strain and without the need for any skill that is not easily attainable.

They form moreover a caste which, if not extravagantly wealthy, at any rate mops up all the more important posts and emoluments provided by States for the purposes of education and most of the money that the Publics of several nations intend to spend on one art or another—and to belong to a non-manual labour class, all with about the same, even very moderate incomes, all with the same dead-level of outlook, morality, habits, hours, establishments and commercial interests is to come as near Paradise as the non-specially gifted, non-specially ambitious human being can desire with any hope of attainment on this earth. And, once fairly established and possessed of an awakened class self-consciousness, such a body tends to become a very formidable realm within such realm as chooses to allow of such an establishment.

In England, hitherto, and in the United States this caste has had no great social or political power for reasons that we may go into immediately ; but in France the Academie Française possesses to-day probably more social power, or at least prestige, than any other body or estate of the public, its membership being predominantly Academic or pedagogic, whilst the share of the French Intelligentsia in at least the initial stages of the French Revolution was, at a low estimate, very considerable. Without going into

the matter closely it is I think not too much to say that one important party to that struggle, the Girondins with the Rolands at their head were at least pedagogic in tone. That may be disputed, but I do not think it has ever been questioned that the Encyclopaedists, ranging from Diderot to Rousseau, supplied the initial afflatus at least for the attempted reforms that led to the downfall of the monarchy and eventually to the Terror. And the Encyclopaedists, as their name betrays, were the fine flower of the Intelligentsia of their day (1).

In Germany, before the war and still to-day, the Professoriate has long been a compact, one minded and formidable body within the State—a body nominated and subsidised by the Central Power of the State, supporting that Central Power for the time being and imposing in such matters as concern it, its will upon the State. Except that, automatically this body supported the Right schools of thought in politics—which is inevitable in the state appointed servants of an aristocratic body politic—the German Professoriate took no part in party politics. It neither attempted nor had any ambition to modify forms of government or depose dynasties. It has been said that this caste in Germany was immediately responsible for the horrors that have fallen upon Europe, upon the Alemannic nations and the world.

But that is only to the point in this : That by lowering the standard of civilisation towards the most unashamed materialism any class of Intelligentsia must—well, lower the standard of civilisation : And the lower the standard of civilisation the greater the danger of wars. I have no intention of saying that Professor Delbrueck, say, vetoed or

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(1). In a history of literature, even merely of specifically English imaginative Literature, the names of Diderot and Rousseau cannot obviously be so summarily dismissed. I am however, for the moment off the topic of literature proper. Even at that it should be remembered that those two as authors of the *Neveu de Rameau* and the *Nouvelle Heloise* were writers of genius whatever else may have been their secondary activities.

threatened to deprive of their doctorates such of his students as did not vote for war or the preparations of war. But I do think it is seriously to be argued that Mommsen, with his indefatigable energy, his afflatus supplied by contemplation of the rulers of the Prussian Royal house, had a very great share in fermenting the psychology that light heartedly brought war about. Like most—like all—scientists he went forth to see what he wished to see. He delved amongst Roman Quellen and pot-sherds until he found such fragments as would do to fill in the mosaic of his pattern—his particular pattern pointing the moral that Rome was great in so far as Rome extended her boundaries by means of a disciplined soldiery directed by semi-divinely appointed heads ; and he suppressed, or certainly did not emphasize, inscriptions or pot-sherds that did not point morals in that direction. That was at any rate dangerous doctrine to preach ,and to support by Quellen innumerable, in the ears of an aristocratic class whose talents or necessities rendered the only career open to them the career of—the sword.

I keep in these matters a sufficiently open mind. I frankly avow that I dislike German scholarship and German scholastic methods ; but I am not sufficient of an anti-militarist to declare ex cathedra that war is of necessity or per se an evil. That is matter for other pens : my instinctive morality gives me no pointers, really, in the matter and I have nothing but my instinctive morality to guide me, since, as I hope is the case with all proper men and readers, I refuse to be guided by the codified moralities of other men.

War or peace then are matters of comparative indifference to this pedagogue except in so far as the one or the other conduces to the existence of the Arts. And, as to that, we have no real means of judging. Some wars have ; some wars haven't : some peaces have, some not. A hundred years of war and the Black Death killed official English literature for several centuries : nevertheless during those centuries the English ballad must have been being evolved

by the English peasantry, and the English ballads are amongst the most authentic of English literary products. You had no Chaucers or Gowers ; but you did have the makings of *Edom O' Gordon*, of *But had I wist*, and of *My Lady Greensleeves* : and what Shakespeare would have been without *Greensleeves* and its popular tradition it is hard to say. Certainly not Shakespeare!

That is a point to which I must return : this is a complicated fabric and it is difficult to unravel one strand without disturbing others. The main thesis of this work is that Art can come only of the people and that the further it removes from the people the less it flourishes until, as far as the Great World is concerned, it dies as in Anglo-Saxondom it has died. There are however plants with creeping root stocks...

In the meantime it is sufficient to say that if you wish for civil commotion, revolution, outburst and outcry one very good way to ensure this is to build up within your State a caste of Intelligentsia or to allow such a caste to build itself up. Give it a Mommsen or so and forty or fifty years of peace in which he may pursue his activities supported by the All Highest of a nation and by superstitious popular worship, and racial or racial-dynastic wars become a certainty. Louis Seize did not or could not prevent this growth, and he had the French Revolution to deal with, and the world the French Revolutionary wars which lasted for a quarter of a century ; the government of the late Tsar had this group to contend with, was unable to stand against it. This group came into power in Russia, was unable to maintain itself, being in fact more grossly incompetent then even the Girondins in the French Revolution, and fell, giving place to the probably momentary regime of the Bolsheviks who, whatever else may be said against them, do at least appear to have rooted out the Russian Intelligentsia pretty thoroughly.

I am aware that I may be censured for writing about matters that only secondarily concern English literature ; but I am unrepentant and feel myself unconvicted of any

sin. For the difference between the arts and these pseudo-intellectual movements lies precisely in this that the arts draw their being from humanity and can never be perfectly unaffected by the vicissitudes of surrounding mankind, whereas the other side battens solely on scraps of paper and could exist with perfect equanimity in a vacuum. Thus to attempt the history of any branch of art on however small a scale without any reference to the surrounding life of the community in which that art flourished or decayed would be like setting out to tell a story of Arctic exploration without being allowed ever to mention snow. It could be done, I suppose.

It would probably be worthless as an attempt since snow is an important—a very important—feature of the arctic landscape. So let us continue on our way.

You picture then, that minatory body, the Intelligentsia, recruited always from a class that shrinks from manual or productive labour, making claims to a certain middle position in the State and oscillating between Science on the one hand and the Arts on the other, and parasitic upon both. As for Science I know nothing about it ; it seems to be a queer affair able to lend new horrors to warfare but, since it in no way interferes with my province I am content to let it alone. It would have been a good thing if Scientists could have kept out of our older, humanistic Universities, for the pure Scientist, like the artist has a host of parasites and these, going about between the two extremes of humanity, go to swell still more the intolerable cloud that obscures all human values.

The frame of mind and the methods of the pure Scientist and the imaginative artist are so similar—are indeed so exactly identical—that there is no need for hostility and they can very well pursue their several ways with equanimity, mutual respect and possibly one day with comprehension the one of the other.

The Intelligentsia, on the other hand, on whose track we are—that branch of the Intelligentsia which battens on the Arts is definitely, bitterly and contemptuously hostile to

the herb on which it feeds. There are many mysteries in the ways of Providence and one of the greatest is this: Nature has nicely adapted the caterpillar to feed on the leaves of plants, the wire-worm to destroy vegetation by feeding on the roots, the tape-worm so to weaken its host that the host is unable to reproduce its kind. Why then has Nature which has done so much not done the little bit more and instilled into the parasite the instinct to leave its host before that host is sucked dry of life and the power of reproduction? Or perhaps it has. There may be caterpillars, wire-and tape-worms that have learned the necessity for moderation.

This their human counterparts have never done, *teste* the parapraph with the quotation of which I began this philippic. You would think that a Librarian would know that he exists only on the prestige of the writers whose volumes he catalogues and should dust. If then he destroy that prestige what will become if him? And how can he more effectually destroy that prestige than by rendering unreadable the works of which he is the custodian?

Yet the process continues unceasingly.

In its main activities this crime—which is both homicide and *felo de se*—is two fold: It destroys the interest in the works of deceased masters; it constrains the living to strive after an uninterestingness as great as that attaching to the works of masters deceased after they have been "attended to" by bibliophiles, text-emendators and the rest. But this monster is not merely Janus, double-faced; it is Cerberus. It is for ever on the watch for new openings and for new methods of attack. With the variorum edition type of crime we have dealt minutely enough for the purposes of a preliminary sketch. Let us consider others.

SOME DO NOT

A Novel.

by Ford Madox Ford

(continued.)

Mrs. Duchemin cried out: "Oh!" Fragments of the worst stories that in his worst moods her husband had told her of his old preceptor went through her mind. She imagined that the shameful parts of her intimate life must be known to this nebulous monster. For Tietjens, turned sideways and facing her, had seemed to grow monstrous, and as if with undefined outlines. He was the male, threatening, clumsily odious and external! She felt herself say to herself: "I will do you an injury, if ever——" For already she had felt herself swaying the preferences, the thoughts and the future of the man on her other side. He was the male, tender, in-fitting; the complement of the harmony, the meat for consumption, like the sweet pulp of figs... It was inevitable; it was essential to the nature of her relationship with her husband that Mrs. Duchemin should have these feelings...

She heard, almost without emotion, so great was her disturbance, from behind her back the dreaded, high, rasping tones:

"*Post coitum tristia*! Ha! Ha! That's what it is?" The voice repeated the words and added sardonically: "You know what *that* means?" But the problem of her husband had become secondary; the real problem was: "What was this monstrous and hateful man going to say of her to his friend, when, for long hours, they were away?"

He was still gazing into her eyes. He said nonchalantly, rather low:

"I wouldn't look round if I were you. Vincent Macmaster is quite up to dealing with the situation."

His voice had the familiarity of an elder brother's. And at once Mrs. Duchemin knew—that *he* knew that already close ties were developing between herself and Macmaster. He was speaking as a man speaks in emergencies to the mistress of his dearest friend. He was then one of those formidable and to be feared males who possess the gift of right intuitions...

Tietjens said: "You heard!"

To the gloating, cruel tones that had asked:

"You know what that means?" Mcmaster had answeread clearly, but with the snappy intonation of a reproving Do":

"Of course I know what it means. It's no discovery! That was exactly the right note. Tietjens—and Mrs. Duchemin too—could hear Mr. Duchemin, invisible behind his rampart of blue spikes and silver, give the answering snuffle of a reproved schoolboy. A hard-faced, small man, in grey tweed that buttoned, collar-like, tight round his throat, standing behind the invisible chair, gazed straight forward into infinity.

Tietjens said to himself:

"By God! Parry! the Bermondsey light middle-weight! He's there to carry Duchemin off if he becomes violent!"

During the quick look that Tietjens took round the table Mrs. Duchemin gave, sinking lower in her chair, a short gasp of utter relief. Whatever Macmaster was going to think of her, he thought now. He knew the worst! It was settled, for good or ill. In a minute she would look round at him.

Tietjens said:

"It's all right, Macmaster will be splendid. We had a friend up at Cambridge with your husband's tendencies, and Macmaster could get him through *any* social occasion... Besides, we're all gentlefolk here!"

He had seen the Rev. Horsley and Mrs. Wannop both interested in their plates. Of Miss Wannop he was not so certain. He had caught, bent obviously on himself, from large, blue eyes, a glance that was evidently appealing. He said to himself: "She must be in the secret. She's appealing to me not to show emotion and upset the applecart! It is a shame that she should be here: a girl!!" and into his answering glance he threw the message: "It's all right as far as this end of the table is concerned."

But Mrs. Duchemin had felt come into herself a little stiffening of morale. Macmaster by now knew the worst; Duchemin was quoting snuffingly to him the hot licentiousness of the *Trimalchion* of Petronius; snuffling into Macmaster's ear. She caught the phrase: *Festinans, puer callide*... Duchemin, holding her wrist with the painful force of the maniac, had translated it to her over and over again... No doubt, that, too, this hateful man beside her would have guessed!

She said: "Of course we should be all gentlefolk here. One naturally arranges that..."

Tietjens began to say:

"Ah! But it isn't so easy to arrange nowadays. All sorts of bounders get into all sorts of holies of holies!"

Mrs. Duchemin turned her back on him right in the middle of his sentence. She devoured Macmaster's face with her eyes, in an infinite sense of calm.

Macmaster four minutes before had been the only one to see the entrance, from a small panelled door that had behind it another of green baize, of the Rev. Mr. Duchemin, and following him a man whom Macmaster, too, recognised at once as Parry, the ex-prize-fighter. It had flashed through his mind at once that this was an extraordinary conjunction. It flashed through his mind, too, that it was extraordinary that anyone so ecstatically handsome as Mrs. Duchemin's husband should not have earned high preferment in a church always hungry for male beauty. Mr. Duchemin was extremely tall, with a slight stoop of the proper clerical type. His face was of alabaster; his grey hair, parted in the middle, fell brilliantly on his high brows; his glance was quick, penetrating, austere; his nose very hooked and chiselled. He was the exact man to adorn a lofty and gorgeous fane, as Mrs. Duchemin was the exact woman to consecrate an episcopal drawing-room. With his great wealth, scholarship and tradition... "Why then" went through Macmaster's mind in a swift pinprick of suspicion, "isn't he at least a dean?"

Mr. Duchemin had walked swiftly to his chair which Parry, as swiftly walking behind him, drew out. His master slipped into it with a graceful, sideways motion. He shook his head at grey Miss Fox who had moved a hand towards an ivory urn-tap. There was a glass of water beside his plate, and round it his long, very white fingers closed. He stole a quick glance at Macmaster, and then looked at him steadily with laughingly glittering eyes. He said: "Good-morning, doctor," and then, drowning Macmaster's quiet protest: "Yes! Yes! The stethoscope meticulously packed into the top-hat and the shining hat left in the hall.

The prize-fighter, in tight box-cloth leggings, tight whipcord breeches, and a short tight jacket that buttoned up at the collar to his chin—the exact stud-groom of a man of property, gave a quick glance of recognition to Macmaster and then to Mr. Duchemin's back another quick look, raising his eyebrows. Macmaster, who knew him very well because he had given Tietjens boxing lessons at Cambridge, could almost hear him say: "A queer change this, sir! Keep your eyes on him a second!" and, with the quick, light tip-toe of the pugilist he slipped away to the sideboard. Macmaster stole a quick glance on his own account at Mrs. Duchemin. She had her back to him, being deep in conversation with Tietjens. His heart jumped a little when, looking back again, he saw Mr. Duchemin half raised to his feet, peering round the fortifications of silver. But he sank down again in his chair, and surveying Macmaster with an expression of cunning singular on his ascetic features, exclaimed:

"And your friend? Another medical man! All with stethoscope complete. It takes, of course, two medical men to certify..."

He stopped and with an expression of sudden, distorted rage, pushed aside the arm of Parry, who was sliding a plate of sole-fillets on to the table beneath his nose.

"Take it away," he was beginning to exclaim thunderously, "these conducements to the filthy lusts of..." But with another cunning and apprehensive look at Macmaster, he said: "Yes! yes! Parry! That's right. Yes! Sole! A touch of kidney to follow. Another! Yes! Grape-fruit! With sherry!" He had adopted an old Oxford voice, spread his napkin over his knees and hastily placed in his mouth a morsel of fish.

Macmaster with a patient and distinct intonation said that he must be permitted to introduce himself. He was Macmaster, Mr. Duchemin's correspondent on the subject of his little monograph. Mr. Duchemin looked at him, hard, with an awakened attention that gradually lost suspicion and became gloatingly joyful:

"Ah, yes, Macmaster!" he said "Macmaster. A budding critic. A little of a hedonist, perhaps? And yes...you wired that you were coming. Two friends! Not medical men! Friends!" He moved his face closer to Macmaster and said:

"How tired you look! Worn! Worn!"

Macmaster was about to say that he was rather hardworked when, in a harsh, high cackle close to his face there came the Latin words Mrs. Duchemin and Tietjens had heard. He knew then what he was up against. He took another look at the prize fighter; moved his head to one side to catch a momentary view of the gigantic Mr. Horsley, whose size took on a new meaning. Then he settled down in his chair and ate a kidney. The physical force present was no doubt enough to suppress Mr. Duchemin should he become violent. And trained! It was one of the curious, minor coincidences of life that, at Cambridge, he had once thought of hiring this very Parry to follow round his dear friend Sim. Sim, the most brilliant of sardonic ironists, sane, decent and ordinarily a little prudish on the surface, had been subject to just such temporary lapses as Mr. Duchemin. On society occasions he would stand up and shout or sit down and whisper the most unthinkable indecencies. Macmaster, who had loved him very much, had run round with Sim as often as he could, and had thus gained skill in dealing with these manifestations, . He felt suddenly a certain pleasure! He thought he might gain prestige in the eyes of Mrs. Duchemin if he dealt quietly and efficiently with this situation. It might even lead to an intimacy. He asked nothing better!

He knew that Mrs. Duchemin had turned towards him: he could feel her listening and observing him; it was as if her glance was warm on his cheek. But he did not look round; he had to keep his eyes on the gloating face of her husband. Mr. Duchemin was quoting Petronius, leaning towards his guest. Macmaster consumed kidneys stiffly.

He said :

"That isn't the amended version of the iambics. Willamovitz Möllendorf that we used..."

To interrupt him Mr. Duchemin put his thin hand courteously on Macmaster's arm. It had a great cornelian seal set in red gold on the third finger. He went on, reciting in ecstasy ; his head a little on one side as if he were listening to invisible choristers. Macmaster really disliked the Oxford intonation of Latin. He looked for a short moment at Mrs. Duchemin ; her eyes were upon him ; large, shadowy, full of gratitude. He saw, too, that they were welling over with wetness.

He looked quickly back at Duchemin. And suddenly it came to him ; she was suffering! She was probably suffering intensely. It had not occurred to him that she would suffer—partly because he was without nerves himself, partly because he had conceived of Mrs. Duchemin as firstly feeling admiration for himself. Now it seemed to him abominable that she should suffer.

Mrs. Duchemin was in an agony. Macmaster had looked at her intently and looked away! She read into his glance contempt for her situation, and anger that he should have been placed in such a position. In her pain she stretched out her hand and touched his arm.

Suddenly, from behind Macmaster's back, Mr. Duchemin shouted :

"I say he made a settlement on her, *dum casta et sola*, of course. Whilst she remained chaste and alone!"

Mr. Duchemin, suddenly feeling the absence of the powerful will that had seemed to overweigh his own like a great force in the darkness, was on his feet, panting and delighted :

"Chaste!" He shouted. "Chaste, you observe! What a world of suggestion in the word..." He surveyed the opulent broadness of his tablecloth ; it spread out before his eyes as if it had been a great expanse of meadow in which he could gallop, relaxing his limbs after long captivity. He shouted three obscene words and went on in his Oxford Movement voice : "But chastity..."

Mrs. Wannop suddenly said :

"Oh!" and looked at her daughter, whose face grew slowly crimson as she continued to peel a peach. Mrs. Wannop turned to Mr. Horsley beside her and said :

"You write, too, I believe, Mr. Horsley. No doubt something more learned than my poor readers would care for..." Mr. Horsley had been preparing, according to his instructions from Mrs. Duchemin, to shout a description of an article he had been writing about the *Mosella* of Ausonius, but as he was slow in starting the lady got in first. She talked on serenely about the tastes of the large public. Tietjens leaned across to Miss Wannop and, holding in his right hand a half-peeled fig, said to her as loudly as he could :

"I've got a message for you from Mr. Waterhouse. He says if you'll..."

The completely deaf Miss Fox—who had had her training by writing—remarked diagonally to Mrs. Duchemin:

"I think we shall have thunder to-day. Have you remarked the number of minute insects..."

"When my revered preceptor," Mr. Duchemin thundered on "drove away in the carriage on his wedding day he said to his bride: "We will live like the blessed angels!" How sublime! I, too, after my nuptials..."

Mrs. Duchemin suddenly screamed;

"Oh... *no*!"

As if checked for a moment in their stride all the others paused—for a breath. Then they continued talking with polite animation and listening with minute attention. To Tietjens that seemed the highest achievement and justification of English manners!

Parry, the prize-fighter, had twice caught his master by the arm and shouted that breakfast was getting cold. He said now to Macmaster that he and the Rev. Horsley could get Mr. Duchemin away, but there'd be a hell of a fight. Macmaster whispered: "Wait!" and, turning to Mrs. Duchemin he said: "I can stop him. Shall I?" She said:

"Yes! Yes! Anything!" He observed tears; isolated upon her cheeks, a thing he had never seen. With caution and with hot rage he whispered into the prize-fighter's hairy ear that was held down to him:

Macmaster was aware of her touch; his mind seemed filled with sweetness. But he kept his head obstinately averted. For her sake he did not dare to look away from the maniacal face. A crisis was coming. Mr. Duchemin had arrived at the English translation. He placed his hands on the tablecloth in preparation for rising; he was going to stand on his feet and shout obscenities wildly to the other guests. It was the exact moment.

Macmaster made his voice dry and penetrating to say:

" 'Youth of tepid loves' is a lamentable rendering of *puer callide*! It's lamentably antiquated..."

Duchemin checked and said:

"What? What? What's that?"

"It's just like Oxford to use an eighteenth century crib. I suppose that's Whiston and Ditton? Something like that..." He observed Duchemin, brought out of his impulse, to be wavering—as if he were coming awake in a strange place! He added:

"Anyhow it's wretched schoolboy smut. Fifth form. Or not even that. Have some galantine. I'm going to. Your sole's cold."

Mr. Duchemin looked down at his plate.

"Yes! Yes!" he muttered. "Yes! With sugar and vinegar sauce!" The prize-fighter slipped away to the sideboard, an admirable quiet fellow; as unobtrusive as a burying beetle. Macmaster said:

"You were about to tell me something for my little monograph. What became of Maggie... Maggie Simpson. The Scots girl who was model for *Alla Finestra del Cielo*?"

Mr. Duchemin looked at Macmaster with sane, muddled, rather exhausted eyes:

"*Alla Finestra*!" he exclaimed: "Oh yes! I've got the water-colour. I saw her sitting for it and bought it on the spot..." He looked again at his plate, started at sight of the galantine and began to eat ravenously: "A beautiful girl!" he said: "Very long necked... She wasn't of course... eh... respectable! She's living yet, I think. Very old. I saw her two years ago. She had a lot of pictures. Relics, of course!... In the Whitechapel Road she lived. She was naturally of that class..." He went muttering on, his head over his plate. Macmaster considered that the fit was over. He was irresistibly impelled to turn to Mrs. Duchemin; her face was rigid, stiff. He said swiftly:

"If he'll eat a little: get his stomach filled... It calls the blood down from the head..."

She said:

"Oh, forgive! It's dreadful for you! Myself I will never forgive!"

He said:

"No! No!... Why it's what I'm *for*!"

A deep emotion brought her whole white face to life:

"Oh, you *good* man!" she said in her profound tones, and they remained gazing at each other.

"Punch him in the kidney. With your thumb. As *hard* as you can without breaking your thumb..."

Mr. Duchemin had just declaimed:

"I, too, after my nuptials..." He began to wave his arms, pausing and looking from unlistening face to unlistening face. Mrs. Duchemin had just screamed.

Mr. Duchemin thought that the arrow of God struck him. He imagined himself an unworthy messenger. In such pain as he had never conceived of he fell into his chair and sat huddled up, a darkness covering his eyes.

"He won't get up again." Macmaster whispered to the appreciative pugilist. "He'll want to. But he'll be afraid to."

He said to Mrs. Duchemin.

"Dearest lady! It's all over. I assure you of that. It's a scientific nerve counter-irritant."

Mrs. Duchemin said:

"Forgive!" with one deep sob: "You can never respect..." She felt her eyes explore his face as the wretch in a cell explores

the face of his executioner for a sign of pardon. Her heart stayed still: her breath suspended itself...

Then complete heaven began. Upon her left palm she felt cool fingers beneath the cloth. This man knew always the exact right action! Upon the fingers, cool, like spikenard and ambrosia, her fingers closed themselves.

In complete bliss, in a quiet room, his voice went on talking. At first with great neatness of phrase, but with what refinement! He explained that certain excess being merely nervous cravings, can be combatted if not, indeed, cured altogether, by the fear of, by the determination not to ensue, sharp physical pain—which of course is a nervous matter, too!...

Parry, at a given moment, had said into his master's ear:

"It's time you prepared your sermon for to-morrow, sir," and Mr. Duchemin had gone as quietly as he had arrived, gliding over the thick carpet to the small door.

Then Macmaster said to her:

"You come from Edinburgh? You'll know the Fifeshire coast then."

"Do I not?" she said. His hand remained in hers. He began to talk of the whins on the links and the sanderlings along the flats, with such a Scots voice and in phrases so vivid that she saw her childhood again, and had in her eyes a wetness of a happier order. She released his cool hand after a long gentle pressure. But when it was gone it was as if much of her life went. She said: "You'll be knowing Kingussie House, just outside your town. It was there I spent my holidays as a child."

He answered:

"Maybe I played round it a barefoot lad and you in your grandeur within."

She said:

"Oh no! Hardly! There would be the difference of our ages! And... And indeed there are other things I will tell you.'

She addressed herself to Tietjens, with all her heroic armour of charm buckled on again:

"Only think! I find Mr. Macmaster and I almost played together in our youths."

He looked at her, she knew, with a commiseration that she hated:

"Then you're an older friend than I," he asked, "though I've known him since I was fourteen, and I don't believe you could be a better. He's a good fellow..."

She hated him for his condescension towards a better man and for his warning—she *knew* it was a warning—to her to spare his friend.

Mrs. Wannop gave a distinct, but not an alarming scream, Mr. Horsley had been talking to her about an unusual fish that used to inhabit the Moselle in Roman times. The *Mosella* of Ausonius, the subject of the essay he was writing is mostly about fish.

"No," he shouted, "it's been said to be the roach. But there are no roach in the river now. "*Vannulis viridis, oculisque*. No. It's the other way round : *Red* fins..."

Mrs. Wannop's scream and her wide gesture : her hand, indeed, was nearly over his mouth and her trailing sleeve across his plate!—were enough to interrupt him.

"*Tietjens*!" she again screamed. "Is it possible?..."

She pushed her daughter out of her seat and, moving round beside the young man, she overwhelmed him with vociferous love. As Tietjens had turned to speak to Mrs. Duchemin she had recognised his aquiline half profile as exactly that of his father at her own wedding-breakfast. To the table that knew it by heart—though Tietjens himself didn't!—she recited the story of how his father had saved her life, and was her mascot. And she offered the son—for to the father she had never been allowed to make any return—her house, her purse, her heart, her time, her all. She was so completely sincere that, as the party broke up, she just nodded to Macmaster and, catching Tietjens forcibly by the arm, said perfunctorily to the critic :

"Sorry I can't help you any more with the article, But my dear Chrissie must have the books he wants. At once! This very minute!"

She moved off, Tietjens grappled to her, her daughter following as a young swan follows its parents. In her gracious manner Mrs. Duchemin had received the thanks of her guests for her wonderful breakfast and had hoped that now that they had found their way there...

The echoes of the dispersed festival seemed to whisper in the room. Macmaster and Mrs. Duchemin faced each other, their eyes wary—and longing.

He said :

"It's dreadful to have to go now. But I have an engagement."

She said :

"Yes! I know! With your great friends."

He answered :

"Oh, only with Mr. Waterhouse and General Campion ... and Mr. Sandbach, of course..."

She had a moment of fierce pleasure at the thought that Tietjens was not to be of the company : *her* man would be outsoaring the vulgarian of his youth, of his past that she didn't know... Almost harshly she exclaimed :

"I don't want you to be mistaken about Kingussie House. It was just a holiday school. Not a grand place."

"It was very costly," he said, and she seemed to waver on her feet.

"Yes! yes!" she said, nearly in a whisper. "But you're so grand now! I was only the child of very poor bodies. Johnstons of Midlothian. But very poor bodies... I... He bought me, you might say. You know. ...Put me to very rich schools :

when I was fourteen... my people were glad... But I think if my mother had known when I married..." She writhed her whole body. "Oh, dreadful! dreadful!" she exclaimed. "I want you to know..."

His hands were shaking as if he had been in a jolting cart...

Their lips met in a passion of pity and tears. He removed his mouth to say: "I must see you this evening. ... I shall be mad with anxiety about you." She whispered: "Yes! yes!... In the yew walk." Her eyes were closed, she pressed her body fiercely into his. "You are the... first... man..." she breathed.

"I will be the only one for ever," he said.

He began to see himself: in the tall room, with the long curtains: a round, eagle mirror reflected them gleaming: like a bejewelled picture with great depths: the entwined figures.

They drew apart to gaze at each other: holding hands... The voice of Tietjens said:

"Macmaster! You're to dine at Mrs. Wannop's to-night. Don't dress; I shan't." He was looking at them without any expression, as if he had interrupted a game of cards; large, grey, fresh-featured, the white patch glistening on the side of his grizzling hair.

Macmaster said:

"All right. It's near here, isn't it?... I've got an engagement just after..." Tietjens said that that would be all right: he would be working himself. All night probably. For Waterhouse...

Mrs. Duchemin said with swift jealousy:

"You let him order you about..." Tietjens was gone.

Macmaster said absently:

"Who? Chrissie?... Yes! Sometimes I him, sometimes he me... We make engagements. My best friend. The most brilliant man in England, of the best stock too. Tietjens of Groby..." Feeling that she didn't appreciate his friend he was abstractly piling on commendations: "He's making calculations now for the Government that no other man in England could make. But he's going..."

An extreme languor had settled on him, he felt weakened but yet triumphant with the occasion of her grasp. It occurred to him numbly that he would be seeing less of Tietjens. A grief. He heard himself quote:

" 'Since when we stand side by side!' " His voice trembled.

"Ah yes!" came in her deep tones: "The beautiful lives... They're true. We must part. In this world ..." They seemed to her lovely and mournful words to say; heavenly to have them to say, vibratingly, arousing all sorts of images. Macmaster, mournfully too, said:

"We must wait." He added fiercely: "But to-night, at dusk!" He imagined the dusk, under the yew hedge. A shining motor drew up in the sunlight under the window.

"Yes! yes!" she said. "There's a little white gate from the lane." She imagined their interview of passion and mournfulness amongst dim objects half seen. That she could allow herself of glamour.

Afterwards he must come to the house to ask after her health and they would walk side by side on the lawn, publicly, in the warm light, talking of indifferent but beautiful poetries, a little wearily, but with what currents electrifying and passing between their flesh... And then: long, circumspect years...

Macmaster went down the tall steps to the car that gleamed in the summer sun. The roses shone over the supremely levelled turf. His heel met the stones with the hard tread of a conqueror. He could have shouted aloud!

V

Tietjens lit a pipe beside the stile, having first meticulously cleaned out the bowl and the stem with a surgical needle, in his experience the best of all pipe-cleaners, since, made of German silver, it is flexible, won't corrode and is indestructible. He wiped off methodically, with a great dock-leaf, the glutinous brown products of burnt tobacco, the young woman, as he was aware, watching him from behind his back. As soon as he had restored the surgical needle to the notebook in which it lived, and had put the notebook into its bulky pocket, Miss Wannop moved off down the path: it was only suited for Indian file, and had on the left hand a ten foot, untrimmed quicken hedge, the hawthorn blossoms just beginning to blacken at the edges and small green haws to show. On the right the grass was above knee high and bowed to those that passed. The sun was exactly vertical; the chaffinchs said: "Pink! pink!": the young woman had an agreeable back.

This, Tietjens thought, is England! A man and a maid walk through Kentish grass fields: the grass ripe for the scythe. The man honourable, clean, upright; the maid virtuous, clean, vigorous: he of good birth; she of birth quite as good; each filled with a too good breakfast that each could yet capably digest. Each come just from an admirably appointed establishment: a table surrounded by the best people: their promenade sanctioned, as it were, by the Church—two clergy—the State: two Government officials; by mothers, friends, old maids. ... Each knew the names of birds that piped and grasses that bowed: chaffinch, greenfinch, yellow-ammer (*not*, my dear, hammer! *ammer* from the Middle High German for "finch"), garden warbler, Dartford warbler, pied-wagtail, known as "dishwasher." (These *charming* local dialect names.) Marguerites over the grass, stretching in an infinite white blaze: grasses purple in a haze to the far distant hedgerow: cocksfoot, wild white clover, sainfoin, Italian rye grass (all technical names that the best people must know: the best grass mixture for

permanent pasture on the Wealden loam). In the hedge: Our lady's bedstraw: dead-nettle: bachelor's button (but in *Sussex* they call it ragged robin, my dear): So interesting! cowslip (paigle, you know, from old French pasque, meaning Easter): burr, burdock (farmer that thy wife may thrive, let not burr and burdock wive!); violet leaves, the flowers of course over; black briony; wild clematis: later it's old man's beard; purple loose-strife. (That our young maid's long purples call and literal shepherds give a grosser name. *So racy* of the soil!)... Walk, then, through the field, gallant youth and fair maid, minds cluttered up with all this useless anodyne for thought, quotation, imbecile epithets! Dead silent: unable to talk: from too good breakfast to probably extremely warned, to prepare it: pink india-rubber half-cooked cold beef, no doubt: tepid potatoes, water in the bottom of willow-pattern dish. (*No*! *Not* genuine willow-pattern, of *course*, Mr. Tietjens.) Overgrown lettuce with wood-vinegar to make the mouth scream with pain; pickles, also preserved in wood-vinegar; two bottles of public-house beer that, on opening, squirts to the wall. A glass of invalid port... for the *gentleman*!... and the jaws hardly able to open after the too enormous breakfast at 10.15. Mid-day now!

"God's England!" Tietjens exclaimed to himself in high good humour. "Land of Hope and Glory!"—F natural descending to tonic, C major: chord of 6-4, suspension over dominant seventh to common chord of C major... All absolutely correct! Double basses, 'cellos, all violins: all wood wind: all brass. Full grand organ: all stops: special *vox humana* and key-bugle effect... Across the counties came the sound of bugles that his father knew... Pipe exactly right. It must be: pipe of Englishman of good birth: ditto tobacco. Attractive young woman's back. English midday mid-summer. Best climate in the world! No day on which man may not go abroad!" Tietjens paused and aimed with his hazel stick an immense blow at a tall spike of yellow mullein with its undecided, furry, glaucous leaves and its undecided, buttony, unripe lemon-coloured flower. The structure collapsed, gracefully, like a woman killed among crinolines!

"Now I'm a bloody murderer!" Tietjens said. "Not gory! Green stained with vital fluid of innocent plant ... And by God! Not a woman in the country who won't let you rape her after an hour's acquaintance!" He slew two more mulleins and a sow-thistle! A shadow, but not from the sun, a gloom, lay across the sixty acres of purple grass bloom and marguerites, white: like petticoats of lace over the grass!

"By God," he said, "Church! State! Army! H.M. Ministry: H. M. Opposition: H.M. City Man... All the governing class! All rotten! Thank God we've got a navy!... But perhaps that's rotten too! Who knows! Britannia needs no bulwarks... Then thank God for the upright young man

and the virtuous maiden in the summer fields : he Tory of the Tories as he should be : she suffragette of the militants : militant here on earth... as she should be! As she should be! In the early decades of the twentieth century however else can a woman keep clean and wholesome! Ranting from platforms, splendid for the lungs : bashing in policemen's helmets... No! It's I do that : my part, I think, miss!... Carrying heavy banners in twenty mile processions through streets of Sodom. All splendid! I bet she's virtuous. But you don't have to bet. It isn't done on certainties. You can tell it in the eye. Nice eyes! Attractive back. Virginal cockiness... Yes, better occupation for mothers of empire than attending on lewd husbands year in year out till you're as hysterical as a female cat on heat... You could see it in her : that woman : you can see it in most of 'em! Thank God then for the Tory, upright young married man and the suffragette kid... Backbone of England! ..."

He killed another flower.

"But by God! we're both under a cloud! Both!... That kid and I! And General Lord Edward Campion, Lady Claudine Sandbach, and the Hon. Paul, M.P. (suspended) to spread the tale... And forty toothless fogies in the club to spread it : and no end visiting books yawning to have your names cut out of them, my boy!... My dear boy : I so regret : your father's oldest friend... By Jove, the pistachio nut of that galantine! Repeating! Breakfast gone wrong : gloomy reflections! Thought I could stand anything : digestion of an ostrich... But no! Gloomy reflections : I'm hysterical : like that large-eyed whore! For same reason! Wrong diet and wrong life : diet meant for partridge shooters over the turnips consumed by the sedentary. England the land of pills... *Das Pillen-Land*, the Germans call us. Very properly... And, damn it : outdoor diet : boiled mutton, turnips : sedentary life... and forced up against the filthiness of the world : your nose in it all day long!... Why, hang it, I'm as badly off as she. Sylvia's as bad as Duchemin!... I'd never have thought that ... No wonder meat's turned to uric acid... prime cause of neurasthenia... What a beastly muddle! Poor Macmaster! He's finished. Poor devil : he'd better have ogled this kid. He could have sung : 'Highland Mary' a better tune than 'This is the end of every man's desire'... You can cut it on his tombstone, you can write it on his card that a young man tacked on to a Paulo-post pre-Raphaelite prostitute..."

He stopped suddenly in his walk. It had occurred to him that he ought not to be walking with this girl!

"But damn it all," he said to himself, "she makes a good screen for Sylvia... who cares! She must chance it. She's probably struck off all their beastly visiting lists already... as a suffragette!"

Miss Wannop, a cricket pitch or so ahead of him, hopped over a stile : left foot on the step, right on the top bar, a touch

of the left on the other steps, and down on the white, drifted dust of a road they no doubt had to cross. She stood waiting, her back still to him... Her nimble foot-work, her attractive back, seemed to him, now, infinitely pathetic. To let scandal attach to her was like cutting the wings of a goldfinch: the bright creature, yellow, white, golden and delicate that in the sunlight makes a haze with its wings beside thistle-tops. No; damn it! it was worse; it was worse than putting out, as the birdfancier does, the eyes of a chaffinch... Infinitely pathetic!

Above the stile, in an elm, a chaffinch said: "Pink! pink!"

The imbecile sound filled him with rage: he said to the bird:

"Dam your eyes! *Have* them put out, then!" The beastly bird that made the odious noise, when it had its eyes put out, at least squealed like any other skylark or tom-tit. Damn all birds, field naturalists, botanists! In the same way he addressed the back of Miss Wannop: "Damn your eyes! *Have* your chastity impugned them! What do you speak to strange men in public for! You know you can't do it in this country. If it were a decent, straight land like Ireland where people cut each other's throats for clean issues: Papist versus Prot... well, you could? You could walk through Ireland from east to west and speak to every man you met... 'Rich and rare were the gems she wore...' To every man you met as long as he wasn't an Englishman of good birth: *that* would deflower you!" He was scrambling clumsily over the stile. "Well! *be* deflowered then: *lose* your infantile reputation. You've spoken to strange pitch: you're defiled... with the benefit of Clergy, Army, Cabinet, Administration, Opposition, mothers and old maids of England... They'd all tell you you can't talk to a strange man, in the sunlight, on the links without becoming a screen for some Sylvia or other... Then *be* a screen for Sylvia: *get* struck off the visiting books! The deeper you're implicated, the more bloody villain I am! I'd like the whole lot to see us here: that would settle it..."

Nevertheless, when at the roadside he stood level with Miss Wannop who did not look at him, and saw the white road runnung to right and left with no stile opposite, he said gruffly to her:

"Where's the next stile? I hate walking on roads!" She pointed with her chin along the opposite hedgerow. "Fifty yards!" she said.

"Come along!" he exclaimed, and set off at a trot almost. It had come into his head that it would be just the beastly sort of thing that would happen if a car with General Campion and Lady Claudine and Paul Sandbach all aboard should come along that blinding stretch of road: or one alone: perhaps the General driving the small car he affected. He said to himself:

"By God! If they cut this girl I'd break their backs over my knee!" and he hastened. "Just the beastly thing that

would happen". The road probably led straight in at the front door of Mountby!

Miss Wannop trotted along a little in his rear. She thought him the most extraordinary man: as mad as he was odious. Some people, if they're going to hurry—but *why* hurry!—do it in the shade of field hedgerows, not in the white blaze of county council roads. Well, he could go ahead. In the next field she was going to have it out with him: she didn't intend to be hot with running: let him be, his hateful, but certainly noticeable eyes, protruding at her like a lobsters; but she cool and denunciatory in her pretty blouse...

There was a dog-cart coming behind them!

Suddenly it came into her head: that fool had been lying when he had said that the police meant to let them alone: lying over the breakfast-table... The dog-cart contained the police: after them! She didn't waste time looking round: she wasn't a fool like Atalanta in the egg race. She picked up her heels and sprinted. She beat him by a yard and a half to the kissing-gate, white in the hedge: panicked: breathing hard. He panted into it, after her: the fool hadn't the sense to let her through first. They were jammed in together: face to face, panting! An occasion on which sweethearts kiss in Kent: the gate being made in three, the inner flange of the V moving on hinges. It stops cattle getting through: but this great lout of a Yorkshireman didn't know: trying to push through like a mad bullock! Now they were caught. Three weeks in Wandsworth gaol... Oh hang...

(*To be continued.*)

CHRONIQUES

I

Thus to Re-Visit Lincoln's Inn May

An entertaining Paris journal the other day accused the writer of being the champion on the banks of the Seine, of the British novelist. And, leaving Paris next day for these regions, it occurred to us to wonder why we were so very emphatically nothing of the sort—as to why we are so very emphatically the champion of anything or anybody else in the world. We champion in British fields the imaginative writings and writers of almost every other country, to no fields abroad can we be said to proclaim the pre-eminence of British writings. Why? Patriotism has nothing to do with it. On occasion we will champion our imbecile adolescences as imbecilely as any one else. We will champion His Majesty's 41st-69th Regiment of Foot any day against any military unit the world has ever known; any day we would champion the game of cricket against the game of baseball; any day, the British duo-decimo-decimal system of coinage against any decimal system the world can shew; the buttercup against the gaudy melon flower... What more can be demanded of patriotism? But when it comes to the novel...

Sitting here alone towards ten o'clock of the night between the white Adams panellings, the mouse-creeping stillnesses, of an ancient Inn of Court, we wonder depressedly. We are conscious of largenesses that are too large; heavinesses that are too heavy; distances that make the best things of life too distant; rumblings too furry at the edges and too continuous; of pictures of ancestors that look down on us and are too ancestral, too heavy, too dim-minded; and, finally, of sleeps too stertorously unrefreshing... Here then is the English room, the English atmosphere. There seems to be about it only one thing clean-cut, positive, gleaming: the telephone receiver.

In a typical English room it has always—all life long—given us a certain queer twinge to see this swan-necked blackness. It has always seemed a sort of indecency. The Englishman's home is his castle: here is the outerworld given permission insidiously to creep in. The Englishman is the perpetual adolescent: here is the instrument of the absolutely grown up. The Englishman's speech is a blur of ers and ahs; here is the instrument for clear-cut thought. No, the proper place for the telephone in an English home is under the stairs or beside my lady's bed: it will serve very well for orderings from the greengrocer or for midnight love scenes... And no doubt those are the proper places for the English novel. Are we then growing old? Have we become *laudator temporis acti*? No, again. We will not concede so much. It is a condition of our life; it has been a condition of our whole lives that we believed that conditions for the British novel would one day be better than they ever were, and that in those conditions the British novel will better itself. One day in short we shall appear a nation almost civilised. That is with us a faith, as is the belief in the personal immortality of the soul. In some nurseries or in some slums, somewhere, now with the bottle at their lips, are tomorrow's glories. That is perfectly sincere

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The time is however not yet. We sit among the dim white panels, the grandfathers frown portwinedly down on us. And there is the inviting mouth of the telephone. We could be in communication with almost every thinkable spot of immense space. And what British novelist is without his telephone subscription? He must be no novelist worth consideration: how can he ring up his Agent? Whom then shall we ring up? Alas! There are, as we say in Paris of a certain press, the Big Five. But them we have talked with and read for twenty years... Outside them, except for the Ladies—whom one cannot ring up at ten thirty at night!—nothing jumps to the listless mind but memories of little fiddlingnesses. But above all, listlessnesses.

There seems to be about all this immensity just that one note of languor. When at Boulogne you descend into the saloon of the boat a steward approaches you and remarks: "Something to eat? Yessirnosir. A nice little bit of cold am. Yessirnosir Cut off the joint? No sir. Boiled sprahts sir. No sir. Nothing sir? Yessirnosir. Thankyousir!". But, except for the incredible servility which amazes one after longish absence, there is no conviction about anything: the matted tepid cabbage with the water draining about the pale willow pattern dish; the waxen tepid potatoes with the same aqueous effect—all these things are one with the depressed manner of the steward. He does not believe that you will eat anything; the comestibles do not believe that they are there to be consumed. It is all a long waiting.

And that nowadays is the note of London. It is hushed; all the edge of its life gone, it awaits the millennium. The very policemen seem to function without conviction, dreamily controlling a slumbrous traffic. We are waiting. And we are waiting not for the moment when *we* shall get up and do something but for the moment when Somebody shall. It can't be called the fault of the labour Government so admirably suited to our conditions that one seems to see it drifting dreamily along until Somebody—some pallid Ghost-Asquith or pallider Spectre-Baldwin—shall do something and the whole fabric of Church and State as known to the ancients shall glutinously crumble together like a collapsed chocolate blancmange. Then Something Else will happen and there shall be at the Cup Tie more spectators than ever the world has known.

There is about this state of things this much of the satisfactory that England which, when we began this venture, seemed and had long seemed a clumsy menace to the peace of the world has assumed an aspect of slumbrous impeccability. We do not see how *anyone* could suspect London of preparing anything against anybody. It is true there is the Wembley Exhibition, but that seems an affair so very private: as if the Curate in the drawing room were exhibiting coloured slides of his travels in Melbourne and on the way there! But the lugubrious demagoguism of Messrs George and Baldwin, each striving to see if a few votes could not be cadged from the Left or the franc, to suit their banking supporters, be depressed a point or two, by an anti-Ally pronouncement in a semi-official Sunday paper—which should be officially confuted on the Wednesday; —those sinister phenomena at least no longer disfigure our public life. And the Left having got into Office if not into power, finds it convenient to forget that only a few months ago its sole real panacea for the ills of the world was the dismemberment of Poland. Why, half an hour ago, taking up one of our old friends, a solid organ of the Academic Left, we found that it had allowed one of its critics to praise a book written in French There was a change! For, when we began writing in these pages that same organ had but one international slogan. Weekly to the listening Left it proved that our Allies could not write, could not paint, compose, fight, abstain from fighting, cook. They could not even... Oh, well, let us put it that Palais Royal farces, England's chief continental intellectual pabulum—had lost their savour.

Having tasted thus far we took up another periodical: this time of the extreme right. It fell from our hands. We had come, in a review, upon the words: "Mr..... mistakes too often coarseness for strength!"... And it was as if the Dodo

had come alive again. It was an echo from the just-after-the-Yellow-Book period. One exclaimed : "Are there *still* reviewers to write that consecrated phrase? Is it *still* bedded in our journalistic prose as is *Le roy le veult* in our parliamentary procedure?" Then Mme Sarah Grand, Iota, Mrs. Mannington Caffyn, Ouida—oh, there were bestsellers indeed before Ajax—must be still turning out *Heavenly Twins* and *Yellow Asters*. It is an extraordinary thought. We imagined that, in the earliest teens of the century we had killed the Strong Situation —and indeed, in such British fiction as has lately come our way, strength in either situations or anything else has been the last detrimental quality that we could allege against the writers, a sort of little, fiddling Peter-Pannishness being the chief attribute of our bright, youngest things. But perhaps, after all, there are still writers who achieve publicity by coarsenesses mistaken for strengths : perhaps there are still enormous audiences who exclaim "OO...ER" when the rocket of a "D—n" streaks across a page.

We hardly think however that that can be the case. It is all really too quiet in the village. Really the consecrated phrase is no more then the Special Constable's staff that one used to see hanging in the hat-rack in old time hamlets, ready to be produced if some poor yokel found the beerhouse ale too strong for his starved wits. I take it that the phrase "too often mistakes &c" is really kept, set up in stereotype in Right as well as Left newspaper offices and that when the trained reviewer desires to use it he just writes XI749 instead of the words. But it must be so very seldom used today!

One wonders in one's inn of court, night solitude, how such a Reviewer really looks at the world of novelists. The novelist upon whom he was using his special constable's stave was a novelist reasonably serious. Does the Reviewer then really imagine him saying : "Now we will put in a few coarsenesses in order to turn ourselves into bestsellers!" Surely not. But then there is no other explanation of the attitude. The complexion of the English world of letters is very definite. You have on the one hand four or five serious novelists who build up a world looking more or less as the world looked before the war and who have hardly had time to so much as guess at the riddle of an after-war world. They are serious and engrossed. You have half a dozen ladies of some seriousness—but we are dealing for the moment only with men and of course not at all with the novelist of British commerce. Then on the right of the picture you have the more or less bright, more or less young things whom in your maddest moments you could not call coarse. With gentle anaemia they fumble with placket strings.

So it is for the moment a poor look out. But only, we are convinced, for the moment. A more vital generation will come and will, as the young and vital must, once more mistake coarsenesses for strengths. For that is a condition of young, literary vitality, simply because the young are too strong. Considering for the moment the Contents of our now six numbers and more particularly the contents of our manuscript cupboard that lesson cannot but force itself upon our memory. From England we have had at most two quite new writers' manuscripts ; from France several ; from Americans, and particularly from Paris-Americans, a great many. English women, on the other hand, continue to send in manuscripts of a vigor quite beyond the inevitable gentlemanlinesses coming out from under stamps that bear the portrait of H.M. King George V... But upon the whole the crop has not been unsatisfactory : you can get some impression of youth and of vigour. And, upon the whole the editorial chair has been one of some international tranquility and it *is* satisfactory to find that one can run an international team with very little friction. The Communication that we print on another page is as old-fashioned really as the consecrated phrase quoted above—and we print it as a simple of an extreme rarity. Our young Americans are courteous to our Young British, our Young French to both. From contributors attending, over there in Paris, our office teas we hear as often from Americans perfervid admiration of Miss Mary Butts as from English admiration for Miss Djuna Barnes ; Mr. Coppard is enormously praised by both Americans and French.. It is in short a little international corner and a very pleasant one : one day on these lines there will build itself up a Utopia, distinguished by no Old Glory, in whose dishes there shall be no cabbage-drainings.

Of our present number Mr. Garman and Mr. Asch, as far as we know, have not published anything imaginative before, and Mrs. Adams, Dr. Carlos Williams, Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Jewett may be counted as quite new writers : so may MM. Pillement, Dessaignes and Jean Cassou. In our Art Supplement Mr. Sandford, a young painter whose claims have been frequently brought to our notice, liberates his soul as to the bad artistic conditions of his and our day. It is our privilege through the kindness of Miss Stein to print some specimens of the innumerable drawings with which M. Picasso exercises himself for his more esoteric works. We believe that these will come as a revelation to his admirers. They did to us. M. Brancusi has done us the very great honour to make drawings especially for us. Mr. John Storrs, the American sculptor, whose earnestness has won the respect of art circles in Paris and who has in the United States a

fame all his own, allows us to present the reader with specimens of his next-to-latest work. His latest, more abstract sculpture, depending as it does on effects in metal and colours is less suited for photographic reproduction. Miss Hamnett needs no introduction to English readers and her figure is well known in Paris.

II

LETTRE DE PARIS

Paris, May.

Bernardin de St.-Pierre et le Cubisme. — La délittérarisation de la littérature. — La revue Philosophies. — *Alain-Fournier. — Romantisme.*

J.-J. Rousseau disait un jour à Bernardin de St.-Pierre : « Les peintres donnent l'apparence d'un corps en relief à une surface unie : je voudrais bien leur voir donner celle d'une surface unie à un corps en relief ». « Je ne répondis rien pour lors, déclare Bernardin de St.-Pierre, mais ayant pensé depuis à la solution de ce problème d'optique, je ne l'ai pas trouvé impossible. Il n'y aurait, ce me semble, qu'à détruire un des extrêmes harmoniques qui rendent les corps saillants. Par exemple, pour aplanir un bas-relief, il faudrait qu'ils peignissent ses cavités de blanc ou ses parties saillantes de noir. Ainsi, comme ils emploient l'harmonie du clair-obscur pour faire apparaître un corps sur une surface plane, ils pourraient se servir de la monotonie d'une seule teinte pour faire disparaître ceux qui sont en relief. Dans le premier cas, ils font voir un corps sans qu'on puisse le toucher ; dans le second, ils feraient toucher un corps sans qu'on pût le voir. Cette magie-ci serait bien aussi surprenante que l'autre ».

Ceci se lit dans les notes que Bernardin de St.-Pierre ajouta à ses *Etudes de la Nature*. D'où il ressort que l'auteur de *Paul et Virginie* (comme on l'appelle), fut un précurseur du cubisme.

Tout le problème du cubisme est déjà posé dans ces quelques lignes d'un bon vieillard : reconstruction complète de l'espace dans les deux dimensions d'une toile, suppression de trompe-l'œil de la perspective et du clair-obscur. Même l'illustre écrivain n'aurait pas manqué d'approuver le souci qui guide la plupart des cubistes, d'atteindre à un art général, universel et, à ce titre, digne des musées. La philosophie biologique de Bernardin de St.-Pierre imagine, comme on sait, que la nature

a été harmonieusement et savamment créée pour permettre à l'homme de reconnaître, à chaque instant, la sagesse de son créateur. Les objets que l'artiste cubiste représentera sur sa toile auront l'aspect général, absolu, dégagé non seulement de toute anecdote, mais encore de toute circonstance particulière, — atmosphère, lumière, etc... — l'aspect abstrait sous lequel Bernardin de St.-Pierre les place dans l'ordonnance d'un monde anthropocentrique. Au contraire, un biologiste moderne, instruit des principes relativistes de Jacques von Uexkull, pour qui chaque espèce possède son monde particulier de perception et d'action et ne doit être étudiée que selon ce milieu individuel, ne saurait approuver un art aussi général et, malgré le petit air énigmatique que semble effectuer un tableau cubiste, aussi accessible à tous.

Il semble que la peinture et la littérature de ces derniers temps, en dépit de la sympathie qui a uni peintres et écrivains d'avant-garde, aient suivi des directions opposées. Les littérateurs n'ont-ils pas cherché au contraire leur individualisation à tout prix ? « Le génie poétique, "a écrit legentil esprit Henri Clonard, selon une formule reprise récemment par Valéry Larbaud", s'élève vers la perfection en persévérant dans sa singularité ». Cette tendance, d'ailleurs, semble s'être arrêtée depuis quelques années, et les poètes dont l'effort avait été justement de s'élever vers la perfection par les voies les plus personnelles ont été réintégrés dans une sorte de tradition scolaire et sont aujourd'hui proposés comme des modèles : il leur est arrivé ce qu'on appelle « devenir un classique ». L'un d'eux qui, allant même plus loin, avait semblé vouloir délittérature la littérature : le comte de Lantréamont, fournit aujourd'hui la substance de copies de musées.

L'usage avait été, au temps de ces grands indépendants, d'écrire contre le public. C'est écrire contre les littérateurs, qu'il faudra bientôt.

Et que chaque écrivain se pénètre des particularités de son milieu, du temps et de l'espace particuliers dont il a la perception et de la façon spéciale dont ces organes sont adoptés à cette ambiance. Qu'il se dégage, durant sa vie, — il pourra y rentrer une fois mort, — de cette magnifique évolution qui va du Serment de Strasbourg aux *Illuminations*. Il est absurde que tous les littérateurs gardent la constante préoccupation de la même littérature. Cette littérature n'est-elle pas leur milieu ? dira-t-on, et les livres qu'ils ont lus ne font-ils point partie intégrante de leur nature très spéciale de littérateurs ? Oui, mais certains ont lu aussi les ouvrages de Mme de Ségur, et il leur est toujours possible de chercher dans la Bibliothèque Rose des moyens d'expression, des méthodes d'exposition et une conception du monde capables d'enrichir aussi bien leur culture et leur sensibilité.

Parallèlement à cette réaction dévorante de la littérature cherchant à rattrapper les littérateurs qui lui échappaient, il y a eu l'action de l'instinct grégaire qui a poussé les poètes à chanter les spectacles de la nature selon leur aspect le plus collectif, tels que guerres, révolutions, matches de boxe, sans compter les voyages en métro ou autres moyens de transports en commun. Et de même que Bernardin de St.-Pierre louait Dieu d'avoir placé très haut les noix de coco parce qu'elles étaient assez dures pour tomber sans se casser (1), de même ces auteurs ont loué l'homme d'avoir su dompter les forces de la nature et obligé les tramways à suivre les voies qu'il leur avait tracées. Mais le poète futur se réfugiera dans un bel et aveugle égoïsme et dédaignera d'étudier d'aussi près la structure interne des objets qui impressionnent le reste du monde. La littérature cessera de reprendre son bien à la musique, mais aussi à l'industrie, à la sociologie ou à l'économie politique. Elle le prendra à la vie, et toutes deux, vie et littérature, échapperont peut-être à l'effroyable ennui qui les menace.

Au reste, il n'y a à contempler dans tout cela que le jeu éternel des deux forces contraires qui mènent le monde : l'abstraction et la circonstance, la masse humaine et le caprice individuel, les discours sur l'histoire universelle et nos rêveries.

J'aimerais que, pour le temps présent, la balance penchât plutôt du côté de nos rêveries. Mais l'histoire universelle nous déborde, et nous avons la tête farcie de tant d'anecdotes illustres, nous connaissons tellement l'évolution des genres et l'avenir fatal des choses que seul, un effort extraordinaire nous permettrait d'échapper à un genre de vie littéraire et de littérature trop connu. La critique historique nous détermine. Les gazettes littéraires, qui abondent aujourd'hui, nous obligent à nous plier à des gestes et à des mots qui datent du temps où la vie littéraire n'était rien du tout avant d'être devenue héro que. Car l'existence de Verlaine ou de Flaubert est à présent quelque chose d'aussi digne des lectures populaires que la mort de Bara et de Viala. Il faut en sortîr : une nouvelle revue, extrêmement sympathique et vivante, *Philosophies*, se propose, pour refixer les esprits, d'étudier dans chacun de ses numéros, un livre fondamental tel que *Ecce Homo* ou *l'Essai sur les Données immédiates*. Les esprits ne sont que trop fixés. J'aimerais — j'y reviens

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Les exemples dont Bernardin de Saint-Pierrre se sert pour démontrer la sagesse de la Divine Providence sont trop connus pour que je les rappelle tous ici. Lui-même ne les a pas multipliés comme il l'aurait pu, malgré le désir de certaines de ses lectrices, ainsi que le montre ce fragment de dialogue :

La Dame. — Vous m'avez donné, Monsieur, des curiosités fort rares...

Le Voyageur. — Ah ! Si j'osais, j'aurais quelque chose de bien plus difficile à vous faire croire.

La Dame. — Osez, Monsieur.

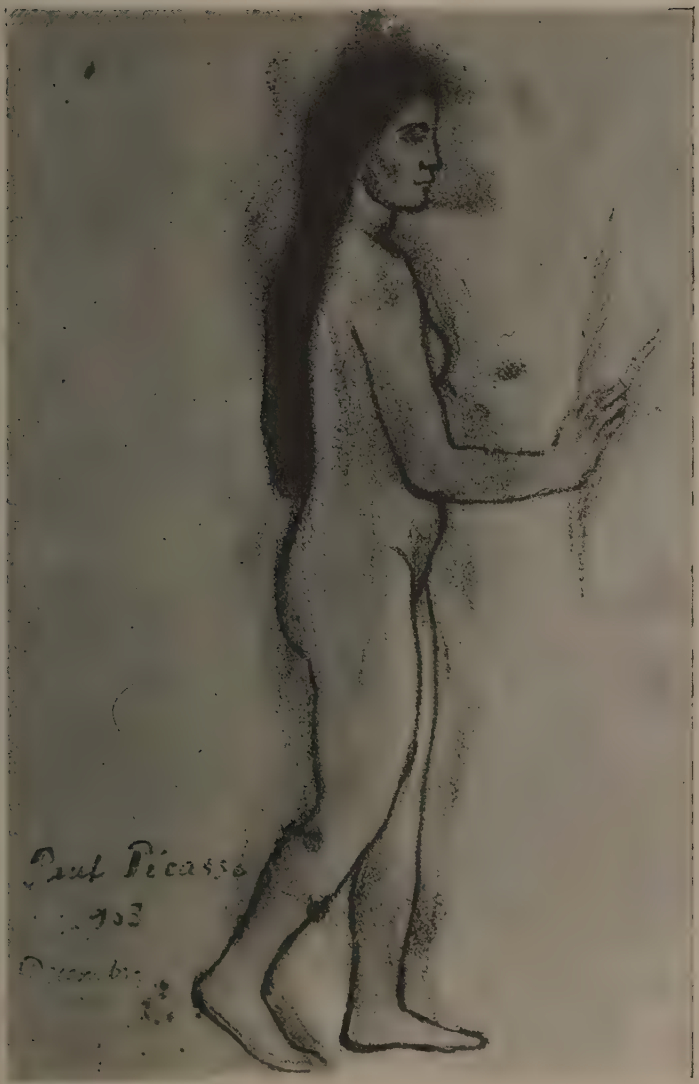
(*Entretiens sur les arbres, les fleurs et les fruits. — Dialogue premier : les Arbres*).

— voir les collaborateurs de Pierre Morhange étudier sagement l'art du récit et de la composition dans le *Bon petit Diable* et les *Deux Nigauds*, ouvrages aussi fondamentaux pour notre formation intellectuelle et sentimentale que tous les *Discours de la Méthode* possibles.

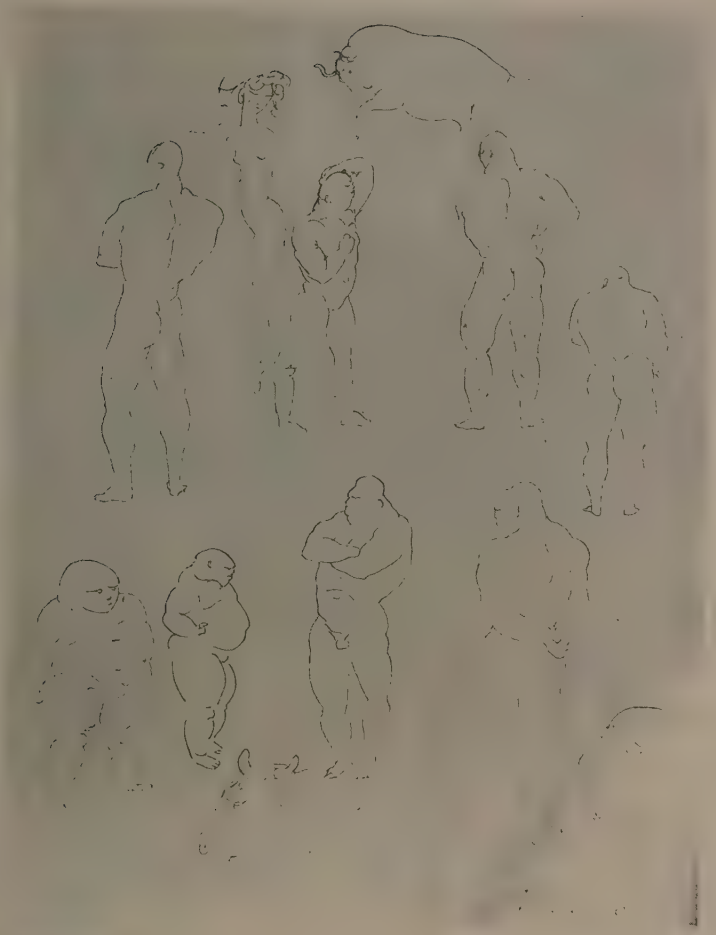
Echapper à cette culture uniforme qui nous est imposée, et rêver, voilà qui est plus rare et plus difficile qu'on ne croit. Tel s'imagine rêver qui reste sur le plan intellectuel et fait succéder aux jeux intellectuels que son journal et son manuel analysent quelque jeu plus compliqué et plus parfait et où, entrent deux ou trois éléments d'invention récente, tels que la télégraphie sans fil et le complexe d'Œdipe. Mais le décor n'a pas changé. On parle beaucoup, en ce moment, d'un homme qui sut vraiment rêver : Alain-Fournier, qui fit *Le grand Meaulnes* et que la guerre tua. C'était une des plus belles et des plus originales âmes d'hier, — la publication de *Miracles* le prouve et l'émouvante introduction qu'y a donnée Jacques Rivière, — une âme si belle qu'on ne peut la comparer qu'à celle de Jules Laforgue et de Charles-Louis Philippe. Je mets *Le Grand Meaulnes* dans une bibliothèque spéciale, composée de la *Sylvie* de Nerval, et de quelques livres scandinaves. J'y joindrais aussi des romans allemands : *Wilhelm Meister* et *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*. Si leurs fantaisies ne prenaient pas aussi souvent le visage trop précis de l'allégorie. Je penserais plutôt à certaines histoires d'Hoffmann, de Tieck, de Chamisso, de Jean-Paul. J'y mettrais aussi les merveilleux, les trop peu connus contes d'Erckmann-Chatrian : il s'agit de trois volumes dont l'un s'intitule *Contes des bords du Rhin* et dont les deux autres, portant le titre de la première des histoires qui les composent, s'appellent : *Le Juif Polonais* et *Hugues-le-Loup*. Il y a là-dedans des atmosphères : ce qu'Alain-Fournier s'entendait si bien à créer, et tant de charme, d'invention, de bière et de musique qu'on croit retrouver le goût de cette vie que nous avons certainement menée pendant nos années d'université dans une petite ville romantique. Mais, il faut lire cela dans les vieilles livraisons illustrées de chez Hetzel.

Car, c'est par une étrange confusion, que nous avons appelé romantisme, une sorte de délire oratoire et sentimental qui sévit, parmi les classes bourgeoises du temps de Louis-Philippe. Le romantisme, ses nostalgies, ses enfances, sa manie ambulatoire, ses tziganes, ses lieder, on les retrouve chez quelques êtres rares, marqués, impossibles à retenir par le bras, fantasques et mélodieux, dont fut Alain-Fournier. Le romantisme n'est ni un genre, ni une école, ni une époque, il est l'individualité même, dépouillée à tel point de tout ce qui n'est pas elle-même qu'elle ne veut plus nous laisser d'elle que l'ombre de ce que, à ses moments les plus perdus, elle rêvait.

Jean Cassou.



Dessin (1903) PICASSO



Dessin (1904) PICASSO

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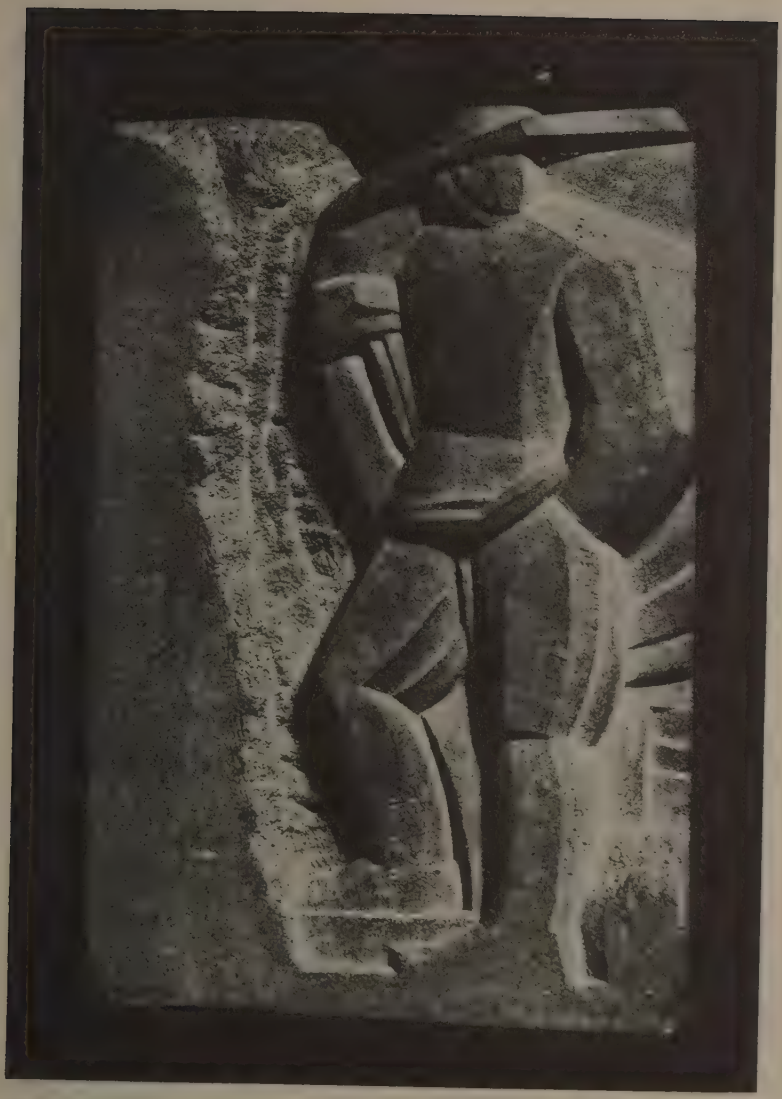


Garden Piece in Stone (1918)

JOHN STORRS

Portrait (1920) JOHN STORRS

(In the possession of Mrs S.)

Groupin Stone (1918)
(Front view)

JOHN STORRS

b

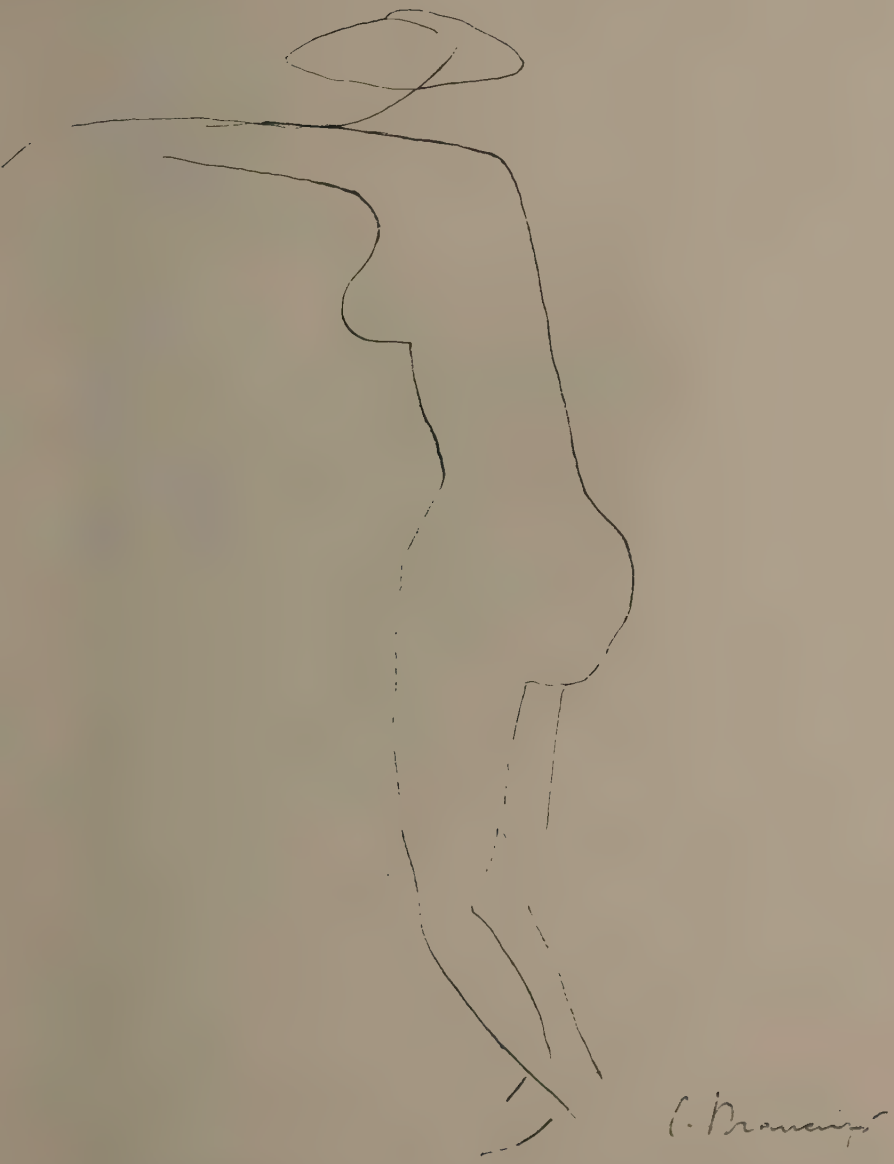
Group in Stone.
(Back view)

JOHN STORRS

Drawing (1923)

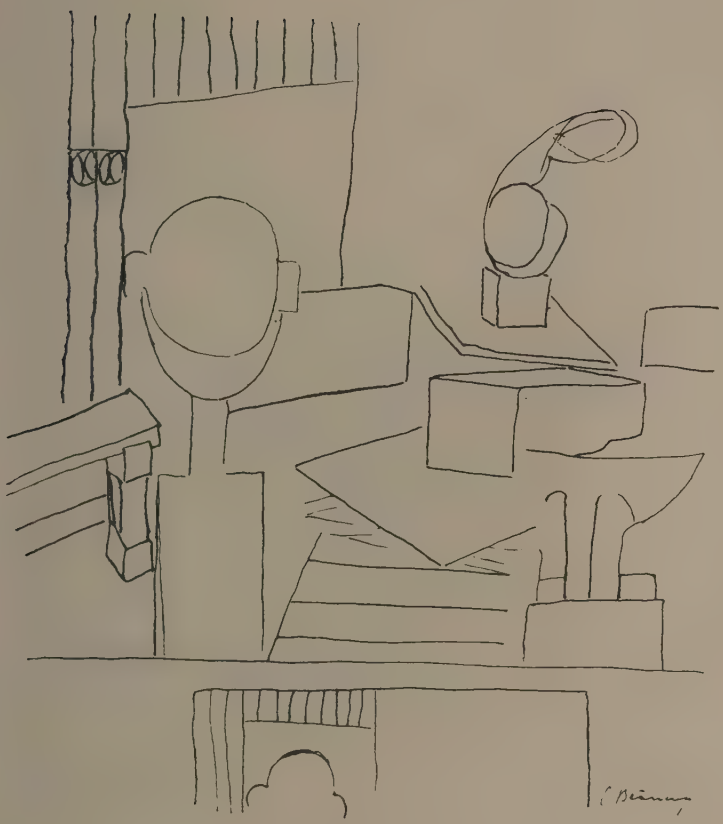
NINA HAMNETT

Dessin (1924) BRANCUSI



Dessin (1924)

BRANCUSI



Dessin 1924

BRANCUSI

Dessin (1924)

BRANCUSI

Dessin (*1924*) BRANCUSI

III.

AND FROM THE UNITED STATES.

A Note on Prohibition. Paris, May.

Sitting at a table in a Parisian boulevard café I read the European edition of an American newspaper. The waiter brings the brandy I have ordered and I smile as I catch my breath. To have that pleasant feeling in my esophagus ; to drink without the interference of the law ; to be comfortable in the knowledge that it *is* "good stuff"—thousands of my countrymen would give much they possess. And the pathetic part of it is that they would all prefer being law-respecting citizens.

It is just five o'clock. The next drink will be wine at dinner-time. I comment to myself that I am getting to be a true Parisian in habit. And it is true ; these are the habits of Parisians. One might add, of all civilized peoples... Around me are men and women—businessmen, shopkeepers, journalists—sitting at tables, drinking their *aperitif*. They read newspapers or talk in animated groups. It is the social hour for friends. At the rear of the café there is a bar at which taxi-cab drivers are drinking. In the street some workmen engaged in laying paving stones have stopped work for a few minutes in order to drink their cognac and have a chat.

But this is Paris. This is where the drinking of alcohol is an art. Here is pleasure, satisfaction and—more significant—moderation.

I turn to the American Newspaper before me. There are headlines describing the latest political scandals of the States, but I turn to the articles of lesser importance. An interesting discovery is that all but one of the front page columns contains at least one story about prohibition. A prohibition officer has been convicted of embezzlement ; his successor has been appointed ; after six years of prohibition plans are being made which will "make the country really dry" ; the United States Navy is to co-operate... so they continue ad infinitum. But what interests me most is the report that arrests for drunkenness among Americans are increasing to bewildering figures. This fact is eloquent in its implications.

It was while onboard a transatlantic liner—which sailed under the American flag, incidentally—that I began to realize that prohibition had a consequence which may have a dismal effect on Americans. When the ship cleared New York harbour I said to myself that I was in for a period of drought. I was told by a ship's officer that prohibition was strictly enforced—even when the ship was anchored in a foreign harbour. It wasn't hard to believe him. Certainly if the captain so ordered it would be simple to make prohibition a fact. His word was law and he had men to enforce it.

So I was rather surprised on the second day out to find one of the male passengers staggering along the deck. He wasn't seasick for people as a rule don't sing when they have that affliction. And he wasn't just happy for presently he began to cry as he sat down on a deck chair. It was clearly evident that he was drunk. After dinner that evening there were five drunken men in the smoking room. Later I discovered that there were two bars on board ship, one for the cabin passengers conducted in a toilet room and another for the third class passengers in a candy store. Toward the end of the voyage I called the attention of the ship's officer to this condition of affairs, not to have the thing stopped but just to see what he would say. "What can you expect?" he returned with a shrug. "This is prohibition as it is enforced in the United States, isn't it? It isn't necessary to go the government one better in the matter of enforcement."

By the end of the voyage one thing was clearly evident. Prohibition has added such a zest to drinking that Americans cannot resist doing the thing to excess. The contrast between the European passengers on board and the Americans was too startling to pass unnoticed. The few Europeans who patronized the bootleggers did so because of the novelty of buying liquor under such circumstances. The Americans patronized the bootleggers and as a result got drunk.

In Paris the same thing exists on a much larger scale. In a Montmartre café between the hours of twelve and four I invariably discover that the drunken person sprawled over in the corner of the room or zigzaging across the dance floor like an unbalanced gyroscope addresses the *garçon* in unmistakable eastern or middle-western patois. Wherever one goes—theater bars, cafés, restaurants—intoxicated Americans are usually found.

It required the French atmosphere to make me realize the excess to which Americans are drinking. However, this article is not written to show how Americans are behaving in Europe; perhaps after all they are just schoolboys out for a holiday and their actions are not to be considersd seriously. The fact of the matter is that drunkenness exists in the United States today as it does in few other countries. The prohibitionists aimed at overthrowing the saloon. Instead they have made drunkenness a national habit.

Perhaps Americans have a psychology all their own. Perhaps moderation is impossible for them; the mind which finds prohibition a logical end may under slightly varying circumstances find drunkenness a logical end also. If so, the American race has a long time to live before reaching maturity. But in the meantime wouldn't it be best, as it always has been in the case of growing children, for the American nation to imitiate the example of its elders, the other nations, until it has reached that stage of developement where it is usually counselled that the middle course is the wisest?

John Mitchell

COMMUNICATIONS

We have received the following Communication. It reveal the proper Protectionist spirit of the tough old Yankee inheri tance, the contributors unfavourably referred to being uniformly British. These comments we have taken the liberty of pruning. (A chance international litterateur has just this *very* minute walked into the office and said: "By Jove what amazingly good stuff that is of Dash's", this being the item, marked (1), so violently objected to by our American correspondent.)

To the Editor, *The Transatlantic Review*

Assisi, May 17th 1924

Cher F.

April number good. Especially Hem. and Djuna.
Want more of them and of McAlmon and Mary Butts.
May Number not so good.
So and So: Nix. *(British Contributor*. Ed.*)*
Blank. Not sufficient. (*British Contributor*).
Dash (1) Oh Gawd. This village Idyll stuff. (*British Contributor*).
The chap on Palestrina, Cingria, quite intelligent.
H.Z.K.T. = *Times Lit. Sup* rubbish. He "enjoyed articles" = plus his personal biography, touching British delight in landscape — failed to grasp point—ghost of Clutterbrock. (*It adds to the enjoyment of this that H.Z.K.T. and Cingria are one and the same gentleman*. Ed.)
The So and So is regular ole magazine stuff. (*British Contributor*).
Pore old Bill Exe trundling erlong: quite good on Doubleyou, but rot on Why.
Best action you have is in McAlmon, Hemingway, Mary B., Djuna, *Cingria*, K. Jewett.
Will come back and (?) manage you at close range before you bring out any more numbers.

Yours
Old Glory

The above— by the bye, is a real letter.

transatlantic review.

ART SUPPLEMENT

DES POSSIBILITÉS DE LA PEINTURE [1]

By Juan Gris

Mesdames, Messieurs,

En soumettant à votre appréciation ces quelques réflexions sur la peinture que ma profession m'a suggérées, j'ai surtout trois craintes :

Celle de vous ennuyer en disant des choses que vous connaissez déjà, celle de ne pas être clair dans mes expressions et celle de toucher de trop près à mon travail car je pense que de son métier personnel il ne faut parler qu'avec la plus prudente réserve ou mieux encore n'en pas parler du tout.

Pour plus de clarté dans cet exposé, j'ai donné un ordre à toutes ces réflexions et pour cela j'ai *choisi* un commencement :

Pour faire de la peinture il faut connaître les possibilités de la peinture.

Un peintre de mes Amis a écrit ceci : On ne fait pas un clou avec un clou mais avec du fer.

J'ai le regret de le contredire mais je crois justement le contraire.

On fait surtout un clou avec un clou, car si l'idée de la possibilité du clou n'était pas préalable, on risquerait fort, avec la matière employée, de fabriquer un marteau ou un fer à friser.

Il ne suffit pas de prendre des toiles, des brosses et des couleurs pour faire de la peinture. On fera un paysage, une femme nue, des casseroles qui brillent, des triangles ou des carrés, on ne fera pas de la peinture si l'idée de peinture n'existe pas à priori.

Il faut donc tâcher de savoir en quoi consiste la peinture et quelle est sa source

Tout le monde connaît cet état de contemplation devant un spectacle, qui fait la fierté du bourgeois en promenade dominicale ou du commis voyageur dans un train.

Nous pouvons distinguer trois grandes catégories de contemplateurs :

1re catégorie : ceux dont l'état émotif est le même devant un spectacle naturel ou industriel et un spectacle dû à l'art.

2e catégorie : ceux dont l'émotion est intense devant une manifestation de l'art.

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(1) Lecture delivered before the Sorbonne (Groupe d'Etudes philosophiques and scientifiques) May 15th, 1924.

Et troisième catégorie :

Ceux qui peuvent ressentir cette même émotion intense devant un spectacle naturel ou industriel aussi bien que devant une manifestation artistique.

Cette troisième catégorie de spectateurs ressent donc devant un spectacle existant en dehors de l'art une émotion semblable à celle qu'éprouverait un spectateur de la deuxième catégorie devant un fait artistique.

Or, comme le spectacle n'est pas changé en lui-même, c'est le spectateur qui l'a modifié pendant sa contemplation.

Pour me servir d'une image, je dirai qu'un spectacle est comparable à un jeu de cartes. Les cartes sont les éléments dont le spectacle est composé.

Celui qui a été ému devant ce spectacle, c'est parce qu'il a modifié pour lui, la disposition de ces cartes, de ces éléments. Sans les abolir, sans les changer, il leur a donné un nouvel assemblage. Il a mélangé les cartes et les a aperçues présentées d'une façon nouvelle.

Evidemment, pour qu'une émotion soit picturale, il faut qu'elle soit provoquée par un ensemble d'éléments picturaux, c'est-à-dire qui appartiennent au monde de la peinture. Car tout spectacle, même ceux dûs à l'art, peuvent être considérés dans les mondes différents.

Un objet devient spectacle aussitôt qu'il y a un spectateur pour le considérer.

Or, on peut considérer cet objet de multiples manières. Ainsi une table peut être considérée par une ménagère dans un but plus ou moins utilitaire. Un menuisier remarquera la façon dont elle est faite et la qualité du bois employé à sa fabrication. Un poête, un mauvais poète imaginera tout autour le bonheur du foyer, etc., etc...

Pour un peintre, elle sera tout simplement un ensemble des formes plates colorées. Et j'insiste sur les formes plates, car considérer ces formes dans un monde espacial, serait plutôt l'affaire d'un sculpteur.

Donc, chaque objet peut offrir des aspects professionnels très variés.

Mais, il y a en plus des aspects professionnels quelque chose que nous pourrions appeler l'idée première des objets. Cette idée ou notion est en dehors des professions et des vérités scientifiques. C'est quelque fois même une erreur héréditaire.

Scientifiquement, toutes les lignes verticales sont convergentes vers le centre d'attraction terrestre, humainement, elles sont parallèles.

Malgré ses aspects différents, la table dont j'ai parlé tout à l'heure est la même idée de table pour la ménagère, le menuisier et le poète. Ce n'est que les éléments qu'ils en tirent qui sont différents.

Or pourquoi vouloir qu'un peintre tire de cet objet des éléments d'autres professions ? Pourquoi ne se contenterait-il

pas simplement des éléments qui appartiennent à sa propre profession? !!!!!

Celui qui, en peignant une bouteille, pense à exprimer sa matière au lieu de peindre un ensemble des formes colorées, mérite d'être verrier plutôt que peintre!!

Chaque époque a influencé par ses préoccupations ces éléments picturaux.

A certains moments de l'histoire on a donné une importance et une portée religieuse a des purs éléments de la peinture. Autres époques ont influencé scientifiquement les éléments du peintre.

On sait que Vinci pensait à la composition chimique de l'atmosphère lorsqu'il peignait le bleu d'un ciel. La chair palpitante de vie des nus des peintres vénitiens, où l'on devine le sang circuler sous la peau dorée, n'était due qu'à l'influence des conquêtes physiologiques de la Renaissance.

Ces éléments influencés ainsi, ont formé chaque fois ce qu'on a appelé l'esthétique de chaque époque.

Et il n'y a pas de doute qu'une découverte purement scientifique, applicable seulement à la technique pictural comme la perspective italienne, a influencé toutes les esthétiques depuis la renaissance.

C'est uniquement à cause du besoin d'une certaine catégorie d'éléments que les objets ou modèles à peindre varient.

On choisit en général ceux qui offrent le plus clairement et le plus abondamment les éléments dont on a besoin pour l'esthétique.

Le peintre qui travaille avec des éléments influencés par l'anatomie ou la physiologie ne choisira pas les mêmes modèles que celui qui emploie des éléments influencés par l'éclairage, ni que celui qui se sert des éléments influencés par la perspective.

Mais si une émotion a pu être provoquée par un ensemble d'éléments appartenant à des mondes divers, elle sera très impure et vulgaire à force d'être composée d'éléments hétéroclites. Pour nous servir de la même image, nous dirons que les cartes que l'on a mélangées appartiennent à des jeux différents.

On peut maintenant conclure que, pour qu'une émotion puisse être transcrite dans la peinture, il faut qu'elle soit avant tout composée par des éléments qui appartiennent à un système d'esthétique résultant de l'époque.

Tout système d'esthétique doit être daté. On verra plus loin qu'il doit être de même avec la technique.

Car si un choix d'éléments bizarres et hétéroclites peut motiver une œuvre peinte, il n'est pas prouvé qu'elle soit de la peinture.

Une œuvre peinte ne sera pas non plus de la peinture si elle est faite d'éléments picturaux qui ne sont pas ordonnés et disposés avec les moyens d'une technique appropriée. Il n'est pas tout de mélanger les bonnes cartes, il faut aussi savoir les étaler.

Et si ces cartes, ces éléments sont étalés de la bonne façon, ne peuvent-ils pas donner, cette idée première, cette notion de l'objet, qui est humaine, qui est égal pour tous et qui, dans notre exemple de la table est commune à la ménagère, le menuisier et le poète ?

La représentation de ce monde substantiel, et je dis substantiel, parce que je considère les notions des objets comme des substantifs, peut donner lieu à une esthétique, à un choix d'éléments qui ne sont propres qu'à dévoiler ce monde de notions qui existe purement dans l'esprit.

A toutes les grandes époques d'art, on sent le souci de représentation d'un monde substantiel et spirituel. Chaque époque l'a influencé et diversifié selon ses besoins et ses préoccupations. La technique n'a fait à chaque fois qu'adjectiver ce monde substantiel.

Il y a des moyens techniques qui ont existé dans tous les temps, il y en a d'autres qui sont moins constants et qui sont soumis à chaque esthétique. Ex. : La perspective italienne n'était qu'un moyen asservi aux exigences scientifiques de l'esthétique de la Renaissance.

Il n'y a que les moyens uniquement architecturaux qui sont constants dans la peinture. Je dirai même que la seule technique picturale possible est une sorte d'architecture plate et colorée. Il y a plusieurs manifestations de l'architecture.

Toute architecture est une construction, mais toute construction n'est pas de l'architecture.

Pour qu'une construction, une construction mentale, matérielle, visuelle ou acoustique soit une architecture, il faut qu'elle remplisse certaines conditions.

Toutes les constructions du monde naturel, soit-il organique ou inorganique sont des architectures. C'est la structure moléculaire d'un corps qui, en le différenciant des autres corps, lui donne son individualité.

Les phénomènes de cristalisation nous offrent des beaux exemples d'architecture naturelle, car on voit le même corps se cristaliser toujours dans le même volume et la même forme. L'oxygène et l'hydrogène mis en présence se combinent en certaines proportions pour fournir une certaine quantité des molecules nouvelles. Une quantité dépendante des quantités des éléments qui sont rentrés dans la combinaison. Pas plus et pas moins. On a réalisé la synthèse de l'eau, dans sa qualité et dans sa quantité.

Ceci est une architecture chimique, une véritable architecture, car le résultat de cette combinaison a une unité, une homogénéité et des propriétés chimiques tout à fait autres que les éléments qui la constituent. Elle a une individualité nouvelle.

Mais en mélangeant de l'eau et du vin par exemple, nous ne ferons qu'une construction. Le résultat n'a pas de propriétés chimiques nouvelles, pas d'unité, pas d'homogénéité et pas d'individualité. Ce n'est pas en somme une synthèse.

Une voiture automobile n'est pas une architecture, mais une construction plus ou moins perfectionnée. Elle n'est une synthèse que dans son sens d'utilité.

On peut la diviser en organes dont chacun garde une vie propre et une personnalité très marquée. Le moteur, les roues, la carrosserie, sont des parties trop nettes et trop interchangeables pour qu'elles possèdent une seule et unique affinité.

Mais, le moteur en lui-même, par la subtilité de sa conception, par la délicatesse de ses pièces un peu impersonnelles, s'approcherait davantage d'une architecture. Et les roues, la roue elle-même, dans sa plus simple expression, est une des plus belles architectures que l'homme ait créées à cause de son unité, son homogénéité et de son caractère défini et synthétique.

Une architecture, on ne peut pas la démonter en pièces dont chacune garde une autonomie ou une vie isolée. Un fragment d'architecture ne peut être qu'un morceau bizarre et tronqué qui n'a de l'existence que juste à la place où il doit se trouver.

La construction n'est donc que l'imitation de l'architecture, c'est l'architecture colorée et plate qui est la technique de la peinture et non la construction. C'est les rapports entre les couleurs et les formes qui les contiennent.

On peut dire maintenant, que si l'esthétique est l'ensemble des rapports entre le peintre et le monde extérieur, rapports qui aboutissent au sujet, la technique est l'ensemble des rapports entre les formes et les couleurs qu'elles contiennent et entre les formes colorées elles-mêmes. Ceci est la composition et aboutit au tableau.

Chaque forme dans un tableau doit répondre à trois fonctions :

A l'élément qu'elle représente, à la couleur qu'elle contient et aux autres formes qui, avec elle, composent la totalité du tableau.

En d'autres termes :

Il faut qu'elle réponde à une esthétique, il faut qu'elle ait une valeur absolue dans le système des rapports architecturaux et une valeur relative dans l'architecture particulière du tableau.

Plus loin nous verrons pourquoi un ensemble des formes colorées doit répondre à un certain nombre d'éléments à un sujet. Nous allons voir tout de suite comment des formes peuvent répondre aux couleurs.

(To be continued).

LONDON ART CHRONICLE

by R. H. Wilenski.

I frequently meet people who claim to understand the painting of the past up to, say, the Impressionists or the Post Impressionists or some other arbitrary moment, but who assure me that, try as they may, they are quite unable to see anything but chaos or perversity in painting subsequent to that given time.

Such people cannot truly understand the past. They may have assembled data but they can never have enlarged their experience by the contemplation of a work of art. They may have absorbed the secondary elements but they have surely failed to seize the essence—the factors which make the various things worth while; and what they call their failure to appreciate the present is nothing, really, but their failure to appreciate the past...

For the one thing means the other. All painting of consequence is a compound of derived elements and elements contributed by the artist. Appreciation involves the separation of these elements, the recognition of their mutual relations, the re-adjustment to the *status quo*, and the enlargement of the spectator's experience by the artist's contribution. We are often tempted to take the easier course; to enjoy only such beauties as we may have seen before,—to admire only Rubens in Watteau, and only Watteau in Renoir.

In contemplating modern pictures it is, of course, often difficult to separate these elements. The modern artist has a long and wide-spread past to draw upon. He has the Far East, Egypt, Assyria and Greece; he can range from Cimabue to Delacroix, from Ingres to Picasso. The camera has brought the world's art to his arm-chair, and it is by no means an easy matter to disentangle the acquisitions in a modern picture and take the measure of the artist's work.

But if a man has really grasped the fine art of past ages he will have acquired the power to sense the modern artist's individual contribution, as he must perforce have done in the case of the Assyrian sculpture or Indian manuscripts, or Italian decorations. Sometimes, even with modern artists, the work of separation is quite simple, This is so, for instance, with P. Wilson Steer who has just emerged from a long retirement and shewn a number of his works this spring. For Steer is an Impressionist, who has taken to re-painting the Old Masters—Tintoretto, Fragonard, the French engravers, Gainsborough, Constable, Cotman and so on. He is "everything by turns and nothing long". It is easy to enjoy the reminiscent elements and I personally relish his own contribution — a matter of gay colours, of light imprisoned, and of fluid impressionistic touch.

In Paris, I have no doubt, Steer's pictures would seem very out of date, for though actually recent they belong chronologically to the 'nineties when Steer was under forty and even then, of course considerably behind the times. But we are hardened to such phenomena in England. Our artists are very cautious. They watch the Parisian cat, note where he jumps to and what effect it makes. If the cat is applauded our artists follow suit. This hesitation, moreover, is not the only reason that our art is frequently an "also ran". For there is the sad fact that most English artists make no progress after forty. For one brief moment in each one generation a small minority between twenty five and forty follows intelligently the preceding Parisian generation—and then in place of continuous personal efforts we get—too often—a species of stagnation and a blind revolving on one spot. Indeed a career like that of Renoir would seem to be impossible in England.

There are signs, however, that the present generation may destroy this lamentable tradition. The Bloomsbury painters, Grant, Vanessa Bell and particularly Seabrooke seem likely to increase their range. Then there is Mark Gertler who has evolved an elastic formula which should enable him to forge ahead. But the crucial artist is of course Wyndham Lewis whose agile mind reacts to a hundred facets of contemporary life and drives him to turn from painting to literary expression and then back again to paint. He has long been a vital figure in the English world of art and there is no reason to fear any diminution of his powers.

For the rest our connoisseurs and collectors have at last seen the compelling beauties of the Post Impressionists. The Courtauld Committee has bought two pictures by Van Gogh—the *Chair* and *Sunflowers* for the nation, and Mr. Courtauld has acquired for his own collection two admirable Gauguins, two works by Cezanne and a superb Daumier, *Don Quixote*. Sir James Murray who started as a collector of Victorian Academy pictures has recently bought Daumier's *Wagon de 3e Classe*. Mr. Stoop has a delightful Matisse to hang opposite his Picasso and Miss Davis has lent a first rate Cézanne landscape to the Tate Gallery.

Thus encouraged, the Lefevre Gallery have arranged a "season" of French pictures including paintings by Daumier and a number of early works by Claude Monet where his technique partakes of elements which we associate with Manet and Boudin.

All British schools are represented in a Fine Arts Palace at the Wembley Exhibition though an attempt was made to exclude Frank Dobson, the sculptor whose work is apparently unpopular with the official sculptors. But Sir Lawrence Weaver invited Dobson to shew eight examples in the "Nineteen Twenty Four Interior" designed by Lord Gerald Wellesley and thus what looked like a piece of foolish prejudice was frustrated.

PORTRAIT DE PICASSO

By Bernard Fay.

Nous vivons à une époque de clameur et de tumulte ; un bruit sans cesse renouvelé nous assaille de toutes parts et nous étourdit ' vaste foire où l'on nous offre tout ce que nous pouvons souhaiter et tout ce que nous avons point même imaginé de désirer ; courant bien loin au devant des inquiétudes et des soucis de la foule, les arts ne se lassent point de découvrir et d'inventer ; en littérature, en musique et surtout en peinture ces cinquante dernières années ont vu naître et s'épanouir un nombre infini de méthodes et de théories qui toutes ont cherché à nous donner de nouveaux plaisirs, à élargir notre monde et à offrir à notre sensibilité un clavier infini sur lequel elle put faire résonner toutes les harmonies ou toutes les discordances capables de satisfaire ses instincts les plus profonds et les plus secrets : après la sensualité précise, intelligente et forte d'un Manet, qui nous présentait un monde à la fois sonore et cru, les pointillistes sont venus faire chatoyer des apparences flatteuses et jolies sous nos yeux comme l'on montre à un enfant des confitures de groseilles à travers le pot de verre épais et chaque artiste s'est efforcé de découvrir une formule, une technique qui fut nouvelle et qui fut sienne, pour montrer et vendre au public quelque aspect jusqu'alors inconnu de l'univers ; ainsi beaucoup ont réussi à nous séduire et à nous charmer, nous nous sommes engagés derrière eux dans des mondes où tout avait le goût des pâtes de fruit, ou l'odeur de l'encens, ou la sveltesse du lévrier, ou la saveur du savon dentifrice, ou la brusquerie de l'éclair, ou l'humidité d'un vieux mur après la pluie, et certes il était plaisant de visiter ces contes de fée, mais on les quittait sans regret, sensible au bout d'un instant à la terrible servitude que comportait pour l'artiste la joie nouvelle qu'il avait découverte à notre usage et dont il devenait désormais l'esclave fidèle et inlassable : technique-prison dont le poids était d'autant plus lourd, l'apparence plus désuète qu'elle avait d'abord parue plus surprenante et plus particulière.

Notre âge est enivré de nouveautés, personne qui ne veuille créer comme jadis on prétendait continuer, c'est une manie, une rage, il semble que l'humanité, lasse de redire, en ait enfin

été exaspérée et soudain ait décidé de ne plus rien faire de ce que jadis elle faisait ; elle multiplie donc autour d'elle les réalités vierges, elle ne néglige aucun rêve, cauchemar, ou songe amoureux, de tous elle prétend tirer une parcelle de plaisir, de sensation et de vérité, tout ce que l'on peut apercevoir, fut-ce une seconde elle le fixe, elle le rend vrai, grâce au cinéma, à la peinture, etc., tout ce que l'on peut deviner et le mystère même que l'homme cache en son être elle en fait des objets visibles ; cet appétit formidable de réalité a tout dévoré autour de nous et nous pouvons être fiers de l'énormité de cette faim, nous devons sentir la force et la grandeur de ces générations qui ont ainsi multiplié la vie et entendu l'atmosphère immensément autour de l'homme et en lui ; il nous serait enfin aisé de les aimer, tous ces architectes de nos sens, s'ils n'avaient fait que « présenter » leurs œuvres, mais ils ont voulu les imposer et ils nous ont assourdis de leurs boniments, chacun a possédé sa réalité exigeante qui n'acceptait d'en tolérer aucune autre, ou qui tâchait d'attirer à elle toutes les autres, chacun d'eux a voulu ajouter à la persuasion de son art, seule légitime, la contrainte du raisonnement et l'arme de l'éloquence, en sorte que nous avons été accablés de preuves, négations, théories, et doctrines, mauvaises parce qu'elles prétendaient suppléer à quelque faiblesse de l'art ou à quelque obscurité de la pensée, irritantes parce qu'elles donnaient à des êtres ignares, incapables de percevoir, mais capables de discuter, des droits et une place dans un débat qui ne les concernait pas ; telle fut la rançon que nous eûmes à payer de notre belle ambition et la marée montante des criailleries a risqué d'emporter en son flot tous nos plaisirs, toute l'estime que nous avions pour nos maîtres et l'orgueil même de vivre en ce jour.

Un homme pourtant est resté libre : il est venu parmi nous sans être des nôtres, il est demeuré étranger, mais il s'est mis à notre travail, et l'a fait sien sans accepter nos préjugés, nos habitudes ; il n'a pas non plus succombé à nos modes, négations ou engouments, il a accepté notre vie sociale, mais il ne lui a donné aucun droit sur lui et, peintre, il a vécu comme il lui plaisait, refusant à Montmartre, à Montparnasse, au Grand Palais, ou même au Faubourg Saint-Germain de les prendre comme ses prisons ; espagnol, français, parisien, soit, mais jamais bohème, ni bourgeois, ni mondain, ni officiel ; il a su se défendre contre tout ce qui retarde un homme dans la vie, et tandis qu'il n'ignorait rien d'elle il n'a perdu son temps ni a vouloir refaire, ni à prétendre défaire, il s est toujours amusé simplement à faire, travaillant dans une solitude pleine de gens et d'idées qui jouaient autour de lui, mais dont le bruit jamais ne réussissait à le gêner ou l'irriter, recevant tout ce qu'on lui apportait et s'en servant, mais ne gardant jamais ce qu'il avait en trop et ce qui n'était pas utile ; c'est ainsi qu'il a vécu dans notre Paris, dont l'àvidité, l'excitation et la générosité lui plurent et à qui l'unit un pacte.

Depuis trente ans il n'a cessé de créer : il a réalisé pour son plaisir les formes les plus riches, les plus variées et les plus libres de la vie, notre art lui a servi comme de tremplin pour bondir d'un seul élan jusqu'à l'extrémité du possible et là même il ne s'est point arrêté ; après ses premières œuvres qui procédaient en quelque mesure de Toulouse Lautrec, après sa glorieuse période bleue, il nous a donné dans sa force ces tableaux, ces dessins de plus en plus libres où le goût des choses n'était point un simple frisson du toucher, ou une apparence creuse, mais une compréhension si intime et si intense qu'elle lui permettait de reconstruire l'être ou l'objet au lieu de le copier, de s'émouvoir soi-même et de séduire le spectateur sans avoir à raconter une histoire et à prouver ; cet art « cubiste » dont il fut l'un des chevaliers il l'a fait pénétrer partout jusque dans les théâtres (Parade 1917), il l'a porté à un point de perf ction tel que tout autre en eut été effrayé et conquis, mais maître de lui comme des choses, il a su aller au delà et ne point même s'abandonner à ses découvertes géniales, la vie et sa chaude ivresse l'ont poussé plus loin ; il s'est plu à dépasser ce qui pour tout autre eut été la limite extrême, ses « grosses femmes », débordantes d'une chair bien ordonnée, lourdes d'une fécondité écrasante, sont une réponse audacieuse et méprisante à la guerre, un sourire à Monsieur Ingres, qui du ciel le contemple avec admiration, elles ont surpris et choqué beaucoup, pour qui l'art cubiste de ce peinter avait paru un renoncement et non, ce qu'il est en vérité, une conquête, hardiment menée et continuée, attestée aussi par le moindre de ses dessins : en qui je ne puis manquer de voir, tant ils sont acérés, exacts, puissants et larges, l'analyse la plus aigue des choses visibles que notre temps connaisse, l'un des triomphes de l'intelligence humaine en sa suprême dureté et son absolue loyauté.

Cet homme a vécu parmi nous au milieu de nos querelles, de nos discussions et de nos explications, il nous a donné l'œuvre la plus surprenante, il a été tour à tour assiégé de critiques et d'admirateurs, il a été sollicité de toutes parts : journalistes, revues, connaisseurs, auteurs, mondains, tous ont voulu le faire parler de son secret, lui apprendre à aboyer avec la meute, ou du moins à se défendre contre elle ; amis comme ennemis ont attendu des paroles de lui, mais plus sage qu'eux tous il a continué son travail, il est resté fidèle à son bon plaisir et à son art, ne consentant à s'expliquer que par de nouveaux tableaux, gardant presque seul au milieu de l'indécence de tous une dignité qui est à la fois de l'esprit et de l'âme, un orgueil qui est de lui seul et qui nous repose après tant de vanités inquiètes et basses ; et quand les importuns sont devenus trop pressants il a su leur parler comme il fit à celui-là qui lui demandait « Après tout ce que vous avez fait que voudriez-vous encore être ? »

« Un chien » répondit Picasso.

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CONDITIONS

To the Editor, Transatlantic Review,

In regard to a remark of the Editor in disagreement with a remark quoted by his New York correspondent as to the quality of artistic work produced to-day, I should like to show that *if* the standard has fallen, the fault lies with conditions of production rather than with producers.

Let us assume that (A) : the numerous works of art produced by dynastic Egypt and China, and Christian Italy were of a high standard ; and (B) : those produced in democratic Europe and "Chicago Semite Viennese" America, are of an equally high standard but far less appreciated, believed in or understood and therefore far fewer. It may then be deduced either, that conditions in the earlier times beneficial to art production no longer exist, or, conversely, conditions harmful to art production have arisen. I think the answer will be found in the following application of both deductions ; comparison is made of the conditions that have altered most and not those that one might be led to select for their apparent influence.

Taking Religious, Constitutional and Social conditions respectively :

In Egypt, China and Italy the religion and constitution centred round the religious head of the country.

To-day individual philosophy has taken the place of ceremonial religion, though, in the majority of cases no one would be more surprised than the philosophers confronted with the fact. Religion, when found, is, for the most part sectarian and unassembled.

As for constitutional comparison—well, the voices of the gentlemen with such a keen interest in their fellow creatures have sent it rumbling round the world.

Paradoxical as it sounds, it can only be said that socially we are unsocial and I doubt if the kind efforts of the gentlemen aforementioned will make us otherwise. The hostile, isthereanymoneyinitmeboy attitude of a large segment of the people is enough indication. It is difficult to believe that this was the popular attitude in the three periods when so many fine and, in the modern reading of the word, useless things were made.

In Italy men painted pictures, taking enough time to kill by starvation the most robust of living painters.

In China a man would spend his life in the production of one work of art.

In Egypt the sculptor and his pharaoh would die and pass on the unfinished work.

Surely social conditions making these things possible must be preferable to those maintaining to-day.

Returning to the religious modification and analysing its effect on art, it may be said that, in the worship of Amon-Ra and in the religions of Confucius and Christ, the Creed was also the functional centre of social and constitutional life. Being

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from the first, an integral factor of symbolic religious ceremonial, art soon acquired an important constitutional standing and finally (though the admission makes me bitter) it came to have a place in the daily life of the people. Another artistic advantage of the popular religion was that it gave the artist a subject that he probably felt honoured to depict and it is unlikely that he ever felt any antipathy towards it. The free-thinking philosopher, on the other hand, has periods of general despite that must detract from concentrated effort.

Finally there is tradition (I suppose I shall have to leave Paris now) which, well employed is invaluable. I assert that one man in his life cannot produce so refined a work as generations of selection would do—and I see no good in neo-barbarism, neither do I believe in the "Congo Culture", but, that these Africans, as a barbaric nation, produce relatively better works of art than we do, is undeniable. But then, they like them. Anyhow, they needn't worry, they are going to be nice civilized savages soon—read what I read in the most circulated daily organ of Anglo-Saxondom:

> "It is announced that several wireless sets have been sent to Africa for the use of native chiefs. This bit of news brings up in rather startling fashion the enormous strides with which civilisation is progressing among the coloured races."

(This letter is something in the form of a gauntlet thrown into the lists for one, Pangloss, to retrieve.) John Sandford.

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GREAT BRITAIN

The Notes and articles are full of vitality and it is easy to see the editor's preference for an unelaborate and free and easy style of writing. So much writing nowadays is wrenched out of himself by the author with incredible pains that the contributors to the Transatlantic *seem by comparison very versatile and fresh... Mr. H.G. Wells, we notice, considers Mr. Ford "one of the greatest editors alive" and he is probably justified.*

The Spectator.

FRANCE

Ce choix (de noms) nous montre que M. Ford, dans ses préférences, est délibérément moderne... Le Transatlantic Review... *sera aux aguets, l'agent de liaison entre trois grands pays. Si j'étais ministre, je (le) chargerais d'expliquer Paris et la France a son pays et aux Etats-Unis...*

Jacques Calmy in Nouvelles Littéraires.

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To The Manager, The Transatlantic Review
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by F. M. FORD

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